

## This Not Thing Thing

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## This Not Thing Thing

by [urlkelley](#)

### Summary

Now that Matt and Danielle are dating, Eli realizes that he and Klitz don't know the first thing about sex. Obviously, they have to practice kissing so that they know how to do it when they meet hot women. And then they start practicing... other things.

### Notes

Hi everyone! I wanted to write a KlitzEli fic since I've been having TGND brainrot for the past few weeks. I really liked Milk\_and\_Egg's fic 'The Closet Has a Sliding Glass Door' and I took inspiration from it. It's a great read, I highly suggest it. This fic will progressively get more explicit with each chapter; there will be porn, so if you're not into that I would advise you to not read this. I'll update the tags and rating as I go. I'm a bitch for canon compliancy so I wrote out the timeline and then tweaked a couple things to make it make sense. I haven't written much before this so I hope it's not too bad!

# Chapter 1

Eli, Matt, and Klitz sat on Eli's bedroom floor, passing around a controller and taking turns completing missions in GTA. Matt was making comments on Klitz's awful driving, and normally Eli would never pass up an opportunity to make fun of Klitz, but his mind was elsewhere today after the group's talk at school earlier.

Matt had apparently met this total hottie and didn't even try to make a move on her. If Eli would've been in Matt's situation he would've taken full advantage of the opportunity. The way Matt had described this girl, she was pure sex appeal.

"Dude, why didn't you kiss her?" Eli interrupted Matt trying to re-explain to Klitz the objective of the mission in the game.

"Who?" Matt said, before his brain caught up to him. "Oh, dude, can you let it go? There's nothing I can do about it now."

Eli rolled his eyes. "Yes there is! You can go back to her house and bang her! That's what a real man would do," Eli said.

Matt turned his head to look at Eli properly, shaking his head in disbelief. "How would you know anything about 'banging' a girl? You're just as much of a virgin as I am," Matt snapped back. He emphasized 'banging', mocking Eli's lingo.

"I know way more than you, dude!" Eli said. At this point, Klitz had paused the game and watched the two argue.

"Porn doesn't count," Matt countered, determined to win this argument.

"Porn totally counts!" Eli furrowed his brow, looking over to Klitz now. "Klitz, tell Matt that porn absolutely counts."

Klitz looked shocked at having been dragged into the conversation. "I don't know, man," he said, looking at the floor and rubbing the back of his neck. "Porn isn't real life, everyone knows that."

Eli gaped at Klitz, then pointed his finger in accusation, “You fucking traitor.”

Matt threw a smug look at Eli. “I told you. Klitz knows what’s up.”

“Don’t drag me into this, I don’t care if you bang her or not,” Klitz said, unpauseing the game and continuing his mission.

“It doesn’t matter if porn is real life or not, sex is sex,” Eli argued.

“Dude, you are completely missing the point. Sex is not sex if it’s porn. Porn isn’t real sex, that’s a fact,” Matt said, turning back to the tv, indicating that he was done with this conversation.

Eli glared at the side of Matt’s head. Why wouldn’t Matt even make an attempt at having sex with this girl? He was purposefully missing the perfect opportunity to get some action.

“If you’re too much of a fag to do it just say that,” Eli mumbled, crossing his arms.

Klitz and Matt’s chattering stopped at the comment, the music in the game stopping as well as Klitz pressed pause again. The room was deadly quiet, and Eli realized he’d fucked up.

Matt turned to face Eli again, this time with his mouth set in a hard line. He searched for any hint of a joke in Eli’s face, and when he didn’t find it he scoffed and got up off the ground.

“Hey, Matt, don’t leave man,” Klitz said, trying to de-escalate.

Matt grabbed his jacket off Eli’s desk chair and walked to the door. He opened the door, then turned around before walking out. Ignoring Klitz, he stared dead into Eli’s eyes.

“You’re an asshole. It’s no wonder no girl wants to be with you,” he said, before leaving, slamming the door.

Klitz and Eli sat in silence and flinched when they heard the front door slam as well.

“That was really shitty of you to say, Eli,” Klitz said.

Eli didn’t say anything, he just stared at the ground where Matt had stood before storming out. Klitz watched him for a few seconds, waiting for any sort of reaction. Not getting one, he crawled over to the playstation and turned it off.

His movement got Eli’s attention, and Eli looked up, making eye contact with Klitz.

“I–” Eli felt his throat get tight. “I didn’t mean to say that,” he said quietly.

Klitz stared at Eli with a strange look he couldn’t place before sighing and getting off the floor. “Let’s do something else.”

The two boys sat at the head of Eli’s bed, now watching a movie that Klitz had picked. By about halfway through the movie Eli had cooled off from the argument, and he and Klitz managed to laugh at some of the funny scenes. A lot of the tension had dissolved, but Matt’s comment was still bothering Eli.

“Was what Matt said true?” he looked at Klitz unsurely.

Klitz looked at him with a question in his eye.

“About the ‘me not getting girls’ thing,” Eli clarified.

Klitz suddenly looked uncomfortable again. “He was just mad, dude. I’m sure he didn’t mean it.”

“That’s not what I asked.”

“No,” Klitz said, returning his eyes to the movie.

Eli didn't fully believe him. He was still worried that Matt was right, he talked a lot of big game but has never had a girlfriend. Girl's don't really talk to him, actually. He's gone his whole high school life with no girlfriend, a virgin, not even his first kiss. Sure, he's had a couple girls show interest in him, but as much as he tried to, he could never reciprocate feelings for them. He was just picky with women, or had high standards or something like that. Maybe watching a bunch of porn has actually had a negative effect on his sex life. He thought it made him more knowledgeable on the topic of sex, but maybe he just couldn't like a girl without huge tits and dick sucking lips.

He called Matt a fag, but hadn't really meant it like that. Well, he kinda did, but not really. He wasn't insinuating that Matt was gay or anything, he knew he wasn't, he was just joking around that if he was too scared to kiss this girl then he must be. But that was the problem with what Matt had said to him. Matt had given Eli a weird look when he said it. He'd pretty much called Eli gay without having to say it outright.

If his best friend thought he was gay, then what did everyone else in school think? Eli thought he made it pretty clear about his desire to fuck hot women, but actions speak louder than words, and Eli had never fucked a hot woman. Hadn't even kissed a hot woman.

He just needed to kiss someone then. That would fix it, he would prove Matt and the rest of the school wrong. He did have to admit to himself though that despite being well versed in the art of kissing, he'd never actually had the opportunity to practice.

He looked over at Klitz, contemplating.

"Do you think Matt knows how to kiss?"

"Dude, would you drop it? I don't want to hear about your guys' argument anymore," Klitz said exasperatedly.

"No no Klitz, I'm serious," Eli reasoned, turning his body to face Klitz. "He doesn't have any more experience than we do, just like he said."

"Okay? What's your point?"

"Well, I mean, if I called Matt a fag for not having kissed anyone yet, then what do you think people are saying about us?" Eli said.

Klitz huffed a laugh. “Probably nothing dude, nobody cares about us.”

“Well, that’s our problem too! If people think we’re gay, and nobody cares about us enough to want to date us, then we’re like, double gay!”

Klitz scoffed at him. “Dude, you’re being crazy. Plus, who cares about what people think about us?”

Eli couldn’t believe what he was hearing. Doesn’t Klitz know anything about reputation? They’ve been losers all throughout high school because this is the attitude they’ve had. Now they’re about to graduate, and they still don’t have any experience.

“I care,” Eli said. “I don’t want anyone to think I’m gay or anything.”

Klitz raised an eyebrow at him.

“Not that being gay is a bad thing!” Eli rushed out, “It’s just that I’m not.”

Klitz shook his head and turned back to the movie. “Okay, man.”

Eli turned back to the movie too, his brow furrowed in deep thought. He needed to gain some experience and fast. Matt’s thing with this girl made it apparent to Eli that he was a total virgin loser, and he needed to change that asap.

“We need to practice.”

Klitz choked. “What?”

“We need to practice kissing, so we’re prepared,” Eli said, dead serious.

“Prepared for what?” Klitz said, confusion written all over his face.

Eli actually wasn't sure. If they hadn't had opportunities for any action before this, then there was a good chance they wouldn't have any opportunities any time soon. That's another thing to add to the to-do list.

"For if something like what happened to Matt happens to us! Come on man, this is important. Do it for the chicks."

Klitz hesitated for a second. "So... when you say 'we' need to practice..." Klitz blushed. "...do you mean, like," Klitz gestured between the two of them.

Oh. Eli hadn't really thought this through. "Uh—" it was Eli's turn to blush now. "Um, yeah, I guess so."

Klitz looked at his hands like he was trying to decide. "Okay," he finally said.

"Okay?"

"Yeah." Klitz still looked extremely unsure, but turned on the bed to face Eli.

They were now facing each other, both sitting cross-legged, and staring hard into each other's eyes.

Neither knew where to go from there.

Klitz made the first move.

"I guess, just—" and started to lean in.

Eli flinched slightly at his voice, nerves getting the best of him despite his confidence in the matter earlier.

"Oh, right—" Eli said, and leaned forward, scrunching his eyes shut.

They met in the middle, lips pressing together. They held there for a few seconds, unmoving. It could barely be defined as a kiss, more of just the two boys touching lips. It was extremely awkward.

They pulled back at the same time, and Eli opened his eyes.

“That was—“ Klitz started.

“—weird.”

“Yeah.”

The two stared at each other for a few seconds longer before Klitz spoke up.

“Uh, let’s try again?”

“Yeah.”

They leaned in again, this time less nervous about initiating now that they’d gotten the initial “kiss” out of the way. Their lips met, and it was awkward again, until Klitz brought his hand up and rested it on the side of Eli’s face. He started moving his lips, properly kissing Eli this time, and Eli let out a small gasp. Unsure of what to do with his hands, he mimicked Klitz and put one on the back of his neck. He hadn’t realized before doing this that the action would have him pull Klitz’s head towards his own, making the kiss harder.

Eli began moving his lips against Klitz’s now, trying to match his pace. Klitz tilted his head to get a better angle and that’s when it started getting good.

The change of angle made Eli and Klitz’s lips lock perfectly together, like they were made to fit against each other. Klitz’s hand traveled into Eli’s hair and gripped lightly making Eli hum against Klitz’s lips.

The sound spurred Klitz on, and he pulled Eli closer, which resulted in their teeth clacking together.



Klitz hissed, pulled back and muttered, “Shit, I’m sorry.”

Eli shook his head quickly to indicate that he wasn’t bothered and used the hand on the back of Klitz’s neck to pull him back in.

Klitz sighed against his mouth and Eli felt like he couldn’t get close enough. He tried to scoot closer on the bed, but their knees knocked together and he groaned in annoyance.

Klitz caught on to Eli’s attempt at a position change and they shuffled around a bit, lips never separating, until Eli found himself on his back. Klitz kneeled over him, straddling one of his thighs and using the opposite arm to hold himself up.

Eli found this position much more comfortable, and brought his other hand up to Klitz’s hair, carding through it gently. He felt Klitz shiver.

Klitz pulled away, allowing both of them to catch their breath and looked down at Eli. Eli could feel how warm his face was. Klitz licked his lips and looked down at Eli’s before leaning back in.

He pressed a kiss to Eli’s lips before pulling back and kissing the corner of his mouth, then down the side of his face to his jaw, kissing just underneath his ear.

Eli panted and tilted his head back. Klitz kissed down Eli’s neck with the better access provided to him, stopping to suck on his pulse point, nipping at it before soothing it over with his tongue.

“Oh fuck, Klitz,” Eli gasped out.

He traveled as far down Eli’s neck as his shirt would allow, repeating his almost-hickey motions, but stopping before creating an actual mark.

Eli needed Klitz’s mouth back on his, and used the hand in his hair to guide him back up. He smashed their lips together once again, their kisses much more frantic this time.

Their kisses were sloppy, without a doubt. There was too much spit than there was probably supposed to be, and they moved a little out of rhythm, but Eli supposed that made sense considering neither of them had kissed anyone before. Eli noticed that Klitz was weirdly good at kissing, and wondered if he'd been lying to him this whole time and was secretly some kind of sex god.

They continued to kiss, Klitz lowering onto his elbow to get closer. Eli lost track of time and settled comfortably against the bed, moving his mouth against Klitz's, sighing in contentment.

He was so into it in fact, that he'd completely forgotten that his parents had to be home from work soon. He and Klitz heard the front door open and pulled away from each other in a flash. Eli sat up and Klitz sat back on his knees, both staring wide eyed at each other trying to catch their breath.

Klitz had a deep blush running from his cheeks down his neck and disappearing into his shirt, and his lips were a spit-shiny, swollen red. His hair stood out of place from his normally sleek hairstyle after Eli ran his hands through it for who knows how long. Eli couldn't imagine he looked any better.

God, how long had they been kissing? He'd completely lost track of time.

They both jumped when they heard Eli's mom call for him, probably making sure he was home even though Klitz's car was in the driveway and Klitz always drove him home after school.

They both quickly straightened out their clothes and flattened their hair, attempting to look as presentable as possible.

"I should probably go," Klitz said, his voice rough, which shouldn't have been as hot to Eli as it was. Because Eli wasn't gay.

"Uh, y-yeah, probably," Eli stammered.

They got off the bed and gave each other one last check before opening the bedroom door and walking downstairs. They tried to look as inconspicuous as possible when saying hello to Eli's parents. Surely they wouldn't be able to tell that the two boys had been swapping spit mere seconds ago.

Eli stood in the door jamb until Klitz drove away, then shut and bolted the door.

He immediately went back upstairs to his room in an attempt to avoid his parents until he could cool down a bit more. He shut and locked his door again and looked at his bed. His comforter was rumpled and he could see a clear imprint in the bedspread from where Klitz had him pinned down.

His tv displayed a blue screen, the movie long over, and he went to take out the tape and switch it off.

He sat in his desk chair, avoiding his bed for now, and tried to process what had just happened. He wasn't gay. He knew that. They just did that for practice, obviously, that was the whole reason they did it in the first place. Not because they were gay or anything.

But it felt weird. He began to freak out. He wasn't sure if he was supposed to have liked it that much. Maybe since it felt like that with a guy it would feel ten times better with a girl since he's not gay and he's attracted to girls and also 100% not attracted to guys. At all.

Yeah, that must be it. Now that he knows how to kiss he just needs to find a girl to test his theory.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Eli thinks he and Klitz need to be more adventurous if they ever want to meet girls.  
Klitz gets a little more adventurous in their practicing.

### Chapter Notes

Gosh, I hope this isn't too out of character! I had a lot of fun writing this chapter, it's sweet with a little bit of sexy. Best of both worlds. I was a little unsure how to end it especially since things get so heavy. Didn't want to leave either of them hanging but also didn't think real porn would fit the vibe of the chapter or the pacing of the story I have planned. Anyways, have a couple of silly boys who are best friends and also kiss each other for fun!

Eli sat in his last class of the day, a class he was supposed to share with both Matt and Klitz, but the former was nowhere to be seen. He knew that Matt had been at school that day though, they'd eaten lunch together, just like any other day.

He didn't realize Matt wasn't going to show up, he thought he was just running late, so he didn't bother asking Klitz where Matt was before class had actually started. Now it had been twenty minutes and his teacher was deep into a lecture on god knows what, so he couldn't talk to Klitz without interrupting him and drawing attention.

He looked over at Klitz and watched him take notes for a moment. God, he was still diligently taking notes, still eager to learn despite them graduating in three weeks. Eli had no clue how he did it. Eli didn't even know what they were supposed to be learning about, and by the looks of boredom on most of the other kids' faces he figured he wasn't alone.

Klitz, always the overachiever.

In the time it took Klitz to notice that he was being watched, Eli had prepared a note to pass him with his question.

He cocked his head at Eli in a *what?* gesture.

Eli glanced back up at the teacher and waited until his back was turned again before placing the folded piece of notebook paper on the desk between him and Klitz. Matt's desk. Which was empty.

Klitz grabbed it off the desk and opened it as quietly as he could manage, trying not to draw attention from the teacher. He was much more discreet than Eli, he'll give him that.

Eli watched him read the note: *where's matt?*

Klitz sighed and looked back over at him, shaking his head. He jotted something down quickly, folded the paper, then passed it back to Eli before turning his attention back to the front of the room.

Eli grabbed the note, confused.

*I'll tell you later.*

Well that was an extremely dissatisfying response. Eli huffed in annoyance, unable to find out more for the time being. He slumped in his seat, pouted, and waited for the bell to ring.

Eli had waited an agonizing forty minutes for the class to end. His eyes bored into the clock on the wall above the white board. He practically leaped out of his seat, the second the bell rang. To his defense, so did pretty much everyone else. They were just as ready to get out of class too, especially since it was the last class of the day.

He quickly found himself standing over Klitz's desk, bouncing in place.

"Tell me," he demanded Klitz. Eli wouldn't necessarily consider himself nosy, he just wanted to know what was going on with everyone all the time. Plus, it was different when it was his best friend.

Klitz looked at him incredulously and continued to pack up his supplies at a snail's pace, taking way longer than a normal person would to put their fucking notebook in their backpack, just to

annoy Eli.

“Dude, you’re the fucking worst,” Eli whined. “Come onnnnnnnnn.”

Klitz finally gave in and they walked together to Klitz’s car, Klitz finally telling Eli what had happened in math class earlier in the day.

“He just left?”

“Yeah,” Klitz almost seemed like he was disappointed in Matt for some reason. “We even ended up having a pop quiz which he missed.”

Eli was silent for a moment, mulling over this new information. He remembered the conversation the three of them had the other day about ditching school and just going to the beach. He had wanted to, but frankly, Eli was kind of afraid of the popular kids. He guessed that’s why he never had the chance to talk to any girls.

Eli hadn’t wanted to look like a wimp though, so he deflected the only way he knew how.

*The beach is for fags, man.*

It was a lame excuse and he knew that, but there was no way he was going to admit that he secretly hated stepping outside of his comfort zone.

Matt’s response immediately came to mind.

*You know what? You guys are fags.*

Eli turned red and remembered what he and Klitz had done the night before. He quickly pushed the thought from his head. He’s not a fag. Does not wanting to do exciting stuff make him a fag?

Klitz noticed Eli’s lack of a response and glanced at him. “Uh, dude? Are you okay?”

The sound of Klitz's voice pulled him out of his head and he jumped slightly, looking back over at Klitz.

"Oh, yeah," Eli forced out a small laugh in an attempt to ease the concerned look on Klitz's face. "All good."

Klitz seemed to more or less accept this answer and turned to start the car, pulling out of the school parking lot and starting the drive back to Eli's house. They'd formed a habit of going to Eli's place after school—and for pretty much every hangout at this point—because Eli's parents had jobs that required them to work odd hours. They were hardly ever home since they traveled quite a bit too. This made for ideal hangout conditions, with the boys not having to worry about how loud they were, or what they did at all, really.

"Maybe we could do something like that," Eli wondered out loud.

"What do you mean?"

"Like..." Eli wasn't exactly sure how to phrase it. He didn't even know what "something" entailed. "Like what Matt said the other day. Let's just do something," Eli quoted.

Klitz glanced at him out of the corner of his eye, keeping his eyes on the road. He always was a safe driver. And that's their problem! They're too safe! They'll never get any meaningful experiences in life if they're always going the speed limit.

Eli voiced these thoughts out loud, to Klitz's dismay.

"Dude, I'm not endangering both of our lives just because you're feeling adventurous."

"You're no fun, Klitzzy," Eli said, with no real malice in his voice.

Eli saw Klitz tap his fingers on the steering wheel in thought.

“Do you wanna go on an adventure?”

“Yes! Please, Klitz, let’s do something!” Eli twisted in his seat, grabbing and shaking Klitz’s shoulder excitedly. Klitz might as well have just told Eli the best news of his life for how quickly he perked up.

Klitz smiled, just a small quirk of his lips, and Eli felt something twist in his chest. Huh. That’s different. He’d never felt that when he looked at Klitz before. He must just be so desperate to get laid that he’s projecting onto his friends. Yeah, that’s it. He was determined to not let it bother him, though. He liked the feeling. It didn’t have to mean anything.

Eli heard Klitz flick on his blinker and they turned down the main street opposite the direction of his house. Oh yeah. This is about to get wild.

“This isn’t exactly what I had in mind when you said ‘adventure’,” Eli remarked.

The two stood in line at the gas station where Klitz had driven them. They both held icees, Eli with blue and Klitz with red, and Eli held a bag of sour gummy worms.

“My treat,” Klitz had said when they arrived, bowing slightly as he said it and grinning like he thought he was the cleverest guy on earth. This would be Klitz’s idea of an adventure. Eli should’ve known.

“Oh come on, when’s the last time you had an icee?” Klitz asked Eli, still smiling gently.

Eli had to admit that Klitz was right. It’d been a weirdly long time since he’d last even been inside a gas station; considering he didn’t have his own car he had no reason to come here.

“Whatever, dude,” Eli said, not really annoyed, and his own smile edged onto his face. It was kinda nice of Klitz to bring him here and buy him a drink and a snack. Damn, were their lives really that lame that he thought a trip to the gas station was exciting?

Eli suddenly felt something ice cold on the back of his neck. He yelped and spun around to find the source of the crime. He came face to face with Klitz who was snickering into his sleeve covered



wrist.

“Dude! What the hell?!” Eli gawked up at Klitz who only started giggling harder.

Eli’s little outburst had attracted the attention of the other people standing in line around them. Some glared in annoyance and some tried to hide laughs after witnessing the scene. Eli’s cheeks flared with humiliation.

Klitz leaned down close to Eli’s ear, like he was sharing a secret.

“Adventurous enough?”

Klitz was still laughing, a puff of warm breath hitting the shell of Eli’s ear, making him shiver.

Klitz stood up straight again and Eli couldn’t help the smile breaking out on his face.

“You’re an asshole,” Eli shoved at Klitz, trying and failing to sound angry.

Klitz’s laughter had died down, and by that point it was their turn to check out.

“I hope this isn’t rude,” the cashier spoke as Klitz paid, stealing Eli’s attention away from the lottery tickets he’d been looking at. He made eye contact with her and she smiled. “You two are really cute together,” she said warmly.

Eli’s mouth fell open. Klitz stood there for a second, looking just as uncomfortable as Eli felt before clearing his throat and dragging a shell shocked Eli out the sliding doors by his arm. Incredibly, the cashier hadn’t picked up on the two boys’ awkward response, and even had the nerve to tell them to have a good day as they walked out.

They both got into the car and sat in silence for what felt like an agonizing amount of time.

“Dude—“ Eli started.

“That was—“ Klitz began at the same time.

Klitz took a deep breath. “I’m sorry if I made you uncomfortable, man. I was just trying to do something fun, like you said, but I took it too far,” he apologized.

Eli’s mood shifted when he heard Klitz apologize. Why is he apologizing? It wasn’t his fault some idiot cashier assumed they were gay. It wasn’t even gay, either! It was just two friends messing around!

“You,” Eli said, pointing his finger at Klitz to emphasize his message, “don’t apologize. She was a total bitch for sticking her nose in other peoples’ business.”

Klitz looked down at his hands in his lap and nodded.

“I thought it was funny, Klitzzy,” Eli assured. “Great adventure,” he said genuinely.

Klitz met his eye and smiled when he realized Eli was being serious.

The tension had dissolved significantly. Eli was glad he could deescalate the situation quickly, before Klitz had time to doubt himself too much. He worried that this experience might deter Klitz from ever wanting to try something fun again.

Internally, Eli could feel himself trying to freak out, but the feeling was overshadowed by annoyance. Stupid cashier. He wasn’t gonna let her make hanging out with his best friend feel gross or uncomfortable.

Klitz started the car and began the drive back to Eli’s house.

Eli slurped his icee obnoxiously. “I’m totally gonna get you back though.”

Back at Eli's house he and Klitz were back to normal, any previous awkwardness replaced with the two boys just enjoying each other's company.

Klitz had finished his icee and was now rifling through the entertainment center that held all of Eli's VHS tapes, looking for a new movie to put in.

Eli could now put his plan into action. He'd forced himself to slowly sip his icee, rather than chug it all and give himself a brain freeze. It took an incredible amount of self restraint, but it was gonna be totally worth it. He held his cup in both hands, attempting to make his hands as cold as possible before he could strike.

Eli quietly got up from the couch and snuck up behind Klitz, who had just put in a new movie.

Eli lunged at Klitz, wrapping his chilled hands around Klitz's neck, only pressing down hard enough to force the cold into his skin.

Klitz yelled this time, quickly straightening up where he was standing on his knees, which knocked Eli back, causing him to stumble and ultimately fall. His hands never left Klitz's neck though, so Klitz was forced to fall with him.

"Ha!" Eli barked out a laugh. "I got you back!" He released Klitz's neck, thinking he'd come out victorious.

He hadn't expected Klitz to fight back.

Eli was still behind Klitz. After falling, the two sat with their legs outstretched, Klitz sitting between Eli's legs with his back against Eli's chest.

Klitz moved so fast that Eli probably couldn't have defended himself even if he saw it coming. Klitz reached behind him and put Eli in an awkward headlock, which wasn't successful for long since he wasn't really in a position to administer a proper headlock.

"Oh, you son of a bitch," Eli laughed, wriggling out of Klitz's grasp. He tackled Klitz forward, which had Klitz ending up on his back, but now they were face to face so Klitz could actually have a fair chance. He rolled onto his knees, rushing at Eli at the same time Eli rushed at him.

He looped an arm underneath one of Eli's armpits, then brought that same forearm up and grabbed his wrist with the opposite hand. The position was effectively a headlock but if you added one of the victim's arms inside it.

Eli wasn't even sure how he managed to escape that time, but he managed to get an arm around Klitz's torso and flip him onto his back, getting a little too close to the furniture for comfort.

"Ow, dude, watch the coffee table," Klitz huffed.

The two wrestled for a few more minutes, but finally came to determine a winner.

Eli straddled Klitz's waist and pinned his wrists next to his head. He was pretty sure Klitz could've gotten away from him. While they were rolling around, Eli noticed that Klitz was weirdly strong, which was not something he expected from a guy like Klitz at all.

Eli smiled down at Klitz, panting. "Say uncle."

"No way, fuck you," Klitz said, attempting to pull his wrists from Eli's grip. Eli just put more weight on his arms.

"Say uncle," Eli repeated.

Klitz stayed silent, besides his heavy breaths from the unexpected wrestling match.

"Alright, you asked for this," Eli said before hocking spit from the back of his throat.

Klitz's eyes widened in terror, and he struggled even harder, actually making a real attempt to get away this time.

"No! That's fucking sick, Eli!" Klitz shouted.

Eli laughed. He wasn't actually gonna spit on Klitz, but he seemed to be pretty convincing in his ministrations, because Klitz was still struggling really hard.

"Let me go," Klitz thrust upwards, trying to buck Eli off.

"Dude, relax, I was joking—" Eli said. He shifted to put most of his weight onto Klitz's lap in an attempt to still his legs, but seriously didn't think it through.

Klitz bucked up into Eli and they both gasped in unison and immediately fell still. They looked at each other with equally shocked looks.

Well... at least he stopped moving.

Klitz looked at Eli's lips, an action that made Eli's stomach flip. Eli leaned down and pressed his lips against Klitz's. Klitz hummed and started hungrily moving his mouth against Eli's. Eli wasn't prepared for the intensity behind Klitz's kisses in the least, but apparently after yesterday, Klitz was.

Klitz drew his wrists away from Eli's grip and this time Eli let him. Klitz placed his hands on Eli's hips. Eli sucked in a short breath; yesterday Klitz hadn't touched him at all. This felt so foreign to Eli.

The boys moved their lips against each other, tilting their heads to get that awesome angle that yesterday's readjustment had provided. Eli sighed against Klitz's mouth, their lips sliding together so perfectly it made Eli's head spin.

Klitz's lips were kind of chapped, but that didn't make kissing him any less fantastic. Eli put all of the weight holding up his upper body on one arm and brought the other to the back of Klitz's head, pulling his head closer.

Klitz's grip on Eli's hips tightened and Eli let out a low moan, then pulled away from Klitz in embarrassment after he realized he'd made the sound. Klitz gaped up at him, his eyes darting all over Eli's face like he was studying him, or perhaps searching for something. Eli flushed, shy, now, of all times.

Klitz leaned up, chasing Eli's lips, and Eli met him in the middle and settled his weight more

squarely in Klitz's lap. He felt Klitz tense underneath him and the smooth rhythm of his lips that he'd built up stuttered for just barely a second.

Eli was going to pull away and ask if he was alright but before he could pull back he felt Klitz's mouth open underneath his and felt his tongue swipe against the seam of his lips.

He sucked in a harsh breath and really did pull back all the way this time.

"Shit, I'm sorry, should I not have done that?" Klitz apologized quickly.

"No, no!" Eli rushed out. He wasn't upset, he just wasn't expecting it. It was actually kinda hot. Super hot. Really fucking hot. Eli chuckled and leaned down to press a quick peck to Klitz's lips, easing his anxiety. "That's pretty adventurous of you, Klitzzy."

Klitz smiled, now more confident, and removed a hand from Eli's hip. He brought it up to the back of Eli's neck, pulling him back down.

This time, Eli was more prepared for Klitz's tongue and opened his mouth slightly for him. Klitz shyly poked his tongue into Eli's mouth before retreating. Eli tried next, brushing his tongue over Klitz's lips.

Klitz moaned and bucked up into Eli and Eli met his action, rolling his hips down onto Klitz's crotch. Slowly, they began to grind on each other.

Klitz opened his mouth a little wider and used more of his tongue this time, and Eli followed, meeting Klitz's tongue with his own. Klitz tasted sweet, like the icee he had earlier, but there was also something else underneath that, something that was just pure *Klitz* and it made Eli groan into his mouth.

Klitz placed his hand on Eli's hip again, now using both to drag Eli down as he thrusting up, in a slow, dirty grind.

Eli could feel the hard line of Klitz's dick through his pants, and his hips stuttered. His brain kept setting off sirens, reminding him to freak out, that boys don't do this with other boys, but Klitz's hot mouth on his left left no room for rational thoughts.

As if Eli's thoughts had manifested into the real world, Klitz's cellphone began to ring. Klitz gasped and they flew apart. Eli scrambled off Klitz's lap and Klitz frantically got off the floor and dove for his jacket on the couch where his phone resided.

He grabbed his phone and Eli noticed his hands were shaking while he tried to flip it open. Trying to sound as normal as possible Klitz answered the phone with a 'hello' but it came out raspy, and half the word didn't even register.

His eyes widened, seemingly surprised at the way his voice sounded, and cleared his throat before trying again.

Dazed, Eli watched Klitz talk to whoever was on the other line, and tried to gather his thoughts.

Klitz mumbled a few 'mhhh's and 'yes's and finally ended the call with "okay, love you too, bye."

Klitz flipped his phone closed and looked over at Eli.

"My mom," Klitz said. "She wants me home for dinner."

"Ah."

After a couple seconds of staring at each other, the two started to giggle, which eventually turned into full blown belly laughs at how absurd the situation was. Eli didn't even feel weird, surprisingly, just kinda light and happy. He was sure he'd have some sort of emotional crash later, but for now, he just enjoyed it.

They both wiped their tears, and Klitz ran a hand backwards through his hair. The action didn't really help return it to its original style, rather, turning it into a shaggy, messy look that Eli never got to see since Klitz got that bowl cut. He would love to see it more often, though. He looked super fucking hot.

Klitz held out a hand and helped Eli off the floor. Klitz grabbed his jacket and they walked to the front door together.

Eli wasn't sure what to say now, his nerves about the whole thing finally catching up to him.

"Hey," Klitz said, getting Eli to look him in the eye. "This doesn't have to be weird."

Eli felt the tips of his ears turn pink, and he swallowed thickly.

Klitz glanced down at Eli's lips and licked his own. Eli noticed a tiny bit of color on his tongue and gasped.

"What?" Klitz asked, immediately on guard.

"Dude! Your tongue is purple!" Eli laughed.

"Really?" Klitz stuck out his tongue like he was trying to see it for himself.

"Yeah! Is mine?" Eli asked, sticking out his tongue.

Klitz huffed out a laugh of his own. "Yeah, it's pretty purple."

Eli wasn't sure why he found that so funny, but he began to giggle again, like they had in the living room, with Klitz joining in. Thankfully, it didn't last as long this time since Klitz had to get home soon.

Eli opened the door for Klitz.

"See you later, man."

Eli had no clue what compelled him to do it, but he stood on his tiptoes and pressed a quick peck to Klitz's lips.



He blushed harder from that than from anything else they'd done in the past hour. He got embarrassed immediately. "Alright, get out of my house now," Eli said, shoving Klitz out the door. He saw Klitz smirk. "And wipe that stupid smile off your stupid face."

Eli wasn't upset. In fact, he felt kind of good. He liked Klitz today. Well, obviously he likes Klitz every day, but today was fun. Klitz seemed to get out of his comfort zone and Eli was proud of him.

He was willing to be mistaken as gay if it meant seeing his friend have a little more fun.

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Summary

Eli and Klitz take things way farther than Eli originally meant for this to go.

### Chapter Notes

This is pretty much just pure porn I guess. Hope you enjoy!

Eli stared at the tv screen. Bright red blocky letters reading *MISSION FAILED* stared back at him.

He'd gone through every game Klitz owned, which wasn't exactly saying much. Klitz's video game collection left much to be desired. Eli had finally settled on GTA and played it for several missions, but was now sick of that too.

Klitz only owned one controller, which he happily let Eli use while he sat at his desk doing homework.

Eli groaned in annoyance, getting up from where he was sitting in front of the tv. If they were at his house, Eli could've forced Klitz to actually do something fun with him, but today was one of the rare occasions where both of Eli's parents were off work at a normal time. This was great and all for them, but Eli didn't feel like spending his afternoon hanging out with his parents.

It's not like he hated his parents or anything, they just weren't around often. He wanted to avoid the awkward *How's school going?* from his mom and the *So, do you have a girlfriend yet?* from his dad, which he knew from past experiences would be exactly the type of conversation they'd end up having.

Talking to his parents about his life kinda felt more like catching up with a very distant relative that he'd only see on Thanksgiving every five years. They didn't know him, and he didn't care to entertain them when they tried to make themselves feel better about being shitty parents. It didn't bother him; hadn't for years. He knew how to take care of himself. No big deal.

Eli complained to Klitz about this earlier in the day, so Klitz suggested his own house after school

that day. At the time, this had seemed like a great idea, and Eli agreed immediately, but now that they were actually here, Eli thinks he would've preferred the absent parents.

"I'm bored," he said idly, walking around Klitz's room. Klitz didn't acknowledge him. He picked up a small snow globe that rested on Klitz's nightstand and shook it. He watched the tiny artificial snowflakes whirl around inside the glass. When it settled, he set it back down, moving on to a different area in Klitz's room.

He opened the top drawer of Klitz's dresser, getting the other boy's attention.

"Dude, quit going through my stuff," Klitz turned to look at Eli.

"Why, what are you hiding?" Eli asked, beginning to rifle through the contents. "Some kind of sick porn?" It seemed to just be socks.

Silence from Klitz made Eli look up at him. Klitz gave him an annoyed look.

"Fine," Eli rolled his eyes and shut the drawer, perhaps a little too hard. He started pacing across the floor again.

Eli was super unfamiliar with Klitz's room. It'd changed a lot since he'd last been here. His bed was in the middle of the room now instead in the corner and there were no longer as many posters on the walls. Eli tried to actually remember the last time he was here. A couple years at least. No fucking wonder. The place was insufferable.

"Let's do something else," Eli said, sitting on the edge of Klitz's bed. Klitz ignored him. "Why are you still even doing homework? We're about to graduate." Eli picked at a loose thread in the comforter.

"It's not homework," Klitz replied, not bothering to turn around. "I'm studying for finals, something you should be doing too if you plan on actually graduating."

Okay, ouch. Eli's grades weren't even that bad. Klitz was just an overachiever.

“Whatever, dude.” Eli got up from Klitz’s bed and walked to the door. Klitz didn’t look up. Eli made a scene of opening the door, waiting for a reaction from Klitz. Eli could actually be leaving for all Klitz knew, and he didn’t even bother to say goodbye. Klitz ignored him still, so Eli left.

He walked down the stairs with heavy steps, making his way to the kitchen. He opened the pantry and was met with disappointment. He browsed through the various jars of pickled vegetables and fruits. Almost nothing was in its original box or bag that it came in from the store, everything had been organized into neat, clear containers. Nothing was labeled, Eli had no clue what he was actually looking at, and there was not a single real snack, just ingredients.

The “snacks” that they did have were all brands he recognized from the health nut aisles at the grocery store. What the fuck is fruit leather? Eli picked up a box and read the back. He was attacked with advertisements of *Non GMO!* and *Organic* ingredients. God, no wonder Klitz was so skinny.

It made sense that Klitz wouldn’t have any real, human food in his house. Both of his parents were doctors, very health conscious, and kind of tight asses. They were nice though, and actually, you know, present in Klitz’s life, so Eli couldn’t complain.

He carefully put the box back in its place on the shelf, noticing that everything was organized into specific rows, a system understood by the one who made it and nobody else.

Eli squatted down to look through the bottom shelf where most food items that had been accumulated over time sat since they didn’t fall into any real category. This was where the normal person food resided: a few bags of chips, some snack cakes, pretty much anything Klitz had gotten while he was out with his friends and brought home, seldom touched after that.

Eli dug through the box that held all of the orphaned snacks and came up with a bag of gummy worms. An old bag of gummy worms.

“Hello, Eli,” Klitz’s mom greeted.

Eli jumped at her sudden presence and hit his head on the shelf above him.

“Shit,” he hissed, grabbing the back of his head and quickly standing up. “Hi, Mrs. Klitz.” He put on a polite smile.

“Oh, didn’t mean to startle you, dear!” She stood in front of the open fridge, holding a carton of juice. How she managed to come into the kitchen and open the fridge without Eli noticing was beyond him. She needed a bell or something.

“Are you hungry?”

Eli didn’t know how long she’d seen him digging through their pantry, and the tips of his ears turned red with embarrassment. “Uh, no, thank you,” Eli said, making his way out of the kitchen. He flashed the bag of candy. “Just bored, you know how it is.”

She did not know how it was.

She furrowed her eyebrows and pulled a small frown.

“Well, I’d better be getting back,” Eli jerked a thumb over his shoulder and forced out a small, awkward laugh.

Eli quickly left the kitchen before Klitz’s mom could lecture him about the dangers of eating out of boredom. She probably would’ve started listing obesity statistics or some shit.

He opened the bag as he walked back up the stairs and popped one of the candies in his mouth. A little stale, but still edible. He probably wouldn’t die from eating them.

Klitz looked up when Eli entered his room. Eli held up his prize with a triumphant smile. Klitz furrowed his eyebrows and cocked his head to the side in confusion.

“Where did you get that?”

“Pantry. Why? Want a taste?” Eli waggled his eyebrows with a sly smile, leaving no room for confusion as to what he meant by ‘taste’.

Klitz blushed and looked back down at his desk. “No. We don’t buy candy. That’s probably from last Halloween,” Klitz said, resuming his writing.

Eli stopped chewing and looked at the bag in his hand as if that would change anything about how old it was. Last Halloween was seven months ago. That's not too bad.

Eli didn't respond and sat criss cross on Klitz's bed. He watched Klitz's arm move as he wrote in his notebook, the rhythmic scratching of his pencil being the only noise in the room.

Eli took time to notice how Klitz was dressed: a plain white t-shirt that he wore under his shirt to school that day hung loosely off his thin frame, along with an older pair of jeans he owned that had become distressed with use, the bottom hems frayed after constant dragging on the ground over time. He looked so painfully casual, such a stark difference between how he usually dressed, and Eli liked it. It was a good look on him, Eli wished Klitz dressed down more often.

A couple more minutes passed and Eli finished the bag of gummy worms. Now he was left with nothing to do and the boredom returned.

Eli now decided to take the obnoxious route (well, more obnoxious than he already was) and got off the bed, walking up to stand behind Klitz at his desk.

"Hiya, Klitzzy." He rocked back and forth on his heels and toes, hands behind his back. He kicked one of the wheels on Klitz's chair, his first attempt at gaining his attention.

"Dude," Klitz warned. Attention gained, but just barely.

Eli reached out and pulled on a strand of Klitz's hair.

"God, Eli, you're a child!" Klitz dropped his pencil and batted Eli's hand away angrily. He smoothed out his hair and glared at the other boy.

"I'm bored! Come on, do something with me," Eli whined, not childlike at all.

"No, dude, go away, I'm working," Klitz dismissed.

Eli stood still behind Klitz, chewing his lip in consideration. He thought up one last attempt at Klitz, truly a last resort.

He grabbed the back of the chair and leaned over, placing his chin on Klitz's shoulder. Klitz stopped writing, now tense. Eli kissed his neck and turned his head until his lips were almost touching Klitz's ear:

"Take a break," he whispered wickedly.

Klitz sucked in a sharp breath and shivered. Eli trailed kisses across Klitz's cheek from his ear to the corner of his mouth, where he stopped, leaving Klitz to make a decision.

Klitz turned his head toward Eli and caught his lips in a real kiss. Decision made.

Their heads were perpendicular to each other which was kinda hot but also kinda strained Eli's neck. Klitz brought his hand up to the back of Eli's head, kissing him deeper, and suddenly Eli couldn't care about his neck.

After about a minute though, he was starting to get a cramp, so he started to stand back up straight. Their lips disconnected for about three milliseconds before Klitz quickly stood up from his chair, chasing Eli's lips.

Eli now had to tilt his head back slightly, accommodating Klitz's height. Klitz made Eli feel small, like he could completely overpower him. Eli didn't know why that turned him on so much. Maybe because Klitz is normally pretty reserved and passive. When he kissed Eli though, something seemed to shift in his demeanor. Though being as much of a virgin as Eli, Klitz seemed to have this grace about him and he naturally took the lead. Eli didn't expect himself to like it that much, and it made him kind of nervous. He didn't want to be the girl.

Nevertheless, Eli continued to back up, determined to push it out of his mind and freak out later. Klitz cupped Eli's face with both of his hands, subtly tilting Eli's head to one side and his own the opposite. Klitz held Eli's head still at the angle he wanted and kissed him hungrily. He opened his mouth against Eli's and his tongue slid between Eli's lips, willing Eli to let him in.

Eli happily obliged, sighing into Klitz's mouth as their tongues moved together. He continued to back up until the backs of his knees hit Klitz's bed. He sat down, forcing Klitz to bend down, unwilling to stop kissing Eli. Eli laid back, his legs still hanging over the edge of the bed, and Klitz

leaned over him, removing his hands from Eli's face and placing them on either side of Eli's head to support himself.

They continued to kiss in that position until Klitz pulled back, breathing in small pants.

"Scoot up," he breathed against Eli's lips.

Eli nodded and did as he was told, moving up the bed until his head rested on Klitz's pillows.

Klitz followed him and settled in between Eli's legs, reconnecting their lips. Klitz held himself up on his elbows so that he wasn't putting all of his weight onto Eli, but other than that, the two were flush from chest to groin.

Yesterday, Klitz had held onto his hips, which turned Eli on way more than he was willing to admit. He decided to experiment with touching this time and brought his hands up, resting them on Klitz's waist. Klitz hummed against his lips, which Eli took as a positive reaction, so he moved to the bottom of Klitz's shirt and pushed his hands underneath, running his hands over Klitz's bare skin.

Klitz was very warm, Eli noticed. He'd never really touched Klitz before—had no reason to—besides the occasional hug, but that was never skin on skin. He ran one hand up Klitz's back, feeling his muscles move and flex underneath his skin, and brought the other one to Klitz's front. Klitz lifted his torso a little bit to give Eli more access.

Eli placed his hand flat against Klitz's chest, which Klitz read as Eli attempting to push him away.

He stopped kissing him immediately and looked into Eli's eyes with worry.

"No, you're okay," Eli was quick to assure him.

Klitz waited another moment, searching Eli's face for any sign of apprehension, and when he didn't find it he hesitantly leaned down and placed a soft kiss on Eli's lips. Eli sucked Klitz's bottom lip into his mouth, nipping at it before running his tongue over it. Klitz let out a low, shaky groan and began kissing down Eli's neck.



With his hand pressed against Klitz's chest, Eli could feel how fast Klitz's heart was beating. He brought his hand down, exploring, and stopped at one of Klitz's pecs. He snorted and groped at his chest, essentially feeling him up if he were a woman.

Klitz huffed a laugh and rested his forehead on Eli's shoulder.

Still smiling, Eli brought both of his hands to rest against Klitz's sides, passing the tips of his fingers over the subtle bumps where Klitz's ribs protruded. He felt Klitz's skin jump. Ticklish? Eli repeated the motion and Klitz outright jolted this time.

"Hey," Klitz warned, his lips pausing against Eli's neck where he'd resumed kissing him.

Eli flattened his hands and ran them up over Klitz's shoulders; well, as far as he could reach. This would be a lot easier if Klitz wasn't wearing a shirt.

Eli gasped as he felt Klitz start sucking at his neck, hard.

"Dude! Don't give me a fucking hickey?!" Eli exclaimed. He felt Klitz smile against his neck before licking over the now freshly bruised spot and moving to a new spot to repeat the process. Smug bastard. Eli knew they were going to be in the absolute most visible places because Klitz is a terrible evil person. Eli tried to be mad, but the thought of having Klitz's marks on him left him breathless.

Without thinking, Eli scraped his nails down Klitz's sides. Klitz shuddered and bucked his hips into Eli's. This was obviously unintentional as he was quick to mutter an apology into Eli's neck.

Eli swallowed thickly. He could feel Klitz's dick pressing hard into the crease of his thigh. He was aware of it earlier, but didn't really think about it since, having absolutely no past experience, he had no clue what they would actually do about it. It was now very apparent, though. He was also hard by this point, and knew there was no way Klitz couldn't feel him too.

Eli placed a hand at the small of Klitz's back and pushed down, trying to get Klitz to do it again. Klitz leaned back and looked into Eli's eyes, once again wordlessly searching for consent. After a couple seconds, Klitz looked down at Eli's lips and leaned back in to kiss him, simultaneously rolling his hips down into Eli's in a slow grind.

The friction on his dick made Eli moan, completely out of his control. Klitz hissed through his teeth and broke the kiss, his eyes wide with fear.

“Eli, my parents are home!” he said in a hushed, fearful tone.

Eli’s face fell. Fuck. They wore matching scared expressions, holding stock still, waiting for noise or movement or any indication that they’d been heard and were about to be caught. After what felt like hours of waiting, they finally began to relax against each other.

“I think we’re good,” Klitz said. He buried his face in Eli’s neck, trying to calm down. He released a heavy breath that he must’ve been holding. Eli brought his hand up and ran it through Klitz’s hair in a comforting gesture.

“Is your door locked?” Eli asked.

“No.”

“Shit.”

“Yeah.”

They stayed in that position for a little while longer, Eli stroking Klitz’s hair.

“Do you still wanna... y’know,” Eli asked tentatively.

Klitz lifted his head to look at him. “Can you keep it down?”

Eli flushed at his patronizing tone. “Shut up.” He used the hand he had in Klitz’s hair to pull his head back down, aggressively reconnecting their lips. He immediately pushed his tongue into Klitz’s mouth, pulling a whine from the back of his throat.

Eli broke the kiss and smirked up at Klitz. “Who needs to keep it down, now?”

Klitz stared dead into Eli's eyes and thrusted against him.

Eli's mouth fell open, but no sound came out. Klitz smiled down at him, arrogantly.

This started a competition between the two, each on a mission to get the other to make the most noise.

Klitz began a steady rhythm thrusting against Eli. Eli's hands made their way underneath Klitz's shirt again and he dragged his nails up and down his sides. Every pass made Klitz twitch, his hips stuttering. Klitz fisted a hand into Eli's hair. He used his grip to angle Eli's head and held him still as he licked into his mouth. Klitz shifted his hips and the two boys' dicks were now lined up perfectly against each other.

Eli choked back a moan. The material of his underwear was a little rough against his dick, but it felt amazing anyway. Eli put a hand on the back of Klitz's neck. Klitz's pace had picked up and he was now steadily rolling his hips into Eli's, dicks rubbing together through way too many layers of fabric for Eli's liking.

Eli could feel the telltale heat in his gut begin to build. They weren't kissing now so much as breathing each other's air, gasping for it, but unwilling to separate long enough to catch their breath. Eli was muffling his moans into Klitz's mouth, incapable of keeping them in, but doing his best to stay quiet.

*"Pleasepleaseplease,"* Eli gasped into Klitz's mouth, unsure of what he was asking for. He could hear how needy and pathetic he sounded but couldn't get himself to care. He was so close, so fucking close, *god*.

*"Fuck, Eli,"* Klitz groaned.

Klitz was now moving his hips in short, sharp thrusts, like he was fucking Eli properly. The feeling made Eli hot all over. He began to imagine how Klitz really fucking him would feel. How big is he? Would he be gentle or rough?

Klitz fucking Eli. Klitz being *inside* Eli. The thought caught Eli by surprise and the heat in his gut finally snapped. He came hard, muffling a sob against Klitz's mouth.

“Shit,” Klitz choked out. He thrust a couple more times before stilling against Eli, dropping his head onto Eli’s shoulder. He groaned low and quiet as he came, and Eli felt his dick twitch through his pants.

Klitz laid on top of him as they both caught their breath.

Holy shit.

He and Klitz just fucking dry humped each other until they came in their pants like a couple of teenagers.

A few moments passed and Klitz pushed himself up and off of Eli and sat back on the bed.

Klitz ran a hand backwards through his hair and corrected his glasses.

Eli sat up as well, grimacing at the feeling of cum cooling in his underwear. He looked down at his lap and found a wet spot on the front. God damn it.

“Fuck,” Eli said blandly.

“Yeah,” Klitz agreed.

Eli was trying to wrap his head around what just happened. He and Klitz just dry humped each other. He and Klitz just had... sex? Dry humping probably doesn’t count as sex. But like, Jesus Christ. How did they get here from practicing kissing? Eli got off the bed and began to pace. He began to chew on his lip, but tasted Klitz and stopped immediately. He ran his hands through his hair.

“Fuck, Klitz!” He was freaking out now.

“Eli,” Klitz tried to get his attention.

“Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck–“

“Hey, Eli,” Klitz said and grabbed Eli’s wrist on his next pass, redirecting his attention before he had the chance to fully spiral.

The touch made Eli jump and he snapped his head around to look at Klitz, anxiety evident in his eye.

Klitz looked a little shocked at Eli’s reaction and released his wrist.

“This doesn’t have to be a thing if you don’t want it to be,” Klitz said softly.

Eli looked away without responding, moving to chew on his lip again, but remembered why he’d stopped the first time.

At Eli’s silence Klitz spoke again. “Do you want it to be a thing?”

Eli looked at Klitz, panicked. “I’m not gay, Klitz.”

“I’m not saying we go steady.”

Eli looked at him hard, before beginning to pace again, less urgently this time though. He thought about it. People do this all the time, right? Friends with benefits is a thing. Yeah, that could be a thing. Eli winced at his wording. It was definitely not a thing.

“So, it’d be like... a not thing,” Eli rationalized.

“Sure?”

Okay. This was okay. They could be friends with benefits, and it wouldn’t be gay, because they’re just friends. It’s literally in the name: *friends* with benefits. Eli is a fucking genius.

Eli stopped pacing and turned to look at Klitz, significantly less frantic. “Okay,” he said.

“Okay?”

“It’ll be a not thing.”

“Okay.”

“Cool.”

Now somewhat back in the present moment and aware of himself, Eli felt a cold stickiness in his pants. Fuck, gross. “Could you take me home now?” Eli asked, gesturing to his crotch.

Klitz glanced at Eli, then down at his own lap. “Oh shit. Yeah. Lemme change first.”

Klitz got off the bed and started digging through his dresser for a new pair of boxers and pants. Eli wasn’t sure about the etiquette of this not thing, so he turned away awkwardly as Klitz changed.

“Let’s hope my parents didn’t hear anything,” Klitz said from behind him.

Eli’s stomach dropped.

“Oh shit.”

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Summary

Matt ditches Eli and Klitz for Danielle.

### Chapter Notes

Hi! I hope this chapter isn't as awful as I feel like it is. Added some Klitz pov!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Eli waved his hand in front of Matt's face.

"Dude? Are you even listening?"

The three friends sat at their usual table in the cafeteria, eating lunch just like every other day. Except lately it didn't seem to be just the three of them anymore. They'd gained an unwanted, invisible guest. The way Matt's attention was occupied, you'd think someone else was there.

Matt blinked slowly and then looked at Eli with a dumb smile on his face. His eyes looked unfocused, like he was daydreaming or some shit. Ever since meeting Danielle, Matt had been noticeably distant, lovesick and loopy. Frankly, it was extremely irritating and Eli was losing his patience. If this was what being in love looked like, Eli hoped he'd never fall in love.

"Hmm?" Matt asked lazily.

Eli scoffed and threw his arms up. "Are you thinking about Danielle?" Eli asked. He'd barely known her for a couple of days and she already had him whipped.

"Yeah, I'm listening," Matt said, ignoring Eli's second question. He pushed his food around on his tray, and Eli didn't believe him.

"Is the pussy really that good?" Eli taunted, baiting him for a reaction.

“Eli,” Klitz warned.

It probably wasn't a good idea to tease Matt about Danielle again. They'd already fought about it earlier that week, which caused a 37 hour silent treatment, until Klitz made them make up.

Eli's crass question sobered Matt up pretty quickly, and he turned to punch Eli in the arm. “Shut up. It's not like that, and you know it,” he said as Eli rubbed the abused spot.

“I just want to know what could be so interesting that you'll ignore the conversation me and Klitz are trying to have with you,” Eli couldn't help the condescending tone in his voice. It's not like he was trying to start a fight—sometimes it just happened.

“It wasn't even an important conversation, Eli's being dramatic, don't worry,” Klitz said, attempting damage control. He always seemed to be in charge of fixing problems that Eli caused.

Matt backed off, obviously not wanting to make any more work for Klitz. “Okay,” he said, rubbing his eyes with his forefinger and thumb. “I'm sorry. What were we talking about?”

Eli squinted at him but glanced at Klitz when he saw him moving. Klitz made eye contact and shook his head, a silent *shut the fuck up*.

Eli rolled his eyes but resigned to playing nice for now. “We were talking about dinner tonight,” Eli said, ending the sentence by shoving a too-big bite of his sandwich into his mouth. “If you're still going.”

Matt wrinkled his nose in disgust at Eli's awful table manners. “Of course I'm still going. Why wouldn't I?”

Eli shared a look with Klitz. Matt had been spending all his free time with Danielle, even going as far as declining when they'd called him to ask if he wanted to hang out. His track record for reliability this past week was questionable.

They shouldn't even have to ask him in the first place. They'd been going to the local diner every Friday night since Klitz got his license and was able to drive them around. It was a tradition that



was deeply honored by all three of them, and absences were inexcusable.

Eli snorted and Klitz spoke up before Eli had the chance to make a sarcastic remark.

“It’s just that you’ve been hanging out with Danielle all week,” Klitz said, looking down at his tray as if he felt guilty for his mistrust.

“I’ll be there,” Matt said, holding one hand up and one over his heart. “Swear to god.”

He was not there. Klitz had driven Eli back to his house like usual, and they waited for Matt to show up. He was supposed to meet them there about an hour after school, but the first hour passed and he hadn’t showed.

“He probably just has some things to do before his mom will let him come over.” Klitz reassured Eli, who had slumped into the couch and crossed his arms over his chest.

The second hour passed and Klitz and Eli decided to call him. No answer.

“His phone probably died.”

“Yeah, I’ll bet,” Eli said bitterly.

It was now hour three, going on four, and Eli was sick of waiting. He got up from the couch and stomped over to the hallway leading out of the living room. He paused and turned around, looking at Klitz expectantly.

“What?” Klitz asked.

“Let’s go,” Eli said, as if it were obvious.

“But Matt isn’t here yet.”

“Fuck him. If he wants to just ditch us for some bitch that showed up on his doorstep then so be it.”

“Jesus, Eli,” Klitz cringed at Eli’s statement. “You don’t have to be an asshole about it.” Klitz got up from the couch and walked over to Eli.

“Bros before hoes, dude,” Eli said, completely serious.

“Bros be– What?” Klitz tried to process the phrase.

Eli waved him off and walked the rest of the way to the front door now that Klitz had joined him. “I’m hungry and I’m not waiting any more.”

He stormed out of the house and Klitz had no choice but to follow him.

Eli sat in the passenger seat, watching Klitz out of the corner of his eye. He was way too calm. He reached over and turned down the radio. “Why aren’t you upset about this?” Eli finally asked in the following silence.

Klitz tapped his fingers on the steering wheel. “There's no reason to be, I guess,” he shrugged, nonchalant.

“But he ditched us,” Eli argued. “For a girl.”

“Okay, and?”

“What do you mean ‘and’?” Eli sputtered. “That’s not cool!”

They encountered a red light and slowed to a stop. Now able to safely take his eyes off the road, Klitz looked at him skeptically. “Is “that’s not cool” seriously your only reason?” Klitz asked.

It wasn't, but Eli wasn't sure how to explain why it bugged him so much. Apparently he was the only one who valued and respected people's time nowadays.

The car lurched forward as the light turned green and Klitz accelerated. The car fell into a lapse of silence—nobody bothered turning up the radio again—until they pulled into the parking lot.

As they got out of the car Klitz spoke up again. "Why are you upset, anyway? Wasn't it you who told him to bang her?" Klitz used Eli's own words against him. Asshole.

This worked Eli up again. "Yeah, and he should," Eli said. He turned to face Klitz but continued walking, backwards now. "But this is different," Eli pointed at Klitz.

Klitz walked ahead of Eli and opened the door to the diner before Eli crashed backwards into it.

The restaurant was an old school, classic burger place. Pretty much exactly what someone would imagine if they thought of the word 'diner'. Booths sat along the walls and the center of the room was taken up by a long counter which hosted tall bar stools, creating a retro feeling. The checkered tiles were scuffed and the vinyl of the seats was always a little sticky but it was as close to home as a restaurant could get, so the boys looked past its imperfections.

"Hey guys!" They were greeted as they walked in. The waitress, Hannah, stood behind the bar and waved at them. Her smile fell when she realized Eli and Klitz were missing one member from their party. "Where's Matthew?" she asked, a little confused.

"I don't know. Why don't you ask him yourself," Eli glared at Klitz before stalking to their usual booth and sitting down angrily. He cringed internally. That obviously didn't make sense, and it was confirmed when he saw Klitz and Hannah share a knowing look. Eli felt his face heat up.

Klitz followed Eli to the booth and sat down on the bench across from him. They usually sat next to each other, but with Matt absent they had to make some seating adjustments.

Hannah came by shortly after they sat with their drinks. Eli always got a Dr. Pepper and Klitz always got an iced tea. Just like usual. Hannah knew their drink orders, that's how long they've been coming here. Which is why Eli was so pissed off at Matt's disloyalty.

After setting down their drinks she stood over their table, obviously waiting for something.

“You angling for a tip, sweetheart?” Eli said in an attempt at a joke; he was aware of how much of a bum he was being. It fell kind of flat, but she humored him anyway.

“Shut up,” Hannah playfully smacked him on the shoulder. She usually stuck around to chat whenever she could, this time no different. “I’m waiting on you to give me the dirt on Matt. Seeing as he’s not exactly here, I can’t ask him.”

“He ditched us for some chick,” Eli said, unwrapping his straw carefully so as to not tear the paper.

“He’s probably on a date with this *girl* he met,” Klitz corrected Eli’s somewhat derogatory wording.

“Probably?” Hannah questioned.

“We tried calling him a couple times before we came and he didn’t answer,” Klitz said.

“That’s why we’re late,” Eli piped in. “We waited forever for him.”

“Oh, so you’re grumpy cause you’re hungry, is that it?” Hannah joked.

Eli glared at her, probably proving her right in her eyes.

Hannah held up her hands in surrender. “Alright, touchy subject, sorry.”

A patron at the opposite end of the restaurant cleared his throat, flagging down the waitress.

“Oh shit,” she said as she turned and waved at him, letting him know she heard him. “I gotta go do my job now. Your usuals?”

Eli and Klitz both nodded.

Hannah's departure left a lull in the conversation.

Eli could feel Klitz's eyes on him, like he was meaning to say something, but wouldn't.

"Spit it out, dude," Eli said. He was making tiny folds in his straw wrapper, like an accordion.

"Seriously, is there something up?" Klitz finally asked.

Eli looked up at him through his eyelashes, not bothering to lift his head. He was met with a concerned look on Klitz's face, and it almost made Eli feel bad for being such a standoffish dick.

He didn't respond and looked back down. He used his straw to drop a couple drops of his drink onto the now compacted piece of paper. It slithered open, expanding from the liquid. Ha. Straw snake.

"You know you can tell me anything," Klitz said, startlingly soft.

Eli sighed. "We're about to graduate," he finally conceded. "We don't have a lot of time left before we all move a million miles away for college."

Eli knew he sounded like the world's biggest hypocrite. He was the one who insisted Matt hang out with the new girl in the first place. He was the one who was worried about still being a virgin and graduating high school. Now Matt had a chance at not being a huge loser anymore and Eli was mad at him about it.

Klitz breathed out a relieved sigh. "You could've just said that, man."

Eli scoffed. No, he couldn't have just said that. It's bad enough that people already think he's gay, he doesn't need to give them another reason by being an emotional sissy.

Klitz picked at the wrapper of his own straw. "We aren't gonna stop being friends," he said.

Eli hummed in dismissal.

“Can we enjoy the time we have left?” Klitz asked. “We can hang out with him another time.”

Eli paused for a moment, then nodded. He wanted to not be talking about this feelings shit anymore.

Hannah returned with their plates, plus her own. It wasn't uncommon for her to eat with them if there was nobody else in the diner. Well, there was someone else in the diner—an old man, another regular, sat at the bar with a coffee and a newspaper in front of him. Eli always thought it was kind of odd that he would drink coffee this late in the day. Reading the paper with coffee seemed like a morning activity. His presence was nice though. They could tell when he got to the comics because he'd always let out small chuckles. It was endearing.

Eli never really thought of him as a person, which sounded bad, but it was hard not to when he gave off an empty sort of vibe. It's why they considered the diner empty even if he was still there.

“Alright, I wanna know about this “chick” Eli is so worked up about,” Hannah said. She ignored the old guy as well. The restaurant may as well be empty for all she cared.

“Matt met a girl on Monday,” Klitz said, wiping his hands on a napkin.

“Ooh, is she hot?” Hannah looked genuinely curious.

“According to Matt, yep,” Eli said.

The boys caught Hannah up on the rest of the past week's events, carefully leaving out their own activities. Thankfully, she didn't ask anything about them, absorbed in Matt's new affair.

“Well, fellas, if I'm being honest, I'm gonna have to take Matt's side on this one,” she said around

a mouthful of food.

Eli gawked at her.

At Eli's look, she began to defend her position. "I'm happy for him!" She dusted her hands off and took a sip of her drink. "And no offense, but I've never seen any of you with a girl."

She said the last part looking directly at Eli. It made his skin crawl. Why have so many people been questioning him lately? Did he look gay or something? There had to be something wrong with him if this many people kept assuming he was gay. He thought Hannah was cool. Guess not.

Lost in thought, Eli hadn't heard what Klitz said, but it must've been the funniest thing Hannah had ever heard with the way she laughed so hard. Eli's eyebrows shot up as he watched her rest her hand on top of Klitz's on the table. Klitz laughed along, but drew his arm back and folded his hands in his lap as soon as Hannah lifted her own.

He looked between the two, immediately suspicious. He knew Hannah tended to flirt with Klitz, but this time it felt weird. Wrong. Eli looked down at his plate.

"Well, I've gotta get back," Hannah said, getting up and folding the chair she'd brought from the back to sit with them. "Call if you need anything else!" She took her plate and left.

Another silence between Eli and Klitz followed in her wake. Eli continued to eat, not looking up from his plate.

"What's wrong?" Klitz asked, once again.

"What?" Eli said, airily, like he had no clue what Klitz was talking about.

"Don't 'what' me, you've been pissy all afternoon," Klitz finally began to lose his patience with Eli.

He couldn't exactly tell Klitz the truth, but he couldn't think of an excuse. "I told you already."

Klitz squinted at him, but dropped it, which Eli was grateful for.

“If I buy you dessert will you cheer up?” Klitz asked after a moment.

Eli looked up at him, interested. He wanted to stay upset, but the way Klitz looked at him—so earnestly, like he truly cared about Eli and wanted him to feel better—crumbled any wall Eli had tried to build around himself that day. Eli smiled at him.

“Hell yeah.”

Klitz smiled back.

After that, Eli had lightened up significantly, and they went back to eating their dinner, but this time it was much more pleasant. Hannah brought their dessert, and Klitz didn’t even look up when she set it down. She hovered over the table for a moment, and Eli smirked to himself before thanking her. She picked up on the cue and took her leave with a small frown.

Eli glanced up at Klitz across the table while Klitz was looking away. He started to think about how closely this resembled a date. They were even sharing a dessert, eating off the same plate with their own forks. He felt his stomach flip and began trying to rationalize it. This obviously wasn’t a date, it was two friends hanging out. Which was easily proved—were they to be interrogated—by the fact that it was originally supposed to be a three person friend hangout. They were just down one friend. Which made them two friends having dinner. Which was different from a date. Plus, Eli wasn’t gay.

It was getting harder to ignore the parallel between him and Klitz and Matt and Danielle, though. Both couples—not couples, Eli rephrased. Both pairs of them spending a large amount of their free time together.

Eli suddenly became very nervous, and he looked up, scanning the restaurant, despite already knowing that there was nobody else there. Well, besides the old guy. Jesus, how much coffee did this guy drink? Eli settled with a little bit of relief. Nobody around to see them together and get the wrong idea. They were just two guys hanging out. Nothing else.



Klitz watched Eli wave his fork around, the cake impaled on it dangerously close to being flung off, while rehashing a story from school earlier in the day. On the outside, Eli's demeanor had visibly softened, the way he was acting now, nobody would think him in such a terrible mood earlier. Klitz could tell that there was still something bothering him underneath the surface, though.

Eli was adamant that it was just about Matt ditching them, but Klitz didn't fully believe him.

He did a mental recap of the evening. Eli seemed to be in a better mood after talking to Hannah, but became sullen again when she left. He remembered seeing Eli's jaw clench as Hannah walked away. Why would he be cool one minute, then upset again a second later? What happened before she left?

Oh. Klitz guiltily remembered Hannah putting her hand on top of his. Hannah had a track record of flirting with Klitz, and while it was flattering, Klitz wasn't enthusiastic about it.

Was Eli jealous? That was really the only thing that made sense, but he couldn't imagine Eli being jealous. Eli made it very clear to him and Matt and anyone who would listen that he was fully straight. He constantly talked about sex and porn and how much he loved women and boobs and all the other bits. Almost like he was putting on a performance.

Klitz wasn't sure he believed Eli but there was no point in bringing it up since he would just get offended and deny it.

Eli certainly didn't make a very good case for himself when he asked Klitz to kiss him, though. Klitz might've believed his original reason; he was very specific about his intentions, *do it for the chicks* and all. Except that he kept doing it. And every time it seemed to escalate even more. That didn't seem like "doing it for the chicks" to him.

Klitz wasn't bothered by it, which surprised him when he realized. It was definitely strange doing sexual stuff with his best friend, don't get him wrong, but he was mostly neutral about it. He enjoyed it, even.

He wasn't sure if that made him gay, though, because he was still very much attracted to women as well. He didn't really care what it made him, if he's being honest. He kind of has to be the one who doesn't freak out when he's with Eli, but that came naturally to him.

What he was a bit freaked out about was the very thin line between friendship, relationship, and

exfriendship. Those lines were very easy to cross and even harder to uncross. He would hate to lose Eli over this, and their developing relationship worried him.

But for now, it seemed alright. As long as this “not thing” thing didn’t ruin their friendship, Klitz was good.

## Chapter End Notes

a quick note: I read every comment and they make me so happy!! If I don’t respond it’s because I don’t know what to say but just know that I see and appreciate them so much <333 thank you!

## Chapter 5

### Chapter Summary

Klitz and Eli watch porn together and meet Danielle for the first time.

### Chapter Notes

This chapter is the scene where Eli and Klitz are watching porn together and then the doorbell rings and they meet Danielle. Pretend the doorbell didn't ring right after Klitz smacked Eli's hand away in the movie.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Saturday evening, Eli and Klitz found themselves sitting on Eli's couch once again. The only difference was that this time, Eli got to pick the movie. Naturally, he chose a new porno he'd just rented from the video store a couple days ago.

Any chance he could get, Eli would subject his friends to the raunchy videos he collected. Over the years, he'd developed an odd fixation on adult films. Lots of people probably say they don't know the first time they watched porn, but Eli remembered his first experience like it was yesterday.

Eighth grade, his mom had taken him to the video store and told him to pick out anything he wanted. He'd walked all over the store, carefully exploring every shelf in every aisle, until he'd worked his way to the back wall where another room had been blocked by a velvet curtain. A sign hung above the doorway, reading *XXX Videos 18+* .

Eli wasn't stupid; he obviously knew about sex, every kid his age knew about sex. He'd just never actually seen sex.

Eli looked around surreptitiously before pulling back the curtain and stepping into the room. It was a little musty, upkeep in this section was clearly not a top priority for the owner. Eli noticed that it also doubled as a sort of storage room for some unlabeled boxes, dusty folding chairs, and weirdly, an old cash register.

He slowly crept further into the dank room, the buzzing of the fluorescent lights deafeningly loud, all noises amplified by Eli's fear of being caught.

The titles on the spines of the VHS tapes became clearer as Eli got closer. They described various sex acts with puns and witty phrases. Eli remembered laughing at a particular one that stuck out: *Weapons of Ass Destruction*. As funny as it was, Eli decided that “ass destruction” sounded a little too intense for a beginner.

After a couple minutes of browsing, Eli heard his mom faintly calling for him from the main part of the store. The sound made him jump and he raked his eyes over the shelf in front of him, determined to not leave without a video. His panicked searching proved futile as he became blind with fear when he heard his mom call his name again. He snatched the first tape his eyes settled on, praying that it was something normal, and shoved it into the inside pocket of his coat.

He hurriedly left the cursed back room, a cold sweat forming on the back of his neck, and chose another movie at random off of a shelf he walked past so they could check out and get out as quickly as possible. Eli sighed in relief when he saw that the real movie he’d picked out was something that an average teenage boy would watch. He silently thanked the universe and left the store with his prize.

That same night was the first time he watched two people have sex. The film was cheesy: *Busty Babe Takes His Pipe* —a plumber fucking a woman who couldn’t afford to pay him with money—but at least it was vanilla enough. Eli came in his pants that night.

From then on, Eli had a passion for the media. Perhaps the thrill of stealing the tape was responsible for his keen interest. Maybe he associated the high of adrenaline with porn. Whatever it was, Eli continued to develop his knowledge of the taboo subject.

It wasn’t all porn, though. Mainly, his interest was production value, how a director could take such a dirty concept and turn it into a work of art. He started to learn about film in general, and now here he was, practically a professional in his field, and planning on going to film school after he graduated.

Eli’s latest porno was classier, it had a noticeably higher budget than some of the other films Eli had watched recently, implementing realistic props, and the opening scene might have even been filmed at a real restaurant. Often, if there was a public scene, they would stage it in the studio. It made sense; no reason to waste the entire budget on a scene that most people would skip to get to the good part anyway. But Eli appreciated every part of the movie, and the realism was a fantastic touch.

Even the plot was classy. A very attractive man and a woman sat at a small, two person table in a fancy restaurant. The dialogue was well written, too. They must’ve hired a real professional to

write the script. At this point, the man was fucking her on a bed, all romantic-like. Eli didn't even know if he should call it fucking—lovemaking was probably a more appropriate word. It wasn't really what Eli usually looked for in porn, but he enjoyed seeing a new genre nonetheless.

“Dude, I'm kind of uncomfortable watching this with you,” Klitz said, drawing Eli's attention from the masterpiece in front of them.

“Shhh. Dude, learn to like it,” Eli said, placing his hand on Klitz's thigh, eyes not leaving the screen.

Klitz quickly smacked it away. Eli turned his head to look at him, a small smirk forming on his face.

“You're kind of a prude,” Eli said.

“How does not wanting to watch porn with my best friend make me a prude?” Klitz asked, almost offended.

Eli thought about it. He guessed it didn't, necessarily. Their situation was different, though. “I don't know, we've done shit together, I guess,” Eli reasoned, shrugging. He looked back to the tv, now feeling kind of awkward for bringing it up.

Klitz looked at Eli for a moment without saying anything before returning his attention to the tv as well.

They fell into an uncomfortable silence, the only sound coming from the tv, dramatic moans and grunts, which only seemed to ramp up the awkwardness.

After a couple minutes, Klitz shifted on the couch where he sat. “Do you normally jack off to this stuff?” he asked, hesitantly.

“Nah,” Eli said. It'd been a pretty long time since he last jacked off to porn. He did masturbate pretty frequently, just never to the porn he watched. Separation of work and play.

“Then why do you watch it?”

“It’s art, dude,” Eli huffed in irritation, wishing Klitz would quit interrupting.

A few more minutes passed without Klitz saying anything else, and Eli finally began to get into it again.

“Do you even get hard to it?” Klitz asked, snapping the thread of Eli’s patience.

“No, Klitz!” Eli exclaimed. “Fuck, can you shut up, we’re missing the best part!” Why did it matter whether or not Eli got hard to the porn he watched? No, he didn’t get turned on by it, but he’d also been watching porn since he was thirteen. He probably had developed some kind of immunity towards it.

“Every part is the best part to you,” Klitz mumbled, annoyed.

Eli rolled his eyes and ignored Klitz. Unfortunately, as the minutes passed, Klitz became more and more difficult to ignore. He kept squirming and the movement disturbed the back cushion of the couch that he shared with Eli, jostling him every time.

Eli turned to yell at Klitz for moving so damn much, but saw Klitz hastily move his hands to his lap, covering his crotch as discreetly as possible.

Eli gaped at him. “Are *you* hard?!”

Klitz’s face lit up red. “I mean... yeah dude! It’s porn!” he sputtered. Now found out, he became a little less shameful and pressed the heel of his hand into his crotch, relieving some pressure.

Eli wasn’t sure what to do now. They had a not thing, but Eli still didn’t know what exactly that entailed. It’s not like they’d set any rules or boundaries or anything. Did the title of ‘not thing’ just mean that they weren’t gonna talk about it if it happened? Or did it mean they could do stuff on purpose when they wanted to? How far did it reach? How many bases did it cover?

It must cover a few things at least, considering they’d already made each other come. Eli blushed

at the memory. That had been pretty far. Maybe too far. He should just stop everything now, before he ruins everything. A one time thing can be laughed off, just a silly mistake between two guy friends. Doing it a second time would make it real.

“Do you wanna take care of that?” Eli asked anyway.

Klitz looked at him like he was insane. “I’m not jacking off on the couch next to you,” Klitz said.

“If I do it with you it won’t be weird,” Eli suggested.

Eli didn’t think Klitz’s eyebrows could get higher. Okay, yeah, that definitely wouldn’t be less weird. But wouldn’t it? If only one of them was jacking off while the other wasn’t, it would be creepy, but if they both did it, it could technically be considered a sexual encounter. Which was definitely covered by the not thing.

“I thought you didn’t get off to porn,” Klitz responded.

Just because Eli didn’t jack off to porn didn’t mean he couldn’t jack off at all. “I can get it up,” he said defensively.

Klitz scanned Eli’s face. Eli could see a war waging behind his eyes.

Klitz would absolutely not be considering this at all, were it anyone else. Even considering it with Eli was totally insane, but Eli made a good point: they had done shit together. Klitz didn’t know if that made it better or worse. He should be saying no, doing this would create an even greater risk of ruining things in the future.

But he was so fucking hard. Stupid Eli with his stupid porn.

“Alright,” Klitz agreed.

“Yeah?” Eli said, half expecting him to say no and storm out.

“Yeah,” Klitz said, quickly unbuckling his belt.

Eli watched him with his mouth slightly agape. He’d never seen Klitz’s dick. He found himself straining forward slightly, a curious look on his face.

Klitz pulled himself out of his boxers, too aroused to be shy anymore, and began slowly stroking himself.

Eli’s mouth dropped open. He didn’t even try to hide his shock. “Holy fucking shit, Klitz,” Eli breathed out in awe.

Klitz startled slightly, and looked over to find Eli gaping at the sight of his cock. “Dude! Don’t stare at it!” he said, his hand stopping, now somewhat embarrassed that he was on display.

“You’re fucking huge, dude!”

Eli met Klitz’s eyes, breaking his staring contest with Klitz’s giant dick. “Really?” Klitz asked.

Eli couldn’t tell if Klitz was playing dumb to get Eli to stroke his ego or if he just really didn’t know. Maybe he didn’t have a lot of references to judge from, but Eli did, and Klitz’s dick was easily the biggest he’d ever seen.

“Holy shit,” Eli muttered to himself, ignoring Klitz’s question in favor of unbuttoning his jeans. He hadn’t been turned on before, but after seeing the monster Klitz was packing, Eli hardened very quickly.

Eli pulled out his own dick and tucked the waistband of his underwear under his balls. He almost mirrored Klitz’s movements earlier, rushing to get his hand on his dick for some kind of relief.

Eli heard Klitz whisper under his breath a small *ohmygod* , and Eli looked over again.

Klitz had resumed moving his hand up and down his length, swiping his thumb over the tip and gathering the precum that had pooled there, spreading it down on his next pass.



Eli's dick twitched at the sight. "Fuck, Klitz," he groaned, now moving his hand to match Klitz's pace. Eli twisted his wrist, tightened his fist near the head and loosened when he went back down, used every technique he knew.

Klitz grasped the base of his cock with one hand and used the other to quickly stroke himself closer to the head, no longer moving his hand up and down all the way. His head was thrown back against the couch, eyes screwed shut, letting out small grunts and gasps.

Eli was sure Klitz was a lot closer than he was since he was already turned on from the porn. He didn't have to wait long for his theory to be proven correct.

Klitz tensed up and came over his hand with small, whiny 'ah, ah's, contrasting his earlier grunting and low moaning. The sound lit Eli up from head to toe.

"Fuck, Klitz," Eli panted out. "I'm—" He cut himself off with a whine, his own orgasm hitting him hard. He stroked himself through it, come landing on his t-shirt.

The two sat, boneless, against the couch, catching their breath and coming down from their mutual orgasm.

Eli rolled his head on the couch towards Klitz. He was just about to say something but was interrupted by the doorbell. Klitz's eyes snapped to Eli's, the two staring at each other in panic before simultaneously launching themselves off the couch and zipping their pants back up. They rushed to the kitchen and frantically washed their hands in the same stream of water from the sink. Eli wet a paper towel and did his best to scrub the come off his shirt, before passing it to Klitz to do the same. It was kinda gross, but he'd already taken way too long to answer the door.

He ran to the front door and took a deep breath before opening it, hoping he didn't look as scared as he felt.

Holy shit.

A gorgeous blonde girl stood on his porch, soaking wet, with her torso almost entirely exposed, chest barely hidden by a white button down shirt that had been tied up. Her red bra was visible through her shirt, now sheer from the water.

It actually happened.

“I’m all wet, can I come in?” She said in the most sultry voice Eli had ever heard.

Klitz joined him a few seconds later. Eli had been standing at the door, his mouth agape, totally at a loss for what he should be doing in this situation.

This was literally the entire reason he and Klitz kissed in the first place. So they could get girls. Now, here was a girl, right in front of him, and he still had no clue what to do. Apparently talking to women required more than being able to kiss. Damn it.

She started to giggle, and Matt came out from around a corner, also soaking wet.

“Hey, guys,” he greeted cheerily. “Uh, this is Danielle.”

The girl—Danielle—smiled sweetly at Eli.

“You must be Eli,” she said to him, then looked at Klitz, “and Klitz.”

They nodded.

“Hey, come on guys, we’re all going out,” Matt waved his arm, gesturing to ‘out’.

“Can I use your bathroom first?” Danielle asked.

Eli had to stop staring. He had to make himself talk. Stop staring. Stop staring.

“Oh, uh, it’s-it’s, uh, over here to the left,” he pointed her to the bathroom, still staring.

All three of them watched as she walked down the hallway. Her hips swung naturally, accentuated by her low rise jeans. Okay, Eli gets it now. She's fucking hot. He thought about how angry he'd been at Matt the past week and began to feel guilty. He felt like he should apologize, but Matt hadn't been present during his biggest meltdown, so it probably wasn't necessary since he wouldn't exactly know what Eli would be apologizing for.

Matt walked into the house more fully and put his arm around Eli's shoulder, a satisfied smile on his face.

"Dude," Eli said in wonder.

"I know," Matt agreed, smirking.

"Dude," Klitz parroted.

Matt sighed happily.

"I know."

Danielle drove them all to the party they were attending in a tiny, blue, convertible Volkswagen beetle. It was fitting for her. The wind whipped their hair around and quickly dried the two who had apparently broken into their principal's pool. Eli was still shocked that Matt had done that. Yeah, he'd been eager to live closer to the edge lately, but he'd never done something like that. The guy was the class president for fuck's sake.

"So, Matt has told me a lot about you guys," Danielle started up a conversation. She glanced at Eli in her rearview mirror, waiting for an answer.

Eli was nervous for some reason. He didn't want to look like a huge loser in front of the hot new girl, but he was off his game tonight. "Oh yeah? Like what?" Eli attempted suave but it fell flat.

Danielle continued the conversation with ease, politely turning a blind eye to Eli's struggle. "Just the basic stuff, how you've all been friends for such a long time." She giggled, "You guys are a tripod?"

Eli scowled. What was her problem? Who did she think she was, waltzing into their lives and making fun of their friendship? “Is there something wrong with that?” Eli said defensively.

“Not at all. It’s cute,” she looked at him in her mirror again and smiled. It was such a kind and genuine smile, and Eli knew he was being a neurotic asshole for no reason again. She could tell he was uncomfortable, but was still trying to be welcoming and friendly, showing him that she meant no harm. She seemed very sweet.

Eli judged her too quickly.

Eli was aware of his demeanor lately. He’d been on edge and fidgety and he had a constant pit in his stomach that he couldn’t get out. He thought maybe he was getting sick, but had no real symptoms of a cold or anything. He became more and more testy every day since kissing Klitz for the first time. A tight knot always formed in his chest when he thought too hard about what was really going on between them.

He wasn’t gay, he knew that for a fact, he just liked messing around with his guy best friend. It made him feel good. What made him feel bad was people thinking he was gay. Being gay wasn’t a bad thing, obviously, but Eli wasn’t gay, so it made sense that he didn’t want to seem gay, or look gay, or be considered gay. It wasn’t gay to fuck his best friend.

Eli stared out the window—well, the whole thing was pretty much a window since the top was down. He felt the cool wet spots where he’d wiped the come off his shirt against his skin as the wind blew them dry. Oh, right. He’d just masturbated with Klitz. Eli wrapped his button down closer around his body, trying to hide the stains. He noticed Klitz had zipped up his jacket, hiding his shirt as well. He let out a breath as smoothly as possible. He was still shaking from how closely they’d come to being caught.

Wait... he just masturbated with Klitz! Of course he was gonna be on edge, his fight or flight kicked in! That made so much sense. Eli rolled his shoulders back, relaxing a little into the leather seat. He wasn’t freaking out because he was gay—which he wasn’t—he was just running on adrenaline. He came to a reassuring conclusion, and glanced at Klitz with a small smile. Klitz looked at him, uncertain, but slowly smiled back when he saw that Eli was good.

Eli still felt something nagging at him in the back of his mind, but he pushed it down, just like always.

The four arrived at the party and Eli was nervous once again.

Partygoers glared at them as they made their way to the backyard. The group wasn't exactly popular to begin with, but hanging out with the class president knocked them down another rank in the popularity pecking order. Eli and Klitz glanced at each other. Eli made excuses to leave that fell on deaf ears. They were both way out of their comfort zone, and they didn't even have a say in it.

Inside, the house smelled strongly of alcohol and smoke and Eli felt like he was choking on it. They endured more glaring and catcalling as they worked their way through the crowd. Finally back outside, Eli felt like he could breathe again.

Until some douchebag shoved Klitz.

"Get the fuck out of here," the guy spat.

See? This is why they don't do adventurous shit.

Klitz stumbled backwards and Eli grabbed his upper arm, steadying him, even though Klitz hadn't really been at risk of falling. Tall freak.

A group of guys who had witnessed the scene started snickering at the two. Eli snatched his hand back and flexed his fingers, trying to get rid of the feeling of Klitz's arm under his hand. They walked further into the backyard, getting away from the group who would probably strangle both of them if they had the chance.

In their scuffle, the two boys had lost Matt and Danielle in the sea of high schoolers. They were stranded.

"Uh..." Klitz started, unsure. "Let's get drinks?" he suggested.

"Yeah," Eli agreed. That made sense. Drinks at a party. Maybe they wouldn't stick out so much.

Eli and Klitz stood in the grass, each with a red solo cup in hand. The drinks did not help them stick in.

The crowd formed a wide berth around the two, as if being a virgin loser was a disease that could be contracted if one got too close. God, Eli didn't even know why they were such outcasts. There wasn't anything wrong with them, they didn't do anything weird in middle school that would earn them a bad reputation. Maybe it was because Klitz and Matt were so smart. The nerds always got bullied. Stupid Klitz with his stupid smart brain.

Eli searched the crowd, trying to spot any sign of Matt or Danielle. He kept his eyes peeled for a couple minutes until an opening formed in the mass of people.

Eli finally caught sight of the two connected at the mouth, and a smile formed on his face. He nudged Klitz and nodded his head in their direction.

"Dude," Klitz said, probably just as surprised as Eli.

"Huh. I guess Matt can kiss after all."

## Chapter End Notes

hope this wasn't too messy!

## Chapter 6

### Chapter Summary

Baby's first gay porn.

### Chapter Notes

Hope the shift between this chapter and the last isn't too abrupt. I was tired of putting Eli through so much emotional turmoil, and it was getting way too angsty for what I have planned for following chapters, so I kinda had to do a 180.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Eli woke that morning feeling more relaxed than he had in a long time. It was a welcome feeling, considering how tense he'd been lately, and how stressful yesterday's events were. It was an odd shift but Eli wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth.

Eli got out of bed and got dressed. It was Sunday which meant the movies that he'd rented last week were due to be returned. He packed up the tapes into his bag—one of the tapes being the one he watched with Klitz last night. The memory made him smile. It didn't feel weird or gross this time.

He started the walk to the video store and his mind wandered back to the party. He and Klitz had eventually convinced Danielle to take them home. When they got home though, Danielle and Matt stuck around. The four played cards together and they learned more about Danielle. Eli eventually warmed up to her. She was actually a really cool person, very charming and charismatic. And hot. It was no wonder Matt had been following her around all week. The group laughed into the late hours of the night until Danielle took Matt home.

Klitz left shortly after them, and Eli had felt brave enough to kiss him goodbye. He wasn't so ashamed when it was just the two of them by now. He liked it when it was just them two. Nobody around to judge him or get the wrong idea.

The lightness Eli was now feeling was the anxiety of the past week being lifted off of him. He was no longer worried about Matt's strange behavior; that had been explained. He came to the conclusion that he was really only so on edge from all the girl talk. All he had worried about the past week was what people must think of him since he'd never had a girlfriend, and that worry only grew when it felt like everyone's assumptions about him were being proven true by his activities

with Klitz.

But the thing is, nobody knew about them. Any time the two were with anybody besides each other, they acted like absolutely nothing out of the ordinary was going on between them. Even if people assumed, like that one cashier, they had no solid evidence. Plausible deniability was on his side. That, coupled with the not thing assuring him that him and Klitz fucking around was explicitly not gay, Eli began to let go of some of the uneasiness surrounding the situation.

He finally arrived at the video store, the same store he'd stolen his first film from. He had a lot of good memories here as he continued to rent movies and porn over the years, and he'd formed a friendship with the manager of the store—a girl, Daisy, in her mid 20s who had started working there when Eli was 14. He'd come up with a fake ID to use to rent porn. She saw through it immediately, but she still rented to him anyway.

They quickly bonded over their shared love of porn and women.

The bell above the door rang as he stepped into the store. Daisy looked up from the checkout desk. "Hey, hot stuff," she greeted.

"Hey, Daisy."

Her name did not match how she looked. She was goth, her hair was box dyed jet black, but her light brown roots showed. Her eyebrows were shaved and she wore pale foundation with heavy eyeliner and deep red lipstick. Her parents must've been hippies or something and expected her to go down that same path. She obviously chose a different route, but still retained all the mannerisms of a true hippie. Peace and love and shit. Like some kind of beatnik vampire.

They chatted for a bit before Eli went to explore the back room for the next week's studies. Now that he was 18 he could actually go back there. Not like it stopped him before, but it was cool that he could do it for real now. He visited every Sunday, just like clockwork, to see if they had anything new. He'd seen most of the films in the room over the years but the store usually got new content on Saturdays, so there was a constant rotation of pornos going in and out of style.

Over the years the room had undergone lots of updates. It was no longer a storage room, it actually matched the rest of the store and had been expanded. It was now a real, acknowledged section of films. As the manager, Daisy had taken the liberty of updating it since she was also a big porn enthusiast. Appearance is usually the biggest factor when people decide how they feel about something. The porn room had definitely been a book judged by its cover. Now that the adult film section wasn't dirty and rundown, people stopped feeling dirty about renting films from there. Porn



sales saw a major increase.

A magazine rack was even added as well at the urging of other frequent porn consumers. Eli glanced at it when he walked in. There was lots of selection, just like with the films. He never considered buying magazines since there wasn't much he could get from them that he couldn't get from porn.

However, he found himself drawn to the rack for the first time. He thought about what Klitz had said yesterday.

*Are you hard?*

*Yeah dude, it's porn!*

Klitz had said it like it was obvious, but Eli had never gotten hard to porn—apart from the first few films he watched. When the shock value of watching a man and woman have sex wore off, so did his sexual attraction to it.

He'd never tried gay porn though. Obviously, because he wasn't gay. But he wondered if he was capable of getting hard to any porn. He'd tried straight porn and his fair share of lesbian porn, but never gay.

He stood in front of the expanse of naked people. He slowly worked his way to the gay section and started hesitantly browsing. The cover photos ranged from a single man posing, to entire groups. They were all in various states of undress. Some men posed nude, but angled to where they retained their modesty. Others were full frontal. Eli didn't have a problem with nudity, not at all, but for some reason, he averted his eyes.

He reached out and carefully picked up a magazine that looked unassuming enough. A tall, muscular Caucasian man, holding a cowboy hat in front of his crotch, leaving a few things to the imagination. The cover wasn't much to go by and it was encased by a thin film of plastic so he couldn't look inside. He wasn't sure what the inside would entail but chose that one anyway. Picking up a different magazine would make it look like he was actually looking for something he liked, rather than just something for research purposes. Which is what this was. Research.

He figured he might as well check out the gay movies while he was doing this. Get all of his gay research done at once. He looked at all the films and decided on another that looked simple. Plain

and straightforward. No bells and whistles that might interfere with his research.

If he's doing gay research he should probably pick something about gay women too. There was a very extensive lesbian porn section. It was highly sought after apparently. He'd seen a few of these, but they were never his primary focus. He picked one he hadn't seen and then grabbed a straight movie at random for balance.

Thankfully, there was hardly anyone else in the store since it was Sunday. He carried his items to the register to check out. Eli hoped he didn't look as red as he felt. Daisy began ringing up his items. Eli had made sure to place the magazine face down on the counter, hoping Daisy would just scan the barcode on the back and not pick it up. She picked it up anyway and turned it over in her hand, the plastic crinkling in their silence.

She smiled and raised her eyebrows in disinterested amusement. "Trying something new?"

Eli played it cool. "Yeah, actually," he said with an air of confidence.

"Oh?" she urged him to go on.

"I've never watched gay porn," Eli said, matter of factly. "Figure it's about time to expand my studies. A true connoisseur never leaves out a genre."

"Right," she agreed with him heartily. She scanned the magazine with a lazy smile on her face.

Daisy was so nonchalant about everything. Eli didn't think he'd ever seen her display an emotion besides easy detachment. She made Eli feel not so insecure with his purchase.

Eli paid and grabbed the plastic bag she'd put everything in and thanked her.

"Good luck, little dude," she called as Eli left the store.

He shoved the plastic bag into his messenger bag and started the walk back to his house.

As soon as he got home he ripped his bag from around his neck and threw it on the couch. His entire walk home he had been very aware of its contents. He tried to distract himself; he counted every blue car, then every white car, then the gum on the sidewalk.

It wasn't so much the videos that he was thinking about, it was the magazine. Eli wasn't sure what was so different about it. Maybe because it was because he'd actually bought it instead of renting it. Eli had his own personal collection of pornos that he'd bought, but he hardly ever actually purchased them. He only bought them if he really liked them.

Now he'd bought a magazine, and it was his forever, not something he had to return, and the permanency made it all the more real.

He couldn't get his mind off it. He was extremely eager to watch the videos. The gay one, specifically. He shouldn't be, though; gay porn was no different than straight porn. He was never this eager to watch the straight porn he normally rented. To give into the urge to watch the gay porn would be to admit that the two were different to him.

He made himself busy to avoid watching the porn. He turned on the tv in his living room and navigated a couple channels before landing on some daytime sitcom he'd never seen, then searched for chores to do. It wasn't hard, he never did chores. He vacuumed, mopped, dusted every possible surface he could think of. He even cooked himself lunch. He actually stood back and took in his work. Damn, the place looked better than it had in months. Maybe he should buy gay porn more often. The thought made his stomach turn over. Okay maybe not.

He finally became sick of chores. The porn thoughts were back. He needed a real distraction. He considered calling Klitz, but remembered that he did a family thing every Sunday. Alright, Klitz is out. He thought about Matt, but made the assumption that he'd be with Danielle. Definitely didn't want to be a third wheel.

Okay, he's out of friends.

Back to Klitz.

Eli called him even though he knew he was doing something with his family. He knew it was kind of selfish, but he was desperate to get out of the house.

Eli called Klitz's landline and he picked up after the fifth ring.

"Hello?"

"Hey, it's Eli. You busy?"

"A little, I'm with my family."

"Oh yeah, you do like a family thing on Sundays huh?" Eli pretended he'd forgotten. "What are you doing?"

"Playing a board game," Klitz sounded pained.

"Wanna come over? Do something else?"

"I'd love to, but I can't." He sounded genuinely sad. "My parents are insane about 'healthy family bonding time'," Eli could hear the air quotes through the phone.

Klitz paused. "We're about to watch a movie though, do you wanna come over for that?" he invited.

Eli thought about it. Watching a movie with Klitz sounded great. Watching a movie with Klitz's parents, however, did not. But he really needed a distraction, and a movie night with Klitz's parents sounded like the least sexy activity.

"Sure," Eli finally agreed.

"Alright, I'll come pick you up."

Eli sat on his porch while he waited for Klitz. At long last, Klitz pulled into Eli's driveway and honked at him, making Eli jump.

"Finally," Eli complained, getting into the car. "Only took you five years."

"Dude, it was seven minutes."

Eli smiled at him, not truly annoyed, and Klitz glanced at his lips. They leaned in at the same time, kissing hello. Klitz had a habit of looking at Eli's lips and it always made Eli squirm. They pulled away before it got too intense, because knowing them, it would've gotten intense fast, and Klitz began the drive back to his house.

Somehow, them kissing had become weirdly normal. Something had also shifted since yesterday. Eli just felt better, and it made Klitz feel better about the situation too. Without so much of the past week's anxiety, Eli was becoming more at ease.

Klitz returned home, now with Eli in tow.

"Don't worry, I told them you were coming," Klitz said. "Plus, they pretty much love you, so," he shrugged. He led them to the living room where Eli's parents were curled up on one of the love seats.

"Hello, Eli!" They both greeted him enthusiastically.

"Hi, Mrs. Klitz and... Mrs. Klitz," Eli said, awkwardly.

Eli knew that Klitz had two moms, he was just never sure what to call them when they were in the same room. Klitz called both of them mom, and Eli had no clue how that didn't get confusing.

"Come in, come in! Sit down, honey! We just put in a new movie," Klitz's... mom? welcomed.

"Actually, mom, I had something I meant to show Eli," Klitz said.

“Alright, sweetie,” other mom said. The two ladies were enraptured by the movie, and didn’t seem to care that Klitz would be missing out on their precious family bonding time.

Klitz put his hand at the small of Eli’s back and guided him to the stairs. As soon as they were completely out of sight, he grabbed Eli’s hand and led him up to his room. Once the door was closed, Klitz turned around, backed Eli up against it and kissed him.

“Mmm,” Eli hummed against his lips, surprised.

Klitz pulled back.

“What’s up, Klitzzy?”

“Just wanted to see you,” Klitz said, licking his lips.

Eli’s hands gravitated towards Klitz’s waist as he leaned up and pressed a few small pecks against Klitz’s lips. “Oh yeah? What did you wanna see?” Eli played coy.

Klitz smiled down at Eli and leaned in to kiss him again, no response needed. He brought one hand up to the side of Eli’s neck and used the other to grip Eli’s waist possessively.

He urged Eli to open his mouth, sliding his tongue over Eli’s lower lip.

Eli opened up and allowed Klitz to slowly explore his mouth.

This was so good. Eli thought it was good the other times, but this time it was so much better. There was no urgency, no end goal, Klitz kissed him slowly and deeply simply because he wanted to and he wasn’t afraid to anymore. They were gradually becoming more comfortable with each other. Eli sighed contentedly.

Klitz slotted his knee in between Eli’s thighs, giving him something to rut against. Eli got hard kissing Klitz, every time, but didn’t worry about it this time and unhurriedly grinded against Klitz’s

leg.

A couple minutes later Eli began to feel that telltale heat in his gut. As great as this was, he knew they probably shouldn't. It took everything in him, but Eli managed to pull away with a smack. "We should go back," he said, leaning his head back on the door.

Klitz looked displeased.

"I know, but I don't want to sit in my own come for the next hour and half, and you taking me home after I just got here would look suspicious." Eli was kind of surprised at himself. Usually Klitz was the rational one.

"Fine, I guess," Klitz rolled his eyes, pretending to be annoyed. He stole one last kiss from Eli before releasing him from the door.

They stayed in Klitz's room a little while longer to cool down, then made their way back to the living room, where they finished the movie. Klitz's moms invited him to stay for another, but Eli declined, still too turned on to be able to sit through another movie. Stupid sexy Klitz.

As Klitz drove, Eli bounced his leg anxiously in anticipation for what waited for him back home.

Klitz must've noticed because he looked at Eli, slightly concerned. "You okay?"

"All good, dude," Eli assured, and for once, Klitz looked like he actually believed him.

As soon as Eli was back inside his own house he grabbed his bag and took the stairs two at a time, no longer holding back his earnestness. He set his bag on his bed and carefully pulled out the tapes, avoiding the magazine for now.

He decided to start with the lesbian porn. After the first two minutes, Eli remembered why he didn't rent lesbian porn very often. It was all played up, obviously to appeal to men, not women. The actresses wore tall stilettos and fishnet stockings. It went just like any other lesbian porno, painful looking fingering with long nails, taking turns eating each other out, scissoring. Pretty average as far as lesbian sex goes.

He put in the gay porn next. He was a little worried since he had no past experience to draw from, and had no clue how to judge it. He took a deep breath, going into it with an open mind, and pressed play.

The movie faded in to two young men kissing. Hey, he knew this one. Kissing, easy peasy already.

The men were both of average build, one a little shorter than the other. They were making out on a bed, naked from the waist up. Eli thought about him and Klitz. All of their encounters had been clothes on.

The scene changed and both the men were now completely naked. Wow, okay, abrupt change. Eli noticed that there wasn't really a lot of effort put into this one. They really just got right into it. Eli wondered if it was a home video.

The taller man was blowing the shorter man. Eli knew this one too, he'd seen plenty of blowjobs before. None of them were ever like this though. The dude sucking dick actually looked like he was genuinely enjoying it. When girls sucked dick in porn they played it up way too much, moaning like there was a g-spot in the back of their throat, and Eli hated it. Blowjobs had never been something in porn he really loved.

This guy though, he made it look almost fun. Eli leaned forward in his chair and put his elbows on his knees. The man getting blown was making the hottest noises Eli had ever heard in porn and a particularly low groan from him went straight to Eli's groin. He was surprised when he felt himself start to get hard. The guy sucked and licked and teased before swallowing the other man to the root, and Eli's mouth filled with saliva.

He was fully hard now, extremely intrigued. He shimmied his pants halfway down his ass, pulled himself out of his underwear, spit in his hand, and began to idly stroke himself. He watched the way the man's throat repeatedly bulged as the other man grabbed the sides of his head and fucked his mouth. This guy's dick was on the bigger side of average, but nowhere near Klitz's size. He wondered how difficult it would be to blow Klitz—what kind of sounds Klitz would make, if he'd fuck Eli's throat just like this guy. Eli shuddered.

The scene changed again, and the shorter man was on his back being fingered. Okay, that's new. Eli had seen fingering in porn, obviously, he'd just seen a girl getting fingered in the lesbian porn. Eli's hand stopped on his dick as he watched curiously. The top went slowly, scissoring his fingers open, gently tugging on the bottom's rim... stretching? Thinking about it, Eli assumed that anal must really hurt without proper preparation. He'd just never seen it, so he never considered it. In straight porn they just kinda got right to it without talking about it, which he now realized was



pretty unrealistic.

He really was learning a lot.

Once again, the scene changed, and finally, they were fucking. The bottom was on his hands and knees, the top behind him, already inside him and getting into a steady rhythm. Eli's hand picked up pace and he matched the top's thrusts. He was seriously enjoying this. Way more than he'd ever enjoyed straight porn. Eli thought that was a little strange, but everyone had different tastes. Straight porn just didn't do it for him, that didn't make him any less straight.

The camera angle changed to a very gratuitous ball shot, and it almost made Eli laugh with how absurd it was. But from this angle, there was a perfect view of the top's cock driving in and out of the other man. Eli's dick thought this was quite interesting and pulsed out another pearl of precum. Eli felt that familiar tightness in his groin begin to form, and he used his precum to make the slide of his hand more slick.

Eli imagined what it would be like to get fucked. Someone manhandling him into the position they want him, stretching him open and filling him up, holding him down and just pushing into him over and over—

Eli came *hard* all over his hand with a surprised gasp. He sat there, panting and coming down.

He actually came to porn. That was an unfamiliar feeling. He wiped his hand on his shirt and got up to stop the video. He paused it and saw that he'd only made it a third of the way through it. Jesus, he came fast apparently.

He ended the night with the straight porno, something familiar to wind down to. He took off his shirt and changed into pajama pants, then went to the bathroom to wash his hands and clean himself up.

After the gay porn, the magazine didn't seem as threatening. He sat on his bed, leaning back against the headboard, and tore open the plastic covering of the magazine. He opened the magazine, holding it slightly away from himself like it was going to explode. He didn't know what he expected. It was just naked men. Lots of naked men. He leafed through the pages and there were some boxes of text sprinkled throughout. There were a couple of sex acts depicted, but nothing hardcore.

Around the middle of the magazine, there was a section that was mainly text articles. He read a couple of the headlines and looked through a *lot* of ads. Mostly for different types of lubes, toys, and even lingerie.

He probably looked at the lingerie section for way too long. It was honestly just interesting to see how a man could become so feminine while still retaining their masculinity. He didn't know men could be so beautiful.

He flipped to the next page and there was apparently sex advice too. He skimmed through it, most of the stuff he already knew about, but stopped at a section labeled *Blowjobs!* There were a few surrounding images of men getting and giving head, and Eli's dick tried to get on board again.

He read through a few of the tips— *play with his balls, utilize your hands, don't be afraid to use your tongue* —more basic shit that Eli already knew. However, there was something he hadn't heard of: the perineum. *Massage the space behind his balls while you suck him and he'll never leave you!* Alright, that sounded a little embellished, but Eli was game.

Eli was getting hard again so he decided to try it on himself. He used one hand to stroke himself and brought his other down, using his first two fingers to press into the area behind his balls.

A jolt of heat ran all the way throughout his body, starting at his crotch and spreading to the top of his head and the tips of his toes. What the hell was that?! He did it again, a little harder this time, and that electric hot feeling exploded throughout his body. It wasn't lasting, but it was so intense. It was like a physical embodiment of the word 'pleasure'.

He pressed again, but kept a constant pressure and massaged in a circular motion, like the magazine had instructed. An uncontrollable moan broke out of his throat. Holy shit. His hand sped up as he continued the motion and his hips jolted as he came again.

Eli's mouth hung open, taking in panting breaths. He looked at the magazine spread out in front of him, still on the page with all the blowjobs. He was very interested in exploring this further. His thoughts moved to Klitz and his huge cock. He'd seen girls in porn suck big dicks but he'd never seen one measure up to Klitz.

Eli wanted to blow Klitz. He definitely had to try that next time.

Eli got up and cleaned up again, this time ready for bed. He focused on the porno that was on the

tv. Interesting setting. Karate dojo. He was pretty sure he'd only seen one or two of those before. The camera was angled from the man's point of view. He was fucking the girl doggy-style, a back shot so he couldn't see either of their faces. Eli settled into bed, getting comfortable. His eyes were still trained on the tv, slipping closed, and the two changed positions, the girl getting on her back.

Eli shot up and sucked in a breath so hard that he choked on his own spit.

That was Danielle.

That was 100% no doubt the girl Matt had been running around with the past week. Holy fucking shit. She's a pornstar. Matt was dating a pornstar.

This was fucking perfect.

#### Chapter End Notes

Take a shot every time I say 'porn' lmao

## Chapter 7

### Chapter Summary

Eli shows Matt the tape. Eli tries out his newfound fascination on Klitz.

### Chapter Notes

Content warning for biphobia and slight misogyny, just general Eli being an asshole. I was really struggling to write this chapter for the past couple days, but I think it actually turned out pretty good.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Subtlety was not Eli's strong suit.

He woke up the morning after his greatest discovery, almost excited to go to school, and impatiently bounced in place as he waited on his porch for Klitz to pick him up. Klitz pulled into his driveway and Eli opened the passenger door before Klitz even came to a full stop.

"So, I got this new porno—" Eli began before he was cut off by a groan from Klitz

"Come on man, it's eight in the morning," he said, rubbing one of his eyes under his glasses. "Can this wait until later?"

"No, Klitz, it can't wait, so just shut up and listen." Eli put on his seatbelt and turned as sideways in his seat towards Klitz as he could. "So I was watching this porno, pretty new, one I hadn't seen before, and guess who was in it?"

"I don't know the names of pornstars like you do, dude," Klitz said absently, looking over his shoulder to reverse out of Eli's driveway.

"It was Danielle!"

Klitz sighed, already fed up with Eli's shit for the day. "Don't joke about that kinda stuff, that's not funny."

"I'm not—" Eli tried before Klitz cut him off again.

"Just because she's super hot doesn't mean she's a pornstar. You better not say that to Matt."

"I'm not joking dude! Swear to god!"

It was extremely difficult to tell when Eli was making a joke and when he was being serious, and Klitz couldn't figure it out without actually looking at Eli. Klitz didn't want to believe him, but Eli didn't sound like he was joking. "You're serious?"

"Uh, yeah dude, I don't lie."

Klitz scoffed. "Whatever."

"I have proof." Eli began to dig through his bag.

"You brought it?! Why would you bring it to school?"

"To show Matt, duh," Eli said, like it was obvious

Klitz quickly shook his head, panic becoming evident in his voice. "No, Eli, do not show that to Matt."

"Why not? This," Eli shook the tape, "is fucking great!"

"Because that's a total invasion of privacy!"

"No it's not. If she didn't want anyone to see it, she shouldn't have done it."

Klitz glared at Eli for his blatant misogyny. “You’re a dick.”

“What? Why?”

Klitz rolled his eyes and didn’t answer, not wanting to have *that* argument this early in the morning.

Eli decided to switch gears.

“Do you wanna see it?”

“Hard pass.”

“Why?” Eli snorted. “Are you gay or something?” he joked.

Klitz tapped his fingers on the steering wheel and didn’t say anything.

Eli’s smile dropped. “Are you gay??” he said, no longer laughing.

“No!” There was a short pause. “I don’t think so at least...”

Eli stared at him in shock.

“Don’t look at me like that! I like girls... I just think I like boys too,” Klitz shrugged.

“Um,” Eli didn’t know an appropriate response to that. “Okay, cool.”

The rest of the car ride was spent in a weird silence between the two, only broken up by the morning news on the radio.

Alright, well, Klitz didn't want to see it. But he was like, half gay, so he probably wouldn't be able to appreciate it properly. Matt definitely would, though.

The first half of the day passed agonizingly slowly. Eli suffered through classes he no longer cared about this late in the year. He wouldn't even be going to school at all if his attendance record wasn't already garbage. At the beginning of the quarter, his counselor had told him that he was required to attend every day if he wanted to graduate, and that had scared Eli straight for the most part. He wasn't about to get held back just because he didn't feel like waking up early some mornings.

It wasn't too bad. He'd already been doing it for twelve years, what's another three months? Plus, he got to see his friends in school—he was somehow lucky enough to have a majority of his classes with either Klitz, Matt, or both. He wasn't sure how that happened, seeing as Klitz and Matt took honors classes. Eli wasn't exactly the smartest tool in the shed, but he managed to get by. Being around geniuses like Klitz and Matt had probably rubbed off on him.

When lunch finally arrived, Eli had to exercise every ounce of self restraint in his body. He stared at the side of Matt's face, lips pursed into a tight line, holding back a smile.

Matt dropped his fork onto his tray. "Okay, dude, what?" he asked, finally annoyed after an impressive attempt at ignoring Eli.

"What?" Eli played dumb.

"You're staring at me with a creepy smile."

"What? No I'm not." Eli looked to Klitz.

"You kind of are, dude," Klitz sided with Matt.

"Yeah, and it's freaking me out," Matt added. "So either cut it out or tell me."

“I’m not doing anything!”

Matt turned to Klitz. “Why is Eli being weird?”

Klitz sighed, wishing he could just stay out of it for once. “I don’t know, man.”

Matt squinted at Eli who jerked his head at him in a *what?* gesture.

Matt looked between the other two, suspicious. “Alright, whatever.” He grabbed his backpack and picked up his tray, dumping his unfinished lunch into the nearest trash can and leaving the cafeteria.

That left Eli to endure the last half of the day, until he got to his final class. He rested his chin in his hand, eyes drooping in boredom. Matt, once again, was not in attendance. He was pretty busy with the yearbook lately, and being the class president and all, he was allowed to ditch whenever he wanted with no consequences. Lucky bitch.

Eli glanced at the clock above the whiteboard and perked up when he saw that there was only three minutes left in the class. He wasn’t sure how he hadn’t noticed the class going by so quickly, but he watched the clock for the remaining time and leapt out of his seat as soon as the bell rang. He went searching for Matt, speedwalking so that he wouldn’t get yelled at for running again, and after a few minutes, he caught sight of him.

Eli ran to catch up to him, speedwalking be damned. Finally, after waiting all day, he could *finally* tell Matt. “You’re coming with me, right now.” Eli led Matt down the hall to the AV room, which was, understandably, occupied. Eli knew that the club had a lot to get done, especially so close to the end of the year, but his situation clearly overshadowed anything they could’ve been doing, so he yelled, aggressively ushering everyone out of the room.

Eli clapped his hands together and turned to face Matt. “So, how’s everything going?”

“Fine...”

“Is everything, y’know, okay at home?”



“Alright, what?”

Eli finally let out the sly smile he'd been holding back all day. “Perhaps you should have a seat,” he said, pulling a chair out from a nearby desk and passing it to Matt.

“Perhaps you should bite me,” Matt mocked, but sat anyway.

Eli shrugged. “Perhaps.” He walked to the tv, pulling his bag over his head. He retrieved the tape and turned around, a giddy smile on his face.

“Matthew... we live in a crazy and mixed up world. Crazy, but oh so beautiful.”

Matt nodded along.

Eli put in the tape and pulled up his own chair, settling in next to Matt. The movie began with a montage of two of the main actors breaking boards and doing karate shit, setting up the scene. Eli hadn't realized before now that it was a threesome but with two men instead of two women, which was not something he often saw in threesome porn. After a little more buildup, Danielle walked into the scene, delivering her line expertly and dropping her robe.

Matt leaned forward in his chair. “That's not her.”

“Yeah it is,” Eli said, pleased.

The two watched a little longer, Matt really processing what this meant for him.

“Oh no,” Matt whispered.

“Oh yeah.”

Matt barely endured five more seconds before storming out of the room.

“Matt!” Eli shot up, chasing after him. “Matt, dude you’re missing the best part!” Eli ran down the hall. “Matt, I didn’t–“ he cut off tripping over two dubiously placed trash cans. “Ow, fuck.” He got back to his feet and caught up with Matt.

“Woah, woah, settle down tiger, I know, I know.”

“It’s not funny, seriously, ge-get away from me.”

Of course it wasn’t funny, why did both he and Klitz think he was joking? This was a serious situation that Matt had to handle perfectly, or risk being a loser until the end of time. “Dude, don’t mess this up.”

“Mess what up?”

“Matt, she’s a pornstar, okay? Take her to a motel room and bang her like a beast!”

Matt stopped in the middle of the hallway and turned to face him. “Eli, I like this girl.” He looked sad.

“And you can still like her with your penis inside her!”

Matt scoffed and began to walk away. Eli collided hard with a girl as he ran to catch back up with Eli. She dropped her books but Eli couldn’t be bothered to care, she shouldn’t have been walking there. “Matt, I’m telling you, you’re gonna regret this, okay? What would JFK do?” Eli said, using Matt’s own role model to argue his point. It was kind of cheating, but Matt didn’t seem to be understanding. “You know he’d tap that ass.”

“Eli, I’m never gonna see her again.” Matt emphasized his point by poking Eli, burying his words into his chest.

Eli stopped walking. “Okay. You know what? Fine.”

“Fine,” Matt spat back.

“Fine!” Eli let Matt walk away. He scratched the top of his hat. Eli thought for sure that Matt would be elated at this discovery. This was a once in a lifetime chance to fuck a real, actual, pornstar. Matt obviously wasn’t thinking straight, blinded by love and couldn’t see this for how it truly was. He wasn’t grasping the fact that this kind of shit didn’t just happen, and it sure as hell would never happen to him again. You know what? No. Eli wasn’t going to let Matt be a fucking idiot.

Eli ran after him and slammed the door open, spotting Matt walking to the parking lot. “God damnit Matt, I swear to god, if you don’t fuck her, I’ll kill myself!” Eli yelled, his voice cracking. “Matt, please! Please, Matt! Fuck her for me! For meeeee!” People laughed at him. Matt ignored him completely and kept walking.

Eli scoffed and threw his arms up. Un-fucking-believable. He made his way back to the AV room to get his bag and the tape, since he technically didn’t actually own it. He considered buying it just as a keepsake. Matt probably wouldn’t be very happy about him owning one of his girlfriend’s pornos, though. Damn, he actually knew a real pornstar. He’d have to look for some of her other works.

He walked to the parking lot where he was met with an extremely anxious Klitz. Eli saw him through the windshield, drumming on the steering wheel. As soon as he got in the car he was being lectured.

“Finally! Could you have taken any longer?” Klitz pulled out of his parking spot before Eli was even buckled up.

“I didn’t even take that long, dude, you’re being dramatic.”

“No, you’re being an asshole,” Klitz reprimanded. “I told you that I have a meeting with my academic advisor after school today. She literally flew here from Connecticut for me since I couldn’t go there, so it’s not something I can just be late to.” Klitz quickly navigated through the parking lot and turned onto the main road. “I know that’s not something you care about, but it’s a pretty big fucking deal for me, so can you just not think about yourself for once?”

Eli didn’t know what to say to that. It wasn’t often that Klitz lost his temper with Eli, always way too patient and way too forgiving. Eli had forgotten about Klitz’s meeting, despite Klitz having told him earlier that day. Klitz was right: Eli was an asshole. He slumped in his seat, properly chastised and guilty.

Klitz was ignoring the speed limit, making roll stops at stop signs, tapping his fingers on the wheel impatiently at every red light they encountered. Klitz was one of the safest drivers Eli knew. This must be really important, and Eli felt even worse.

“I’m sorry,” Eli said meekly. “For taking so long.”

Klitz let out a long sigh. “It’s okay dude.” He turned onto Eli’s street and pulled into his driveway.

“Do you want to come over later? After your Yale thing?” Eli asked quickly, belatedly realizing he should’ve asked before they were parked at Eli’s house. Now he was wasting more of Klitz’s time.

“Uhh,” Klitz tapped on the steering wheel. He looked distracted and Eli was worried he was going to say no. “Yeah, I’ll call you.”

Eli nodded and would never admit how relieved he felt. Klitz’s eyes flicked to Eli’s lips and Eli’s stomach flipped, remembering their last conversation in this car.

“Um, alright, see you later,” Eli rushed, unbuckling and getting out of the car. “Good luck,” he said before closing the door. He didn’t watch Klitz drive away.

The thought of Klitz liking boys made Eli nervous. He wasn’t homophobic or anything, he’d just never met a gay person before. It was weird. And why did Klitz suddenly decide that he liked boys too? He’d never mentioned anything about it before. And it’s not like it was because of Eli because they had agreed that what they were doing was strictly not gay.

It made sense that him and Klitz could fuck around since they were both straight dudes. One of them being not straight made this not thing dangerously close to being a thing, which definitely was not allowed to be a thing.

Eli laid on the couch and flipped through channels on tv with a pit of anxiety in his stomach. He was seriously doubting if they could keep this up. He didn’t want Klitz to fall in love with him or something. He finally settled on a channel and watched tv for a little while, thinking about what course of action he should take.

Klitz did say he still liked girls though. Eli had been focusing on the gay part and hadn’t even considered the straight part. Maybe Eli could just pretend that he was only doing stuff with the part

of Klitz that liked girls and it wouldn't be gay. Yeah, that'd probably work. The conclusion didn't ease all of his anxiety, but subdued it enough that he could focus on something other than the butterflies playing tackle football in his stomach.

He sighed heavily and followed the spinning blades on his living room ceiling fan with his eyes. With Klitz busy, he didn't really have anything to do. He could play video games, but that didn't exactly sound thrilling. His mind wandered to the porn mag stashed under his mattress. Perhaps he could refresh his memory before he saw Klitz later. That seemed like a much more appealing use of his time.

A couple hours of reading (and masturbating) later, Eli had gained a lot of new information. He'd looked at the rest of the pages he hadn't gotten around to yesterday and read a few articles more closely. After his research, he'd jacked off to a picture of a guy who looked a little too much like Klitz, and then called it a day. He was basically an expert on gay sex now.

He was now rewatching what he'd affectionately termed "The Danielle Porno", getting the most possible use out of it while he had it. God, why Matt hadn't banged her from the moment he saw her was beyond Eli.

His phone rang on his bedside table and he reached over to pick it up. Before the receiver was even at his ear, someone was speaking.

"Dude, I need help."

Speak of the devil. "Matt?"

"Yes, just come over," he sounded distressed.

Eli sat up, eyebrows furrowing with concern. "Wait, why?"

Matt was silent on the other end before finally admitting, "I'm gonna take Danielle to a motel tonight."

Eli's face lit up in a huge smile and he pumped his fist in the air. "Fuck yeah! I'm on my way."

Matt opened the door about half a millisecond after Eli rang his doorbell and quickly ushered him upstairs.

“I don’t know if I can do this,” Matt said nervously.

Eli sat him down on his bed. “Yes you can. Tonight... be the man.” Eli mentally sorted through all the seduction techniques he’d gathered over the years and pulled forth his best ones.

“First off: act like you don’t even like her.”

Matt looked at Eli like he already regretted asking for his help. “Why would I do that? I wanna have sex with her, not make her hate me.”

“You asked for help and I’m giving it to you, okay? Just listen dude, I know what I’m talking about.” Eli paced across the bedroom floor, coming up with a winning game plan on the spot.

“Second: get her drunk, really drunk, okay? That way the true pornstar will come out.” He cupped his hands in front of his chest, miming tits.

Matt made a completely different face at that, this time much more displeased. “I don’t know, Eli. That sounds like a really bad idea.”

“No, trust me, she’s a pornstar,” Eli pointed at Matt for emphasis, “Pornstars like to rock.”

Matt regarded Eli skeptically, but Eli ignored him and went on to the final step. “Last and most importantly,” he reached out and caressed the side of Matt’s face with his fingertips. “Always be touching her, Matt. That tells her you came here to get down tonight.”

Matt looked extremely unsure.

“You’re gonna be fine, it’s foolproof.”

Matt blew out a breath and rolled his neck back and forth on his shoulders. Eli slapped a hand down on his shoulder.

“Go get ‘em, tiger.”

Eli’s landline had already been ringing when he unlocked his front door and entered his house. “Oh shit,” he ran to pick it up.

“Hello?”

“Eli? Are you alright?” It was Klitz.

“Uh, yeah, of course I am? Why?”

Eli heard him sigh over the line. “I don’t know, you’re always home alone and I called like five times before this,” Klitz said sheepishly.

“Aww, Klitzzy, were you worried about me?” Eli said in a mockingly sweet tone.

“Remind me to never care about your wellbeing ever again.”

“Just come over already, dude.” Eli hung up and went to his room to tidy up a bit so the place wasn’t a total dump when Klitz got there. About ten minutes later, Eli heard the doorbell and went to let Klitz in. He opened the front door and was met with tall, lanky Klitz, awkward as ever.

“Hi.”

“Hi,” Eli said, stepping aside so Klitz could come in. Eli saw he was carrying the overnight bag he always used for sleepovers in the past. They hadn’t had a real sleepover in a long time, so it was

kind of nice to see such an old memory revived.

Klitz noticed Eli was looking at the bag and blushed. “Uh, my parents said it was okay if I stayed the night.” He looked uncharacteristically shy. “If that’s cool with you, of course,” he said quickly. Klitz was raised to be polite in every situation possible, and that unfortunately extended to his friends. Eli had told him countless times that he didn’t have to ask, but Klitz always asked anyway. Eli was actually surprised this time that he even showed up without asking first.

“Dude, it’s always been cool.”

“Okay,” Klitz looked relieved.

The two went to Eli’s room and despite Eli’s excitement to tell Klitz about what happened with Matt, he asked Klitz about his Yale thing first.

“It was good,” Klitz said, setting his bag down. “I was honestly really worried about it, but she was so nice.”

Eli picked a normal movie and put it on while Klitz was talking. He didn’t really get any of the fancy school jargon, but Klitz looked really happy, so Eli nodded along, reacting with ‘hmm’s and ‘ahh’s at the appropriate times. He leaned against the edge of his desk while he listened to Klitz rehash his afternoon.

“That’s really great, dude, I’m happy it went good,” Eli said when Klitz finished talking.

Klitz looked at him for a second, almost like he was unsure if Eli was being genuine or not. “Thank you,” he looked pleased. “Alright, your turn.”

“My turn what?”

“You have something to tell me,” Klitz smiled. “You look like you’re about to explode.”

Being given the go-ahead, Eli pushed off the desk and started pacing across the floor, ranting about his own afternoon and evening, telling Klitz everything that happened after school in the AV room,



why he was late, and going over to Matt's house to give him sex advice barely an hour ago. Eli personally thought his advice was brilliant, and he looked at Klitz expectantly, waiting for his reaction to it.

Klitz raised his eyebrows at Eli. "That was the worst advice I've ever heard."

Eli recoiled in shock. "What the fuck?"

"Act like he doesn't like her? What about that is seductive?"

"Girls want what they can't have," Eli defended.

"Okay, whatever, but getting her drunk is an awful idea, and borderline rapey, dude," Klitz said, wincing.

Oh. Eli didn't even think about that. Okay, scrap that advice. He knew Matt would never do anything like that, but still hoped he'd stick with his initial reaction and maybe leave out the alcohol.

"Okay," Eli stopped his pacing and chewed his lip in thought. "So you hate my seducing techniques," he concluded.

"I don't hate them, I just doubt they'd actually work," Klitz shrugged, looking indifferent.

"So you're saying it wouldn't work if I tried to seduce you?"

"If you're planning on getting me drunk, I'm leaving," Klitz half joked.

Eli studied him for a long moment and Klitz started to squirm under his gaze. Eli was gonna prove him wrong. He moved and stood right over Klitz, so close that Klitz had to open his knees to make room.

Eli brought his hand up and caressed the side of Klitz's face, just like he'd done to Matt. He

brushed Klitz's hair out of his face and ran his hand backwards through it. Klitz's hair was always ridiculously soft, Eli had no idea how he got it like that.

Eli ran his hand down further and lightly gripped Klitz's hair at the nape of his neck. Klitz was completely unmoving. Eli avoided looking him in the eyes, but he could feel Klitz's burning into his face. He brought in his other hand and rested it on Klitz's shoulder, idly playing with the collar of his shirt. He traced his finger tips up Klitz's jaw, using their close proximity to take in all the details in Klitz's face that he never noticed or appreciated. His sharp jawline and cheekbones, the bump on his nose, his light, almost blonde, eyelashes.

His lips. The tall peaks of his top lip forming a deep cupid's bow. Pretty lips. Eli ran his thumb over them, pulling down on his bottom lip ever so slightly. He was pretty sure Klitz had stopped breathing at that point. His other hand crept over Klitz's shoulder to his jacket and he got his fingers underneath it. He slowly began to push it off, moving it centimeter by centimeter...

Then withdrew both of his hands, cutting off contact completely and abruptly. He turned and walked out of the room, leaving Klitz alone. Almost like he didn't even like him.

Walking down the stairs, he held back a smile when he heard Klitz call his name. He walked into the kitchen and opened the fridge, looking for something that wasn't there. He schooled his expression into something of complete disinterest.

Klitz joined him in the kitchen. "Eli," he said.

Eli hummed dismissively.

"Eli," Klitz said, this time putting his hand flat on the refrigerator door and pushing it closed.

Eli pushed past him, heading back towards the stairs, not even sparing Klitz a glance. 'Wouldn't work' his ass. Eli had the guy wrapped around his finger.

"Come on, man," Klitz sighed out.

Back in his room, Eli sat down and slumped into his desk chair to watch the movie, wrists hanging limply off the edges of the armrests.

Klitz followed shortly after, closing the door before standing in between Eli and the tv, blocking Eli's view. "Eli," he said once again. At Eli's persistent ignoring, he walked to the chair and leaned over, putting his hands on the armrests, caging Eli in. Klitz leaned down, forcing Eli to meet his eye.

Eli raised an eyebrow. "So, did it work?"

Klitz huffed a laugh. "Yeah, I guess it did." He leaned in, finally kissing Eli.

Eli stood up, preferring the bed to his desk chair for making out, and Klitz put his hand on Eli's lower back, pulling Eli flush against him, using the other hand to cup the side of Eli's face. Eli was learning that Klitz had a little possessiveness thing, and it was stupidly hot.

Eli walked them backwards and sat Klitz on the edge of the bed before climbing into his lap. Klitz resumed the kiss and his hand stayed in its place at the small of Eli's back. Eli used his own hands to push Klitz's jacket off, for real this time. Klitz was forced to remove his hands from Eli's body to shrug off his jacket, but when they returned to Eli, they began pushing Eli's own shirt off.

Eli's stomach flipped, but not in a bad way. It was kind of exhilarating, undressing each other. They never took off their clothes. Eli took off his button down and Klitz pushed his hands under Eli's t-shirt. Eli lifted his arms and Klitz pulled it over his head for him, his eyes roving over the new expanse of skin he had yet to explore. He dove in head first and began kissing down Eli's neck to his exposed chest.

Eli pawed at the hem of Klitz's shirt, trying to get it off so they were on a level playing field. Klitz yanked his shirt off by the back of the neck and tossed it away. He latched onto a spot right above Eli's right nipple and sucked hard. Eli moaned, both at the feeling and the thought that he'd have Klitz's marks on him.

He actually let himself enjoy the hickey, not having to worry about how he was going to cover it up. The last hickey Klitz had given him was right over his pulse point and no popped collar was high enough to hide it. He'd had to go to Walmart and get fucking concealer to cover the deep red bruise. Checking out had been one of the most awkward experiences of his life.

Now, Eli focused on the pleasure-pain as Klitz moved to a new spot, and ran his hands through Klitz's hair, loving how it looked when it was all shaggy and messy rather than perfectly smoothed down. He trailed his fingertips over Klitz's ribs, remembering the reaction he'd gotten from it last

time.

Klitz bucked his hips every so slightly and brought both of his hands down and placed them fully on Eli's ass this time. He used his grip to pull Eli down harder against him while simultaneously rolling his hips up to meet him halfway. The two groaned in unison.

Eli was always surprised when Klitz got dominant while they did this. Awkward, meek, pushover Klitz, taking control. Eli thought he was gonna have to take the lead and walk him through everything, but it seemed to be the opposite, with Klitz taking what he wanted from Eli and Eli giving up control and going along with him.

Eli pulled Klitz's head back and replaced his chest with his mouth. Klitz pushed his tongue into Eli's mouth, rolling his hips up into Eli's. Eli always flushed hot when he felt Klitz's huge dick through his pants, and this time was no different. He thought about the magazine hidden right underneath them and the urge it had sparked in him.

Eli wanted to ask, but had no clue how to bring it up. Eli thought about how sudden it really was, how quickly things were escalating between them, and wondered if it was even a good idea. The only way they'd gotten each other off was grinding—they'd never even touched each others' dicks and now Eli was gonna ask Klitz if he could put it in his mouth.

Eli couldn't deny how badly he wanted to do it anyway.

Eli swallowed thickly and pulled back enough to speak against Klitz's lips. "I, uh..." he took a pause to catch his breath, stalling. "I wanna try something."

Klitz pulled back, waiting for Eli to elaborate, and the sudden eye contact made him queasy. "Fuck, don't look at me, Jesus," Eli breathed. If he had to look Klitz in the eye while asking him, he'd chicken out, 100% guarantee.

"Sorry," Klitz said and began to press small kisses under his jaw and down his throat, giving Eli a chance to get his nerve back.

How was he even supposed to phrase it? There was no delicate way to ask his best friend if he could suck his dick.

“Can I—” Eli couldn’t get past that point.

Klitz hummed an “mhm?” into his neck, gently prompting him to go on.

Eli let out a deep breath. Just do it, pussy. “Can I blow you?”

Klitz pulled back sharply and looked hard into his eyes. Eli’s face was red hot.

“Are you serious?” Klitz asked with wide eyes.

Eli scrubbed both his hands down his face, hiding. God, he was such an idiot! Of course Klitz wasn’t gonna say yes, and now Eli had ruined everything with his disgusting perversions. “Fuck, I’m sorry,” Eli said, completely misreading Klitz’s reaction. “It was a stupid question, forget it.” His voice was muffled from behind his hands.

“No! I mean yes! Yes you can,” Klitz rushed, grabbing Eli’s wrists to pull his hands away from his face. Eli tried not to make eye contact, embarrassed and unconvinced.

Klitz’s throat clicked as he swallowed. “Uh, yes. If you want to.”

Eli wanted to. Eli really, really wanted to.

He let out a shaky breath and pulled Klitz into a deep kiss that lasted only a few seconds. “Okay,” Eli said under his breath, trying not to psych himself out. He slid off Klitz’s lap and down to his knees on the floor in front of Klitz. He rubbed his palms up and down on his pants, trying to get rid of the clammy feeling that had developed.

Eli wondered if he should be taking Klitz’s pants off, but that question was answered when Klitz began to undo his own belt. He kicked his pants off but kept his underwear on, conscious of how exposed he now was. That was fine with Eli. Start slow.

Eli shuffled closer on his knees until he was in between Klitz’s legs, now up close and personal with Klitz’s monster cock. He lifted one of his hands and tentatively palmed him over his underwear and Klitz inhaled sharply through his nose.

First touch out of the way, Eli gained a little confidence and leaned forward, mouthing at his dick through the fabric. He felt the outline of the head of Klitz's dick on his lips and pressed open mouthed kisses down his length, leaving hot breaths all the way down—which was a long way down. Eli guessed he had to be around nine inches, maybe a little more, and Eli had to see it.

Klitz lifted his hips so Eli could remove his briefs completely. His dick popped out from the waistband and stood up intimidatingly tall. Eli's mouth watered. He had an idea of where to go from there, but actually doing it was a different story. Eli decided to start by actually getting used to touching a dick that wasn't his own, so he grabbed Klitz at the base and slowly ran his hand up and down, a look of awe on his face. Klitz had such a pretty dick—which was never a thought Eli expected himself to have in reaction to seeing a dick.

He ran his mouth up and down the sides, just like he'd done over his underwear and Klitz began to breathe a little harder. Eli traced a vein with his tongue and stopped at the head, stopping the movement of his hand as well. He examined the clear fluid pooling out of the tip and leaned forward, curiously licking it up.

Klitz let out a harsh breath. "Holy shit, Eli."

Eli looked up at him, trying to gauge if the reaction was good or bad. Apparently, it was good with the way Klitz's mouth was hanging open as he was watching Eli intently. Eli met his eye and the look of pure lust he found there made him blush and quickly look away. He would definitely wimp out if he had to look Klitz in the eye for this. He took a deep breath and wrapped his lips around the head.

He swirled his tongue over the tip and Klitz let out a low groan in the back of his throat through closed lips, like he was trying to not make noise. That simply would not do. Eli liked Klitz's noises, and he now made it his personal mission to drive Klitz mad.

Eli took great care to cover his teeth, and bobbed his head down about an inch or so, letting his mouth fill with spit to make it smoother. He pulled off and used his hand to spread it down, swiping his thumb over the tip to spread the new precum down with it. He stroked Klitz slowly and made tiny licks at the head, tonguing the slit before moving down to run his tongue over his frenulum.

Klitz gasped and his hand flew up to grip Eli's shoulder. That was the reaction Eli wanted from him. Eli looked up at Klitz through his eyelashes and did it again, quick flicks of his tongue that had Klitz's hips stuttering.

“Ah, stop, stop,” Klitz whined from oversensitivity. Eli pulled back and his hand stilled on Klitz’s cock. “Too much,” he breathed out, and Eli nodded, focusing his attention elsewhere. He licked at the base, just exploring with his tongue, and Klitz sighed out a soft moan.

Figuring he should actually be, you know, sucking dick, he licked a line from base to tip and took him in his mouth again. He went down a little farther this time, bobbing his head and flattening his tongue.

“God, why are you so good at this,” Klitz moaned as he laced a hand into Eli’s hair, gripping lightly. Eli looked up at him and his head was tipped back in pleasure. Matt had been totally wrong about porn not being real life. Eli was sucking dick like a champ, and he wouldn’t be doing this good if he didn’t have years of experience gathered from porn.

Eli had been moving his hand up and down the lower half of Klitz’s shaft in time with his mouth since Eli wasn’t even close to being able to take the whole thing. Klitz didn’t seem to mind though, and he let out sounds that ranged from high, keening whines and low growls that made Eli’s dick twitch in his pants.

Speaking of Eli’s dick. He was so fucking hard it hurt. He’d been massaging himself through his jeans every so often but it wasn’t enough. He finally understood why that guy in the porno had looked like he was enjoying himself so much while he gave his partner head.

Eli went down as far as he could without gagging himself before retreating and doing it all over again. He was mentally patting himself on the back with all the sounds he was pulling from Klitz until he realized he was only running his lips and tongue up and down his cock. He wasn’t actually sucking, which was the whole fucking point of sucking dick, so Eli had to remedy that immediately.

Eli stilled, taking Klitz as deep as he could, and hollowed his cheeks, actually sucking this time. Klitz groaned, the loudest he had that night, gripped Eli’s hair harder and unintentionally bucked his hips, hitting Eli’s soft palate.

Eli gagged, jerking his head back and Klitz released his hair immediately.

“Fuck, I’m sorry, Eli!” Klitz hurried to apologize.

Eli coughed into his elbow, eyes watering, and shook his head. It wasn't so much Klitz really choking him as it was a reactionary gag from the quick movement. He hadn't even truly hit his throat.

"Are you okay??" Klitz asked with so much worry in his voice that Eli almost felt bad for gagging and making Klitz feel bad, which didn't make sense at all.

Eli nodded. "All good, dude. Just surprised. You didn't actually choke me," Eli assured and Klitz's expression began to relax. Eli smiled, realizing he now had leverage over Klitz's head whenever he needed it. He'd definitely utilize that later. For now, he decided to guilt trip Klitz about the way he'd tightened his hand in Eli's hair. "Didn't take you for a headpusher, Klitzzy," Eli teased.

Klitz went red and scrunched his eyes shut. "I'm sorry, man," he said in embarrassment.

"Hey, you're okay," Eli said, getting a hand back on Klitz's dick, regaining his attention. Eli nodded at him and Klitz repeated the action back to him. Good. Now that the first gag was out of the way, Eli felt more comfortable going down further.

He started slow again and put his other hand firmly at the top of Klitz's thigh, holding him down, just in case. He bobbed his head and sucked, pausing at the tip every so often to tongue his slit just because he liked the noise Klitz made when he did it—a whimper, oversensitive from every little thing.

Klitz's hands had the comforter at his sides in a white knuckle grip, afraid of putting his hands back in Eli's hair, which Eli rolled his eyes at and did it for him, grabbing Klitz's wrist and guiding his hand to the back of his head. Klitz hesitantly gripped his hair and Eli hummed around him, sending vibrations up his dick, and Klitz moaned, suddenly forgetting about his apprehensions.

Klitz let Eli take complete control for the rest of it. Eli began to focus on relaxing his throat, going down further and further each time until he was able to take the tip of Klitz's cock in his throat.

"So good, Eli," Klitz groaned, still watching Eli's every move. "Fuck, you're amazing."

Eli had to seriously pay all of his attention to the muscles in his throat so he wouldn't gag on him. His hand was stopped on Klitz's dick, but he still kept a good grip on him. Klitz didn't seem to mind, groaning at the tight pressure from Eli's throat.



Klitz's sounds and praise definitely inflated Eli's ego. Having barely the tip of Klitz's cock in his throat was hardly impressive. If there was one thing Eli was, it was determined. He pulled back a little so he could take a breath, then went down again, this time focusing everything on keeping his throat fully relaxed. His eyes watered again, and he could feel the urge to gag, to get this blockage out of his throat, but he did his best to ignore it, and went down until he had about three inches of Klitz's cock nestled in his throat. He would have attempted further, but he was already seriously pushing his limits.

Klitz groaned low and gravelly, one of Eli's favorites and it went straight to Eli's dick. He hummed and thought back to the magazine, wondering if he would be able to do one of the techniques he'd learned about without ruining his throat. Despite being a total beginner, he decided to attempt it anyway. He worked up every muscle in his throat and, halfway giving into the urge to gag, he swallowed around him.

Klitz moaned and used his grip in hair to pull Eli off. Eli ended up gagging anyway, tears that had been forming the past few minutes finally spilling. He looked up at Klitz to see what the fuss was about and found Klitz quickly jacking himself off. Oh.

"Shit, Eli," Klitz's ribs caved in as he took panting breaths. "Can I come on your face?"

Holy shit, that was the hottest sentence Eli had ever heard in his life. He nodded, dazed, like he had been flashbanged with arousal, and sat back on his heels. Klitz puffed out high, breathy moans, which Eli knew by now meant Klitz was close. He wasn't sure what made him do it—his brain probably just on sex autopilot—but he opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue.

That did it for Klitz. He barked out a moan and finished on Eli's face. Eli flinched at the first spurt. Most landed on his chin and tongue, but a particularly offensive rope landed across the bridge of his nose and stuck onto his eyelashes. Eli opened his eyes and closed his mouth, tasting come for the first time. It was salty, but overall pretty tame, so he licked up whatever had landed on his lips.

Coming down from the adrenaline high of giving his first blowjob, Eli was hit with such a heady sensation of lust that it made his head spin. He was so hard it was borderline painful, and he fumbled with the button and zipper of his jeans, hands shaking so hard he thought he was going to have to rip them off.

"Eli," Klitz put his hand on Eli's shoulder, but Eli ignored him, moaning a sob of relief when he finally got a hand on himself. He leaned forward and rested his head against Klitz's thigh, panting hotly onto his leg. It didn't take long for Eli to come, he'd been on the edge pretty much the whole time. All it took was Klitz running a hand through his hair and whispering his name again, and Eli was spilling onto the floor in front of him with a high pitched, girlish moan, and he couldn't even find it in himself to be embarrassed.

As he came down from his own orgasm, he thanked whoever was up there that his floors were hardwood and not carpet.

“Eli,” Klitz said and Eli finally looked up at him. “Oh my god,” he whispered, more to himself than something he meant for Eli to hear. Every time Klitz had said Eli’s name tonight, Eli had shivered, but the way Klitz was looking at him now, with such amazement and reverence, like Eli was the most beautiful thing he’d ever laid eyes on, Eli broke out in chills.

And it was weird, because Eli could imagine what he looked like right now. Tears and drool and come on his face, he probably wasn’t exactly easy on the eyes.

“God, you look...” Klitz didn’t finish his sentence. “Oh shit, let me get you a towel,” he seemed to snap out of his reverie. Eli scooted back, and Klitz got up, put his underwear back on, and went to the bathroom to get a washcloth. Having to actually move so Klitz could stand up, Eli finally noticed his discomfort. His legs were asleep, his jaw ached, and his throat was super sore, like he’d tried to swallow something that was way too big—well, yeah.

He also wasn’t in love with the feeling of come drying on his face. Definitely worth it though. Klitz gave him a fucking facial. That’s not something Eli ever thought would happen, ever.

Eli zipped his pants back up as Klitz came back into the room with a wet washcloth. He sat down in his previous spot on the bed and beckoned Eli over. Eli walked over on his knees—ow, sore knees—and Klitz began gently wiping his face of come and tears. It was grossly intimate and it made Eli blush, the way Klitz held his chin in his hand and tilted his head to the side, making sure he got everything.

When Klitz deemed Eli clean, he passed the rag to Eli, who used the clean side to wipe off his hands, then wiped up his own come off the floor. Gross. Klitz held out a hand and helped Eli off the floor, and Eli stood on numb, shaky legs, like a baby deer learning to walk. He managed to shuck off his jeans, leaving both of them in only their underwear.

Klitz scooted to the head of the bed and waved Eli over. When Eli was sat on the bed with him, Klitz asked, “Are you alright?”

“Ye—” Eli attempted, but had to clear his throat. “Yeah, I’m good,” he finished hoarsely, but at least audible.

Klitz looked at him in the way that Klitz always looked at him, like he was studying him, reading him. He was creepily good at it too and it made Eli itch. Klitz put a hand on the back of Eli's neck, pulling him in for a kiss, but Eli freaked out, and resisted. Klitz drew his hand away, looking hurt.

"No, dude, not like—" Eli tried to explain, "—you, your," he gestured to Klitz's crotch, "—and my mouth, I'm—"

Klitz finally took mercy on him and cut off his stuttering. "Dude, I do not care. Let me kiss you," Klitz said, pulling on an apprehensive Eli's wrist. "Please," he added.

Eli grimaced, not sure why Klitz would want to kiss him after Eli just had his come in his mouth, but with Klitz looking at him so sweetly, who was Eli to deny him. "Fine," he grumbled, and Klitz smiled. He pulled Eli into a gentle kiss, and Eli guessed it wasn't too bad.

The two got underneath Eli's blankets together. They always shared a bed when they had sleepovers. Nothing gay about it. And when Klitz pulled Eli towards him so that his back was pressed closely up against Klitz's chest, Eli figured he could let that slide too.

## Chapter End Notes

Author's note: Writing the biphobic scenes made me feel incredibly sick. As a queer person, I don't share any of the homophobic/biphobic views that I wrote about. I knew that it would be very in-character for Eli to be thinking that way. The person part of me told me to rewrite that scene, but the author part of me told me to leave it as is because it makes sense in the plot. As much as I hate it, there was really no other way for Eli to rationalize his discomfort towards Klitz's sexuality. I'm sorry if I made anyone uncomfortable.

## Chapter 8

### Chapter Summary

Beach trip!

### Chapter Notes

I was veeeeery unsure about writing this and I considered scrapping it and redoing it completely because I feel like it's too harsh/ooc I guess. I think it turned out alright anyway.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The first thing Eli noticed when he woke up was how fucking hot he was.

It was like he was trapped in a sauna. He squirmed around, trying to kick the covers off and remembered that he was sleeping with Klitz, the culprit of the high temperature. Klitz, who was currently smothering him with an arm wrapped around his waist and his face in Eli's neck. That was nice and all, but he was radiating heat like hell, and Eli was sweating.

The second thing Eli noticed was something hard poking into his thigh. He hadn't felt it a moment ago but his shifting caused him to back up against it. Eli stilled. Oh great, Klitz had a fucking boner. He was pretty sure Klitz was still asleep, but what was he even supposed to do? Was there some kind of protocol for when someone wakes up to their best friend spooning them with morning wood?

Eli rubbed his eye with the heel of his hand and looked at the digital clock on his nightstand. The green numbers told him it was nearly time to get up for school. He carefully tried to peel himself away from Klitz but Klitz made a displeased noise in his sleep and tightened his arm around Eli. He was not making this any easier. After a little more calculated squirming, Eli was able to escape the death grip.

He went to use the bathroom to get ready, deciding to take a quick shower so he didn't go to school smelling like sweat. He went back into his room with a towel around his waist, Klitz only just waking up.

"Mornin', sunshine."

Klitz squinted at him. He was pretty cute without his glasses. “Eli?”

“Time for school, chop chop.” Eli leafed through hangers in his closet for an outfit.

Klitz groaned and buried his face in his pillow. A couple seconds passed without him moving or making any other noises and Eli was pretty sure he’d fallen back asleep.

“Get up dude.”

Klitz finally sat up and put on his glasses. He yawned and ran his hands through his hair, flattening it down. Eli had no clue how he wasn’t sweating beads considering he was practically Eli’s personal space heater for the night. He finally got out of bed and grabbed his bag before he left for the bathroom, and Eli used the moment of privacy to get dressed.

He went downstairs while Klitz got ready for school and ate breakfast. Well, tried to eat breakfast. Swallowing hurt. His throat was sore and felt bruised. Could the inside of your throat even get bruised? Stupid Klitz with his stupid huge cock. Alright, well, so much for cereal. He dumped his bowl into the sink and poured himself a cup of orange juice. It wasn’t much of an improvement, but at least it was a liquid and went down smoother.

Klitz usually liked toast in the mornings, so Eli worked on that while waiting for him. Geez, it was like they were married or something.

Klitz came downstairs a few minutes later in his usual nerdy attire, and his bangs were swept to the side today since he didn’t have the chance to style them.

“Made you some toast,” Eli gestured with his cup to the dining table where two measly pieces of bread and butter sat on a napkin.

Klitz blinked at the table, then at Eli, obviously still tired. Surprisingly, Klitz was not a morning person. He smiled gently, then walked over to where Eli was leaning against the kitchen counter and bent down to press a small peck of a kiss to Eli’s lips. “Thank you.”

Eli turned red at the tiny display of affection and looked down into his cup. “Eat your fucking

breakfast.” He took a sip of his juice. It wasn’t very good considering he’d just brushed his teeth. He winced at both the flavor and the pain in his throat.

Klitz must’ve noticed Eli’s reaction because he asked, “Uh... are you alright?”

It took a moment for Eli to process what Klitz was asking, but when he finally understood, he glared at him. “Shut up, I’m fine.” He took a large, spiteful drink.

“You sure? I could make you some tea if you want,” Klitz said, taking a bite out of his toast.

Eli tilted his head back and downed the rest of the juice. “Don’t get so smug, bitch. You’re the one who pushed my head.”

“You said I didn’t choke you!”

Eli put his cup in the sink and picked up the second piece of Klitz’s toast. He took a bite before dropping back on the paper towel in front of him, spraying Klitz with crumbs. “Let’s go, we’re gonna be late.”

At school, Eli sought out Matt and dragged Klitz along, eager to hear all the juicy details about his night with the pornstar. They found Matt at his locker before first period, but he looked so sad, which was the last reaction Eli expected from him. The bell rang before they were able to really talk then, but now they were sitting in the bleachers in gym class and Eli was able to hound him for the story.

Matt explained his situation with a truly heartbroken look on his face. “I did everything you said, Eli.”

“You didn’t get her drunk though, right?”

Matt looked at him exasperatedly.

“Well I don’t see how it couldn’t have worked, it worked on—“ Eli cut himself off and Klitz looked at him in panic. Matt quirked an eyebrow at his hesitation. “—uhhhh when other people did it.” Eli cleared his throat. “So,” he said, way too loud.

Klitz finally spoke up which Eli was grateful for because he was kinda drowning there. “That really sucks Matt, I’m sorry.” Klitz was definitely better with the touchy feely shit.

Matt nodded solemnly.

“Do you wanna hang out later? We could go to a movie or something,” Klitz suggested.

Matt shook his head. “I’m probably gonna go home and work on my speech.”

The coach blew his whistle and everyone in the bleachers was back in.

“I fucking hate dodgeball.” Eli dragged his feet while all the kids who were sitting around them made their way back to the court. A new game started and Matt was the first one out, an easy target, a wounded animal. Eli chucked ball after ball in vengeance, not very accurate, but successful every so often. He was about to let loose another killing throw but was hit on the back by a ball thrown by someone on his own team.

He turned around to find two boys snickering. “Dude what the fuck? We’re on the same team.”

“Oh sorry,” one of them said around a laugh. “I thought you liked playing with balls.” The two burst out laughing, thinking they were so clever with their dumbass joke. Eli recognized them from the party the other day and knew they were friends with Troy, but he didn’t know their names.

Eli rolled his eyes and turned back around, and was promptly hit. Great, now he was out too. He went to sit down next to Matt and the two watched Klitz get ganged up on. Klitz made the walk of shame across the court to sit with the rest of the losers again. The three watched the rest of the game until the coach blew his whistle and yelled that it was time to dress out. The class moved to their respective locker rooms to change.

Eli was definitely not popular, by any means. He’d been picked on for years and developed thick skin and a quick wit from it. But he never knew how to react when someone called him gay.

The locker room was always the worst. Dressing out, he was efficient, spending as little time changing and getting out as quickly as possible before anyone could accuse him of looking at them.

The first time it happened was in eighth grade. There was this one guy in his class who just had an insanely nice body and was super attractive. Eli hadn't known his name, and never cared to find out; it wasn't like he was ever going to try to talk to him. Eli simply admired him from afar. All the boys changed together every day and nobody ever acknowledged the fact that this guy was fucking gorgeous. Eli would steal glances every now and then, but who could blame him? The guy was beautiful.

One fateful day though, he was caught. He was changing, just like any other day, but that time, Eli had looked at the dude for a little too long and he noticed. Hot guy called him a queer for that, and rightfully so. He endured some pretty evil comments for the rest of the school year after that, but eventually lived it down, and going into high school meant he wouldn't have all those kids in his class anymore. From then on, he made a point to only look at girls.

It was mostly forgotten.

Mostly.

It was inevitable that he would have some of those kids in his class, but it was quite unfortunate that one of those kids happened to be Troy Cochran. He'd been in school with Troy and his dumbass jock friends since the sixth grade. Troy definitely made sure Eli didn't forget what he'd done, even though Eli hadn't done anything like that since then.

It didn't happen super often, just when Troy and his friends were feeling particularly cruel. Apparently, today was one of those days. Eli shouldn't even be surprised; it was the same group of guys on his team who had thrown the dodgeball at him. Eli finished changing and was making his way out.

"Hey, Eli."

Eli was surprised at hearing his own name from them. He didn't even think they remembered his name. He lifted his eyes from the floor to where he'd heard his name from. Bad idea. Such a bad idea.



Troy was shirtless but was dressed in jeans that hung low on his hips. The cut 'v' line of his abs disappeared down into his jeans, and it caught Eli's eye. Unintentionally, his eyes flicked down to Troy's toned stomach.

"What are you looking at, fag?" All the guys around him laughed.

Oh great, they set him up. Eli promptly averted his eyes again and left the locker room. He heard a few other comments before the door swung shut. Okay, that hadn't happened in a while. Nothing that bad at least. They'd been picking on him a lot more lately, and Eli didn't know why—it's not like anything had changed. That anyone else knew about at least.

Eli leaned against the wall as he waited for Klitz and Matt. They walked out together a few minutes later, both wincing in sympathy.

"Are you okay?" Klitz asked.

"Yeah whatever, it's fine." Eli brushed it off, but anxiously fiddled with the strap of his bag.

Klitz didn't look convinced but didn't say anything else, and the group began walking out of the gym. Eli heard shuffling coming up behind him and didn't have any time to react before he was pushed. He tripped forward but couldn't catch himself and landed on his hands and knees. His knees complained at him from so much abuse in the past 24 hours. Klitz and Matt instinctively fanned out around him, making space just in case they were next.

Eli was yanked up by the back of his shirt collar and was turned harshly around, now face to face with Troy.

"You look at me again, I'll kill you." He said it with such hate and malice that Eli wouldn't be surprised if he was serious. He shoved Eli back down and this time Eli landed on his ass. Troy's friends thought that was pretty fucking funny.

As the group walked away, Matt and Klitz finally nussed up and Klitz came over, offering a hand to help Eli up.

"Fuck off, dude," Eli said, swatting Klitz's hand away. The last thing he needed was Klitz babying him. Klitz stepped back and let Eli get up himself. "Let's just go."

He didn't usually let the bullying get to him since he wasn't the only one Troy and his friends picked on, but this time he felt a little shook. He'd get taunts and shit, but never actual death threats.

He just wanted to get through the rest of the day.

When the last bell of the day rang, Eli got up and left as fast as possible, not waiting for Klitz even though he was his ride. He kept his eyes down as he walked out of the school, not risking looking at anyone or anything. He leaned against Klitz's car, arms crossed, eyes fixed firmly on the ground, and got in without a word when Klitz arrived and unlocked the car. Klitz drove them home and he could tell that even though Eli liked to ignore his feelings and pretend everything was fine, he was pretty bothered.

"Dude?"

"What, Klitz?" Eli snapped. He chewed his lip and blew out a hard breath through his nose.  
"Sorry."

"Do you want to talk about it?"

Eli didn't think there was anything he wanted to do less than talk about it. He stared at his shoes and didn't respond, which Klitz took as an opportunity to continue.

"Listen, you—"

"Klitz, I don't want to talk about it." Eli interrupted. "Please." His eyes itched and his throat felt tight. He wanted to cry. But that would just be proving Troy right—crying like some kind of sissy—so he swallowed the lump in his throat and took a deep breath. After a couple minutes of silence, Eli whispered, "He never said he'd kill me."

"What?"

“Troy. He’s a dick, but he’s never said that before.”

Klitz thought for a moment. “He wouldn’t. Not if he wants to keep his scholarship,” he joked in an attempt to lighten up some of the tension.

Eli humored him with a small laugh, but shockingly, it didn’t make him feel better.

They got to Eli’s house and Klitz idled in the driveway, waiting for Eli to get out.

“Aren’t you coming?”

“I didn’t think you’d—“

“Just stay,” Eli sighed, silently pleading with his eyes, hoping he didn’t sound as desperate as he felt. Klitz nodded and the two went inside together.

Eli dropped his bag next to the front door and went straight to the couch to lay down. Klitz hadn’t seen him so down in a long time. Sure, he’d get moody sometimes, but that was always some form of anger. Eli looked sad. Hurt.

Eli had his arm thrown over his eyes but could hear Klitz in the kitchen before he came back into the living room. Eli heard the soft shuffling of Klitz’s shoes on the carpet before he sat on the couch with Eli, gently pushing Eli’s legs out of the way.

“Wanna do something?”

Eli lifted his arm and stared at Klitz blankly. “Like what?”

“I don’t know. Something fun.”

Eli tried to think of what they could possibly do that would be fun. If there were fun things to do they wouldn’t be hanging out at Eli’s house all the time like losers.

“We could go to the beach?”

Eli sat up more fully, propping himself up with his elbow. “Actually?”

Klitz shrugged. “Yeah, why not. We haven’t been there in ages.”

Eli had to admit, that did sound fun, and he would like to get out of the house. “Alright.” He swung his legs off the side of the couch and stood up with an exaggerated sound of pain, really just complaining more than anything. Eli went upstairs and packed a bag—he doubted they’d actually swim, but just in case.

“Ready?” Eli flashed him a thumbs up and Klitz drove them to his house to pack his own bag and tell his moms that they were going out.

“Hi Eli, darling!” Only one of Klitz’s moms was home, and she greeted him as they walked into the house. “What a lovely surprise!” Eli smiled at her and raised a hand in a reserved wave. She smiled at him so warmly and walked over to give him a tight hug. She pulled away and held him by his shoulders. She furrowed her brow and pressed the back of her hand to his forehead. “You okay, hon?” The burning in Eli’s eyes was back.

Was it seriously that obvious that there was something wrong with Eli? He pulled a more convincing smile and nodded. “All good.” She looked hard into his eyes, just like Klitz did, and brushed her thumb across Eli’s cheek before letting him go. Eli liked to say that not having his mom around very often didn’t really affect him, but he had to restrain himself from leaning further into Klitz’s mom’s hand.

“So! What’s up with you boys today?”

“Eli and I are going to the pier.”

She frowned. “Out two nights in a row?”

“I’ll be home later, I promise.”

Her eyes bounced between the two boys. “Alright, fine.”

Klitz lit up with a smile and kissed his mom on the cheek, and Eli followed him to his room. He stood against the closed door while he watched Klitz search through his dresser for a swimsuit.

“So... the pier?”

Klitz looked over his shoulder. “Yeah, if that’s okay. We can go somewhere else if you want.”

“No, that’s cool.”

Klitz zipped his bag and walked over to Eli. Eli tried to back up, forgetting the door was closed behind him, and panic briefly washed over him before he remembered that this was Klitz, not Troy, and Klitz wasn’t about to kick his ass.

“Seriously, are you okay?” Klitz looked worried.

Eli shouldn’t still be upset about what happened earlier. It wasn’t that big of a deal, there was no reason for him to be afraid, or have his feelings hurt, or even take offense when Troy called him a fag. It shouldn’t bother him since it wasn’t true. Unfortunately, eighth grade Eli had earned Eli a reputation that Troy just wouldn’t let go of, despite all of Eli’s attempts to prove that he liked girls. So if Troy was dead set on believing Eli was some kind of threat, so much so that he claimed he would kill him, Eli was in danger.

Eli pressed his fingers into his eyes and nodded yes even though he definitely didn’t feel okay. “Yeah man, I’m—“ he was embarrassed, mostly. “I’m fine.”

Klitz raised his eyebrows.

“Don’t look at me like that dude, I’m for real.”

“He’s not gonna kill you, you know that right?” Klitz always seemed to know what Eli was

thinking about and it bugged him. “He’s not, I promise. It’s gonna be alright.” Klitz put a hand on the back of Eli’s neck. He looked hesitant to ask, “Can I kiss you?”

It made Eli mad that Klitz was treating him like he was this sensitive little thing that was made of glass and might shatter at any given moment, but Eli let him and indulged in the comfort it provided. Klitz was probably right. Eli was blowing it way out of proportion. Troy was all bark and no bite; he was surely incapable of something like that, and Eli knew that.

He relaxed into the kiss, giving up his anxiety to Klitz and letting him draw it away.

Klitz rubbed Eli’s cheek with his thumb, just like his mom had. “Let’s go.”

The two went back downstairs and Klitz’s mom sent them off with a ridiculous amount of cash to spend. “Have fun!” she called as they left.

And with that, Klitz and Eli were on their way.

They finally arrived in Santa Monica after sitting in stop-and-go rush hour traffic for over an hour, even though it should’ve only been a thirty minute drive. It wasn’t bad, though; Klitz had suggested ‘I Spy’ and Eli begrudgingly agreed after muttering about how stupid it was. The game started out relatively basic, but eventually devolved into a game that wasn’t even recognizable as ‘I Spy’ anymore, with absurd rules being added at either of their discretion. Eli’s mood lifted and Klitz had him laughing again.

Klitz parked and the two got out. Klitz wasn’t lying when he said they hadn’t been there in a long time. Eli had forgotten how nice it was on the coast. There was a warm, humid breeze blowing off the ocean, the kind of breeze that didn’t really cool you down but rather made you feel kinda sticky. It carried the smell of brine and fair food from the pier. Eli took a deep breath and warm, summer evening air settled heavily into his lungs.

They parked in one of the lots that was built specifically for the pier, so it was a short walk. It wasn’t too busy considering it was a Tuesday night, but it still maintained a bustling atmosphere with flashy lights coming from the rollercoasters and a dull chatter filling the air like white noise.

“Are you hungry?”

“Dude, is that even a question?”

They browsed the food stands and finally settled on corn dogs. They didn’t have to stand in line for too long, which was nice. They walked to the end of the pier and watched people fish off the end of the dock while they ate. They found an open bench and sat down, and appreciated the mist blowing off the ocean—it wasn’t as hot as California could get since it was only May, but it was still hot enough that they welcomed anything that could cool them down.

“What do people even do at the beach?” Eli said, chewing on his empty wooden skewer.

“There’s an ocean, if I’m not mistaken.”

“Shut up, smartass.” Eli bumped Klitz with his shoulder, fake annoyed.

“We could swim?”

“Mmmm, nah, it’s kinda late.” It wasn’t *that* late, but watching the kinds of fish the people were catching made Eli suspicious of what else lurked in the water.

“Too bad the aquarium is closed.”

Eli was a little unfamiliar with the updates the pier had gotten since the last time he was here, but the basic premise was probably still the same. “Well, there’s games and shit. I bet I could kick your ass in skee ball.”

Klitz squinted at him with doubt. “Whatever dude, you suck at skee ball.”

“You wish.”

“You’re on.”

They got up and made their way back to the entertainment part of the pier—not that fishing wasn't super exhilarating and fun—and found rows and rows of booths featuring classic carnival games. They competed in skee ball and, unsurprisingly, Eli didn't win. The only possible explanation was that Klitz must've cheated.

“How do you even cheat at skee ball?”

“You tell me. You're the mastermind.”

They walked around and played through pretty much every game, even the ones they knew they wouldn't win. Eli beat Klitz in basketball, then mocked Klitz, saying he's all tall and shit, he should know how to play basketball. Eli spent way too much money trying to win a goldfish, and thank god he didn't because he would not have taken care of it and Klitz would've been stuck with it. Eli did a lot of loud complaining that all the games were rigged, much to the vendors' displeasure.

They played that one water gun racing game, which Klitz easily took the lead in, so Eli reached over and tried to mess him up.

“Dude! Who's the cheater now?”

“I don't know what you're talking about,” Eli said, as he was pushing at Klitz's water gun, trying to skew his aim.

Eli's sabotage backfired, and he ended up losing since aiming his own gun and trying to mess Klitz up turned out to be pretty difficult to do at the same time. Klitz picked out a small stuffed tiger as his prize. He turned to Eli and held it out. “For you. Since I cheated.”

“I don't need your dumb pity prize,” Eli rolled his eyes but took the tiger anyway. The two walked around a little more, stopping to watch some of the street performers every so often.

“Hey, let's go on the ferris wheel,” Klitz said, looking towards the end of the pier.

Eli looked at the wheel, then back to Klitz, eyebrows raised. “Uh, no way, dude.”



“Why not?”

“Because I don’t want to, that’s why!” Eli thought that was a perfectly valid reason, but Klitz looked unimpressed.

“Ohhh, I forgot, you’re afraid of heights.”

“No I’m not!”

“Then you won’t have a problem going on the ferris wheel with me.”

Eli had to agree or risk proving Klitz right, so they made their way to the death wheel and stood in line. Klitz stepped into the cabin first, and as Eli was following behind him, the ride made a grating metallic groaning sound. Eli jerked back. “Dude, this can’t be safe.”

“Don’t be a baby.” Klitz held out his hand. “Come on, you’re holding up the line.”

Eli carefully stepped into the cabin and it wobbled a little, and Eli grabbed Klitz’s hand to steady himself. “I swear to god dude, if I die I’m gonna fucking kill you.”

Eli sat down, and gripped the edge of his seat tightly with both hands. The ride lurched forward and Eli shut his eyes. They made it about halfway up before it stopped.

“Open your eyes, Eli.”

Eli hadn’t even realized he’d closed his eyes, but he was now aware of his eyes shut tight. “No way dude, fuck you.”

“Hey, I can see your house from here.”

Eli opened his eyes to look and was met with a self satisfied look from Klitz. Why the fuck did he fall for that? Eli peeked over the edge of the guard rail that was the only thing separating him and sudden death. Holy shit, they were way too high up.

“Klitz,” Eli said, his breathing picking up in panic. He was looking straight down and, like looking at a terrible car crash, he couldn’t get himself to look away, no matter how much he wanted to. The ground moved further and further away from him as the ride started moving again. Eli reached out behind him and grasped blindly at the air, trying to find Klitz.

Klitz took his hand. “Hey, look at me.” The touch grounded him and he looked at Klitz, frightened.

Klitz held eye contact with him. “You’re okay.”

After a few moments, Eli’s breathing slowed and his features relaxed. He slowly looked back out of the cabin and across the city. It was actually kinda cool how the city glowed from building windows, and headlights, and street lamps, every tiny little person with their own tiny life seemed insignificant until they realized they all played a part in making up the beauty of their community, everyone existing alone and together all at once. He turned and looked at the ocean. The setting sun rippled in oranges and deep purples across the face of the water, but didn’t hide how terrifyingly dark the water truly was.

“It’s pretty.”

“Yeah,” Klitz agreed with reverence in his voice, but he wasn’t looking at the view.

They admired the view together in silence and Eli was able to stay relatively calm for the next couple rounds they made, but still held onto Klitz’s hand until they had to get off.

“Thanks for going with me,” Klitz smiled down at Eli as they walked down the steps of the platform.

“You owe me big time for that.”

“Ice cream?”

That sufficed. They each got a cone and decided to walk up the coast a little bit while they ate them. Eli asked Klitz to hold his ice cream while he took off his socks and shoes and rolled up his jeans so he could walk in the surf, then returned the favor for Klitz. They walked side by side,

ankle deep in water every time a wave washed in and receded. Their feet sank into the sand, so they walked slowly.

Eli looked at Klitz. By that point in their trip, it was nearing 8 pm, and the sun was setting. Though mostly cast in shadows, Klitz's face was lit up golden with what little sun was remaining for the day, and it made him look so achingly beautiful.

Stupid beautiful Klitz.

Eli kicked up water at him for it.

"Dude!"

Eli did it again, trying to get more water up this time. Klitz bent down and used his hand to splash Eli which was far more calculated and got Eli way wetter than Eli got Klitz.

"Hey!" Eli said in surprise at how cold the water was.

"You started it!"

Eli stopped walking and threw his shoes onto the sand, now using both hands to get maximum splashage.

"Oh I see how it is," Klitz said, throwing his shoes near Eli's. Eli backed up further into the water, now knee deep. Klitz followed him, splashing water up at Eli with cupped hands and Eli tackled Klitz fully into the water. They both gasped simultaneously at how cold it was. They wrestled in the water until they were out of breath, sandy, and shivering. Eli stood up and wrapped his arms around himself, chilled from the air hitting his wet skin. He voluntarily poured more water over himself, trying to wash sand off himself.

Eli held out a hand and helped Klitz up. "Good thing we brought extra clothes."

They trudged out of the water, teeth chattering, and grabbed their shoes as they walked back to the parking lot.

“My wallet is all wet,” Klitz complained.

“So is mine, quit complaining.”

“You suck.”

“You swallow.”

They made it back to the car. The parking lot wasn't very full but they got into the back seat to change anyway. Now in dry clothes, Eli turned his head to look at Klitz.

“Thanks for bringing me, Klitzzy.”

“Yeah dude, any time.”

They smiled at each other, Klitz with such an intense look of fondness in his eye, and he leaned in and kissed Eli sweetly. Eli sighed in contentment and kissed him back, moving his lips against Klitz's in a far more experienced manner than the first time they did it. They were both exponentially better at it, clacking their teeth together less, sharing less spit, though spit swapping was kind of inevitable since Klitz liked to use his tongue so much. They'd definitely been practicing a lot. They were gonna be total experts when they finally met some girls.

Klitz scooted closer on the seat and brought his hand up to cup Eli's face. They made out tiredly, not rushing, just enjoying each other's company.

Klitz grabbed Eli's waist and pulled him onto his lap so they wouldn't have to keep straining their necks. His hands remained at Eli's waist, rubbing small circles into his skin over his shirt with his thumb. Eli ran his tongue between Klitz's lips and Klitz opened up and met Eli's tongue with his own. Eli could taste the lingering strawberry ice cream Klitz had earlier. Eli hummed happily. Kissing Klitz always felt way too good, and Eli rolled his hips down in a languid grind.

Klitz groaned softly, but didn't meet Eli's thrusts, letting him take his time. He got his hand under Eli's shirt and pushed it up but didn't make to take it off. He ran his hand over Eli's torso and rubbed his back soothingly. Klitz's hands were soft and it gave Eli goosebumps.

Eli wrapped his arms around Klitz's neck, pulling him closer, and tilted his head more, deepening the kiss. Klitz lazily licked over the roof of Eli's mouth and Eli made tiny satisfied noises with each steady roll of his hips. Klitz made him feel so good and it kind of scared Eli.

Eli remembered pretty much the whole reason they were there in the first place was because Klitz was trying to cheer him up after what happened at school that day. Troy's comments were still on his mind, though now more subdued. As fucked up as it was, Eli was fairly used to being called names. Troy would call him a fag or a queer or whatever other clever slur he could think of, and it was fine if it was just in the locker room since all the other guys already thought so little of him, but when he would do it in front of other people—like pushing him down in front of the entire class and whoever was in the hallway during the passing period—was when it would truly bother Eli.

He didn't need all those other people thinking he was gay too. He had a reputation to uphold, and if people thought he was gay, he'd never get anywhere in life, for the exact reason that there were people out there who were like Troy. Nobody wanted to work with a gay dude, nobody would respect him, he'd be seen as nothing other than some pervert who took dick. He wanted to be normal—he WAS normal, he liked women just like every other normal guy—but he also didn't want to stop what he was doing with Klitz. Nobody had to know about it. And as long as nobody knew about it, there was nothing for Eli to worry about.

Eli felt Klitz's fingers run under the waistband of his sweatpants. That's new. Klitz had never touched him before, and he was definitely on board, but there was a slight problem.

"Dude, we're in the middle of a parking lot," Eli spoke against Klitz's lips.

"It's okay, nobody will see, it's dark." Eli didn't respond, so Klitz pulled away. "Do you want me to stop? We don't have to do this if you're not comfortable."

"No, it's cool." It was honestly more than cool. Semi public sex? That was super fucking cool.

Klitz pushed Eli's sweats down only barely, and traced his fingers down Eli's hipbone before pulling his hand away and instead using it to palm Eli over his pants. Eli let out a low moan and moved his hips into Klitz's hand. Klitz pushed his hand into the back of Eli's sweats and grabbed his ass, which was also very new and Eli hummed in surprise against his mouth.

Eli let Klitz finally pull down his sweatpants fully, and Klitz wrapped a hand around Eli's dick and

began slowly stroking him. There was something so different about a hand on his dick that wasn't his own that made it feel that much better. Klitz's hands were so big. He teased the head and spread Eli's precum down. Eli sucked on Klitz's tongue and kissed him open mouthed, letting Klitz swallow his small moans, while Klitz jacked him off with a loose hand. Eli's hips began to move in tiny, aborted thrusts, as he became more and more impatient with the pace. Klitz tightened his fist and stroked him a little faster and Eli moaned, finally getting somewhere.

Until Klitz took his hand away, at which Eli made a noise that he would deny ever happened. Klitz kissed under Eli's jaw and behind his ear while he pulled down his own sweats. Eli was a little confused until Klitz pulled Eli down closer against him with a hand on his ass. Klitz grabbed both of their dicks in one hand and Eli's brain went offline.

He jacked them together and Eli knew immediately he didn't stand a chance. It was so hot—like physically, Klitz's dick was throbbing hot against his own. Klitz spit into his hand so there was less friction and Eli definitely wasn't gonna last. Klitz tightened his fist around the two of them and sped up, and they thrust against each other in Klitz's hand. Klitz swiped his thumb over Eli's tip, collecting his precum and rubbing it over the tip of his own dick. Eli nearly came from the sight of it alone.

Eli could feel his orgasm building in his stomach and it didn't take long for him to come over Klitz's hand. Klitz spread Eli's come down both of their cocks together, using it as extra lubricant and Eli thought he might die from how obscenely sexy it was. Klitz sped up his hand, working toward his own orgasm, and kept them both in his hand until Eli was almost too sensitive. Klitz came against him and feeling Klitz's dick pulse out come against him had Eli nearly on board for round two.

They rested their foreheads against each other as they came down. Klitz reached for one of their wet shirts to wipe his hand. They cleaned up and traded tired kisses, Eli running his fingers through Klitz's hair at the nape of his neck. His hair was curling up at the ends, subtle waves exaggerated by the humidity. Klitz always brushed his hair down flat to get his usual style, but if he didn't, it would dry wavy. Eli wished he would wear his hair naturally more often. It was really cute.

Eli leaned back and admired Klitz. "You're so pretty, Klitz." Klitz blushed and looked away. Eli knew Klitz wouldn't believe him; Klitz truly believed he was ugly, which made Eli mad. He wanted to hold Klitz down and kiss him all over and make him see how beautiful he was, but for now, Eli settled with pressing a few small kisses to Klitz's lips.

"Let's go home."

On the drive back they were quiet, but it was a comfortable quiet. They listened to a CD Eli had picked from Klitz's collection. Once again in Eli's driveway after the much shorter drive home, the two kissed goodbye.

"Thanks Klitz. I had fun."

"Me too."

Eli twisted around to grab his bag and got out.

"Bye man."

"I lo—"

Holy shit, Eli almost just told Klitz he loved him.

"—Llllll see you tomorrow," he said, awkwardly backtracking and drawing out the L. Great save. Klitz squinted at him, but Eli closed his door and waved him off.

It wasn't exactly weird for someone to tell their friend they love them. Eli did love Klitz—he was his best friend.

Eli looked down at the now wet stuffed tiger, an innocent bystander subjected to Eli and Klitz's wrestling match in the Pacific ocean. A warm feeling filled his chest and he smiled.

Yeah, he loved Klitz.

## Chapter End Notes

I apologize if the way I described the Santa Monica pier was inaccurate, I have never been there lmao. I also haven't been to a beach in many years so I kinda forgot what it's like





## Chapter 9

## Chapter Summary

Eli goes on a date... WITH A GIRL?????1!!!!

## Chapter Notes

I'm sorry I keep making OCs y'all I promise I do not enjoy it :) Anyways, a little warning for this chapter: pg 13 content between Eli and OFC

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Eli sat in English class, chin resting in his hand. English was, objectively, the most boring subject. He already knew how to speak English. What else did he need? He ignored his teacher and let his mind become pleasantly blank as he stared off into space. Except 'space' happened to be a girl three desks in front of him and two to the right.

Sydney Dover.

Her hair jostled slightly where it sat on her shoulder as she wrote. Her hair was super pretty—easily one of her best features—dark brown and silky, and was long enough that it touched the middle of her back. He watched her toss it off her shoulder, trying to delay it from falling into her face for a little longer. Eli had known her since sophomore year when they were in the same English class. They then had the same English class again for junior year, and now senior year as well. Being in the same class for three years meant it was kind of inevitable that he'd have to work with her. He'd been in groups with her a couple times before, so they'd talked, but nothing too in depth. He definitely wouldn't consider them friends, but he knew her well enough to confidently call them acquaintances. She was smart, fairly popular, and pretty.

She also happened to have a crush on Eli.

He'd learned about it junior year when she'd shamelessly confessed to Eli in the middle of class. Eli wasn't interested at the time, but she took his rejection with grace and wasn't really upset about it since she had other options—which she definitely did—and shortly after that, she began to date some other guy who had asked her to homecoming. But as Eli watched her now, he began to think: he and Klitz had a good amount of experience now. It was probably a good time to try to find a girl, and, fortunately, Sydney made it clear that she was still into Eli.

Eli didn't share this class with Matt or Klitz, but he did share it with Troy, so the gay accusations were at the forefront of Eli's mind. Even though Eli knew he should drop it, he also wanted to prove to Troy that he wasn't gay. Asking Sydney out in front of him after class would be the perfect opportunity, though it did also create a little bit of conflict. Sydney ran in a group akin to Troy's, so they had some history together. Eli would definitely be taking a risk by blatantly asking Sydney out, especially since he knew about Sydney and Troy's drama.

Ignoring the warning signals going off in his head, Eli caught Sydney after class before she left.

"Hey, Sydney."

"Oh," she looked pleasantly surprised. "Hey, Eli. What's up?"

Eli could see Troy watching them out of the corner of his eye, and he swallowed his anxiety. "Was just wondering if you'd wanna do something with me after school today?" He leaned against the desk opposite Sydney's where she stood packing her notebook into her backpack. He put on the most suave demeanor he could muster, while still remaining airily casual.

A playful smile slowly spread over her face. "Are you finally asking me on a date?"

"Looks like it," Eli teased.

"I'd love to."

If seducing women was an art form, Eli would be Pablo Picasso.

Sydney took out the notebook she'd just put away and ripped out a piece of paper. She quickly scribbled something onto it before folding it in half and holding it out for Eli between her first two fingers. "Text me," she said, shouldering her backpack and walking out of the classroom before Eli could say anything else.

Eli unfolded the paper and found a set of seven numbers. He smiled to himself, and refolded the paper small enough to fit in his pocket. He heard a snort to his left, and he turned to look at Troy loitering a few desks away with two of his friends. He sneered at Eli before leaving the classroom.

That was pretty much the reaction Eli was expecting, so he shrugged it off and triumphantly went to his next class.

After school, Klitz kept glancing at Eli while he drove them home. Since English class, Eli had retained a small smile for the rest of the day. Klitz was reasonably curious since Eli was hardly ever this upbeat.

“What’s got you in such a good mood?” Klitz asked, his own smile forming from Eli’s contagious cheeriness.

“I’ve got a date,” Eli said proudly.

Klitz’s smile disappeared. That was the last thing he would’ve guessed. “...Oh yeah? With who?”

“Remember Sydney?”

“From English last year?” Klitz had English with Eli and Sydney junior year, so he kinda knew her, mainly from her insistence in being in a group with Eli, which automatically meant she was in a group with Klitz too.

“Yup.”

“You’ve never cared about her before,” Klitz said, confused about Eli’s sudden change of heart. “What made you decide to ask her out now?”

“Well, I mean,” Eli adjusted his hat, something Klitz knew as one of Eli’s nervous tics. “Me and you, we’ve got a lot of practice. We should be using it and stuff.”

Klitz wasn’t convinced that was the whole truth. “Isn’t Troy in that class with you?”

“Uh, yeah, why?”

“Just wondering.”

Eli looked suspicious, but didn't say anything. They rode together in silence before Eli asked, “Hey, by the way, can I borrow your car?”

Klitz sighed. They were already nearly to Eli's house, and Klitz's was in the complete opposite direction. “Sure man.” He made a u-turn at the nearest stop sign and drove them to his own house. The two got out and met in front of the car to pass off keys.

“Do you wanna hang out for a bit? Before your date?” Klitz asked.

Eli sucked his teeth in an overly dramatized display of regret that he didn't truly feel. “Nah, I gotta get ready.” He held out his hand and Klitz resignedly dropped the keys into his open palm. “You're the best, dude.”

Klitz almost went in for a kiss but thankfully stopped himself in time. Kissing his friend—bear in mind, not even his *boyfriend*—goodbye before he was about to go on a date would be super fucking awkward.

Eli waved at Klitz through the windshield and drove away.

Standing in the middle of his room, Eli realized he had no idea how to actually go on a date. He should probably wear something nice, but not too nice since he was planning on taking her to Hannah's diner, and that place wasn't exactly the epitome of class. Eli walked around looking lost like this wasn't his room. He stopped and went over a mental checklist of things that should happen on a date. He should look hot, act gentlemanly, and smell good. Eli sniffed under his arm. He should also probably shower.

After his shower, Eli played fashion show for the better part of an hour, worrying about what he was gonna wear that would make the best impression. It's not like it would be a first impression, though. Sydney already knew what he normally wore, so there would be no tricking her into thinking highly of him with dressing nicely, but Eli figured he should at least put in an effort.

It was getting later and later, and Eli checked his phone for the time before realizing he hadn't even texted Sydney yet. He grabbed the jeans he wore to school that day out of the pile of discarded clothes on his floor and dug through the pockets. He retrieved the piece of notebook paper and nearly tore it in half in his haste to unfold it.

He opened a new message and typed Sydney's number into it, then typed out a quick *hey it's Eli* before saving the number as a real contact. He got a fast response—Sydney was probably just waiting for him to text, and Eli felt guilty for any possible anxiety he'd caused her. How could he have forgotten? She was literally his date.

*Hey cutie! Was beginning to think u forgot about me ;)*

*no way*

*just got a little busy*

Eli hoped his vague excuse was believable. Sydney either didn't question it, or just didn't care.

*When r u picking me up?*

Eli looked up at the clock on his desk. 6:31.

7?

The short time frame between now and having to pick Sydney up would force Eli to finally pick something to wear.

*Sounds good :)*

Sydney followed her message up with her address and signed it with an *xoxo*. That was pretty cute. Eli smiled and flipped his phone shut. Great, now he had to actually decide on what to wear.

He dug through the pile of possible contenders on his bed and pulled out a pair of black straight legged jeans that he'd tried on at least three times, deeming them the best. They really were the

best, to be honest. He looked in his mirror and turned to the side. They hugged his ass and legs in all the right places, and were on just the right side of too tight. All Eli ever wore was oversized, baggy shirts and even baggier pants. He kinda forgot he actually had a pretty nice ass for a dude. No wonder Klitz liked grabbing it.

The thought caught him totally off guard and he did a double take. He tried to push it out of his mind. He can't think about having sex with Klitz while he's on a date with a girl.

Shaking his head like that would clear the thought away, Eli put on a grey long sleeve button down shirt that was now a little wrinkled after sitting underneath all the other clothes. He rolled the sleeves up to his elbows and left it fashionably untucked. He admired himself in the mirror. He looked hot.

Eli navigated to Sydney's house with a little trial and error since he'd never been there, but arrived only a little after seven, so he was probably good. He parked in the driveway and was about to honk before rethinking it, and instead got out to ring her doorbell. The door opened and Eli was met with a very large man, very obviously Sydney's dad. He squinted suspiciously at Eli.

"You Eli?"

The baritone of his voice startled Eli and he stuttered a response. "Uh, yes." The man glared at him. "Sir," he added as an afterthought.

"Hmph," the man grunted, but allowed Eli entry.

Eli stood in the entryway with his hands clasped behind his back, not sure if he should be going further inside the house, but Sydney's dad made that decision for him and stood between him and the living room. Sydney's dad stared at him unwaveringly, and Eli waited for two extremely unsettling minutes before there was any kind of social reprieve.

A younger boy, around thirteen years old maybe, walked into the living room, and looked quite excited at Eli's presence. A wicked grin split on his face and he started to mockingly ask all the cliché questions a father asks a boy who's trying to date their daughter, all of which Eli didn't know how to answer.

Eli should've honked.

Thankfully, Sydney walked in shortly after, rescuing Eli from the increasingly awkward interaction with the rest of her family.

“Dad, oh my god, leave him alone,” Sydney said embarrassedly. She pushed past him and took Eli's hand, leading him out the front door. “Sorry about my dad. He's kinda insane about boys.”

“No, it's cool,” Eli shook off his anxiety from the experience and opened the passenger door of Klitz's car for Sydney.

“Such a gentleman.”

Eli got into the car and started the drive to Hannah's diner. It wasn't actually called Hannah's diner, that's just what he and his friends called it—he'd forgotten its real name.

“You look nice,” Eli complemented. She looked way more than nice—long hair curled and brushed out into loose waves, expertly done makeup, just like always, and a dark green off the shoulder mini dress—but Eli was trying to keep it as PG as possible for now.

“So do you, stud,” Sydney said, playfully punching his shoulder. “Really nice.” There was a heavily flirty tone in her voice, and she reached over and adjusted the collar of Eli's shirt, her long, manicured nails brushing his neck.

Okay, maybe he could get away with PG-13.

“So, where are you taking me?”

“I've got this little place that I like to go with my friends.”

“So, what makes this place so good?”

Sydney took a french fry from the basket she and Eli were sharing and dipped it into a small metal ramekin filled with ketchup.

Honestly, Eli didn't know. Probably the fact that he'd been coming here for so long that he just automatically associated it with his friends. The experience was kind of what really made it—no offense to the cooks but the food wasn't exactly what kept Eli and his friends coming back.

Eli copied Sydney with his own fry. "Uh, I dunno," Eli shrugged, trying to decide if telling her the truth would be a total turn-off, or if he should just make something up so he wouldn't look like a loser. "I've been coming here with Matt and Klitz for a long time, we kinda have this tradition where we come every Friday," Eli went with the truth.

"Matt and Klitz," Sydney squinted, trying to recall the two. "Ooh, I know Matthew is the class president, and he's... the shorter one?" Eli nodded. "And Klitz is the tall one with the bowl cut," she giggled.

Eli cocked his head. "What's funny?"

"His name is Klitz, like," she looked around and leaned over the table like she was about to share a highly classified secret, "clitoris."

Eli fought the urge to roll his eyes and instead feigned a small laugh. Yeah, his name was Klitz... actually, his first name wasn't even Klitz. When people found out that was his last name, they thought it was the funniest shit in the world. It started out as a mean nickname that only the bullies would call him, but over time it lost its shock value, and by then, everyone called him Klitz so it kinda just stuck. Either way, hearing people laugh about it got old about five years ago.

"You knew him last year didn't you?" Eli asked, even though he already knew the answer. He wasn't sure why Klitz's name was so funny to her all of a sudden when she knew about it before. He also wasn't sure why she thought making fun of his friend in front of him was in any way appropriate if she actually wanted Eli to like her.

"Yeah, but I never actually talked to him. He seems sweet though," Sydney said, oblivious to Eli's slight irritation, but she didn't seem to mean any harm by what she said. Eli was just kind of overprotective.



“Yeah, he is,” Eli said, relieved that Sydney wasn’t actually laughing at him. Well, she was, but Eli knew what she meant. “He puts up with me, that’s about as good as they get,” he joked, but it was true.

Their conversation slowed when their food came, not wanting to be rude by talking with food in their mouths. Around bites, they slowly talked about their families. Eli let Sydney take the lead on that one, not wanting to reveal too much about his own family. There wasn’t exactly much to reveal besides the fact that his parents were admittedly kind of deadbeats, but that didn’t make for the best conversation.

“Your brother is pretty interesting,” Eli commented.

“The one being a total creep toward you earlier? Yeah, I don’t know if interesting is the word I’d use.”

“I don’t have any siblings,” Eli said, carefully walking the line between getting to know each other and depressive oversharing. “Guess my mom and dad thought one was enough,” he laughed so Sydney wouldn’t get any negative impression and ask him about it.

She laughed along, and as the night went on, the conversation steered into lots of different topics, and Eli got to really know Sydney. Things he would’ve never guessed, like how she’s afraid of moths, and allergic to dandelions, and her favorite subject is chemistry because she somehow just gets it when everybody else struggles so much. Most of what Eli knew about her he’d gained from gossip in school, and it painted her in a negative light. Eli had made assumptions about her and originally thought she was kind of shallow, but that’s how he thought of most of the popular people at his school. The more she spoke, the more personality he found in her, which... duh. People have personalities and lives and shit, but Eli hardly ever witnessed that firsthand because he didn’t talk to people who weren’t Klitz or Matt.

She was awesome, and Eli could totally imagine her as his girlfriend, which was the whole point in the first place. Eli started to wonder what Sydney saw in him.

Sydney looked at him adoringly. “I don’t know,” she said, studying his face. “Let’s see.” She straightened up and held up her hand. “Number one: you’re super hot.” Eli blushed as she started ticking off reasons on her fingers. “Number two: you’re funny. Number three: I like hanging out with you. Number four: I don’t know, I guess I just like you and you’re gonna have to deal with it,” she finished, teasingly crossing her arms.

Eli could definitely deal with it.

Eli paid for Sydney's meal and a shared dessert, which earned him a kiss on the cheek. Eli drove her home and they sat in her driveway. After saying goodbye she didn't get out right away and Eli instantly knew was expecting something.

Sydney played with a strand of her hair, pulling the curl out of it. "So... are you the kinda guy to kiss on the first date?"

"Absolutely," he smiled. Sydney leaned in first and Eli met her lips with a kiss over the center console.

It did not feel how Eli expected it to.

It was cold and kinda slippery from her lip gloss. They pulled back and she smiled at him. Okay, she must've liked it, so the error was on his side. He probably didn't do it right, so he tried again, leaning in and catching her lips in another kiss. It felt just the same as it had the first time; cold and kinda unpleasant, actually. Alright, well he probably just had to warm up for it to really get good.

He began to move his lips against hers, trying to apply everything he'd learned with Klitz. He put his hand on the side of her face and he felt her hair brush over the back of his hand, kinda like Klitz's. Sydney hummed happily and pulled back to whisper against Eli's lips, "You're a good kisser."

Thanks for the practice, Klitz.

Eli still wasn't feeling what he was supposed to feel, so he kept trying, much to Sydney's delight. They began to make out, and Sydney parted her lips slightly. Eli took the cue and pushed the tip of his tongue into her mouth. Wow, that did not feel good. He couldn't place what he didn't like about it, something just felt off. Almost wrong, somehow. He withdrew his tongue fully, not into taking that route himself but still let Sydney use her tongue, he just didn't reciprocate.

He tried to convince himself that he did actually like it, and that it felt the same, if not better, than with Klitz. He subtly rolled his shoulders back, trying to loosen up the stiffness he felt in his spine. When he was with Klitz, he got super relaxed, almost like putty, and melted into Klitz. Kissing Sydney, he felt rigid and out of his element. He hoped Sydney didn't notice how uncomfortable he felt.

Sydney made pleased sounds against Eli's mouth and grabbed his other hand, guiding it up to one of her breasts. He squeezed it on instinct, thinking about what he'd seen guys do in porn. She moaned, so he must've done something right. To Eli, it wasn't unpleasant, but all he felt was how physically soft it was. It wasn't arousing in the least. Eli thought about how, if he was with Klitz, he'd be rock hard, but apparently his dick didn't share that sentiment with Sydney. At least she was enjoying herself.

She pulled back and caught her breath. "Do you wanna move to the backseat?"

Eli immediately thought about the last time he was in the backseat. The backseat where he'd sat in Klitz's lap and let Klitz jack him off. He looked behind him at where Klitz sat, just last night, not even twenty four hours ago, and his face lit up red. There was no way he was about to move to the backseat with Sydney, whatever that implied. If she was expecting Eli to fuck her, she was sorely mistaken. It'd probably be really hard to have sex back there anyway, and he wasn't prepared at all.

"Uh, I should actually probably get going," Eli refused as gingerly as possible, but he must've not hidden his nervous expression as well as he thought, because Sydney took it the wrong way and tried to reassure him.

"It's okay, I'm on birth control."

Wow, okay. He had to get out of there.

"I-I, uh, I have a curfew." He definitely didn't, but that was the best excuse he could think of without admitting that he was both a virgin, and—probably the more concerning reason—was not interested in having sex with her at all.

"Aw, man," she pouted.

Eli winced. "Sorry."

"No, it's totally okay! Honestly, car sex on the first date is kinda tacky anyway," she laughed and tossed her hair back. "Trust me, I know."

Eli faked a laugh along with her.

“Well, thanks for taking me out, I had fun.”

“Yeah, me too.”

She got out and leaned down before closing the door. “Call me. If you don’t, I know where you go to school,” she joked.

He watched her go inside and as soon as she was out of sight he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Eli had no idea why the thought of having sex with Sydney freaked him out so bad. If he was being honest, at the beginning of the night, that’s where he was hoping it would go. He didn’t expect himself to have a reaction like that. He drove back to Klitz’s house feeling gross and weirdly guilty. It’s not like Eli cheated on him or anything, because they weren’t in a relationship, but kissing someone else felt weird. Bad weird.

Eli parked in Klitz’s driveway and went inside without knocking. He found Klitz in the living room playing video games with Matt.

“Oh, hey Matt.”

Matt glanced at Eli where he stood in the entrance to the living room. “Hey, Eli. Looking sharp. How was your date?”

Eli looked at Klitz, who met his eye with an unreadable expression.

“Oh yeah, Klitz told me,” Matt said, after Eli didn’t respond. “Sydney Dover?”

“That’s her.” Eli sat on the couch to Klitz’s right. “We went to dinner then made out in her driveway. Got to second base,” Eli bragged, waggling his eyebrows with innuendo.

Klitz scowled but didn’t say anything.

“That’s great, man,” Matt said, politely interested, but his full attention was on the tv.

“Thanks.”

They played video games for a while, passing around two controllers between the three of them. There was a weird tension between Eli and Klitz, and Klitz wouldn’t talk to Eli, only to Matt. It was astonishing that Matt didn’t pick up on it, but he was in his own slump, so Eli couldn’t blame him.

After dying for the last time, Matt sighed and got up from the couch. “Well, I should probably go. Thanks for inviting me over, Klitz. Oh, and congrats on your date, Eli.”

Eli and Klitz stood as well and walked him to the door. After watching Matt drive off, Klitz wordlessly walked back to the living room and turned off the console. He began wrapping up the wires around each of the controllers.

“You don’t wanna keep playing?”

“No,” Klitz said dismissively.

“Okayyyyy.” After watching Klitz put everything away, Eli spoke again. “Is something up?”

“No.”

The silent treatment and one word responses were starting to piss Eli off. “Okay, what’s your problem?”

Klitz stopped and finally turned to him, meeting his eye for the first time since Eli arrived. “I don’t have a problem. I’m happy for you and her.”

“Thanks...”

Klitz crossed his arms over his chest. “You said you got to second base. How was that?” He spoke

clearly and calculatedly, like he was interrogating Eli.

Eli side-eyed him, refusing to play this game. “Fucking fantastic. Super hot, loved every second.”

“Great. I guess now that you’ve got yourself a girlfriend, we can stop “practicing,”” Klitz air-quoted.

That wasn’t what Eli was expecting. “Wait, no—“

“Well, which is it, Eli?”

Eli’s mouth opened and closed as he tried to think of a response. “What, are you jealous or something?” Eli finally settled with deflection.

Klitz rubbed his eyes under his glasses with his thumb and forefinger. “No, Eli, I’m not jealous. I just think it’s shitty of you to try to be in a relationship with her if you’re still planning on keeping whatever this is up,” Klitz gestured between the two of them at the end of his sentence. “It’s not fair to her.”

Why was Klitz giving him some kind of ultimatum? “What do you want from me?”

“I want you to admit that you don’t actually like her.”

“I do like her!” The way Eli’s voice raised in pitch gave him away.

“Really? Cause I think you’re just using her as a beard because you don’t want Troy to think you’re gay.”

Eli glared at him. “That’s not true,” he said coldly.

“So you liked kissing her?”

No. “Yes.”

Klitz crossed the room and stood threateningly over him, forcing Eli to look up at him to maintain eye contact. “More than you like it with me?”

Eli hesitated. “...No.”

With Eli’s admission, Klitz pulled him into a bruising kiss with a hand on the back of his head. Eli groaned in relief, relaxing, letting Klitz take away all the stress from his uncomfortable encounter with Sydney. Klitz threaded his fingers in Eli’s hair and used his grip to pull Eli’s head back, quickly getting him to open his mouth.

Kissing Klitz made Eli aware of the stark differences between kissing a man and kissing a woman. Klitz was taller than him, maybe not much stronger, but he overpowered Eli nonetheless, whereas Sydney expected him to take the lead. Klitz’s lips were firmer, but for some reason, he preferred that to the plush of Sydney’s. They tasted different too—Klitz had this underlying, yet heady, masculine taste that Eli loved and chased on Klitz’s tongue every time they kissed.

Eli savored the way Klitz forced his tongue down Eli’s throat, and his small grunts, and all the little things that he’d experienced with Sydney that were just made better with Klitz. Klitz wrapped his arm around Eli’s waist and pulled him close against him, clearly jealous, even though he denied it. Standing in the middle of the living room, he ravaged Eli’s mouth, kissing him so open mouthed and aggressively, it was like he was trying to devour him.

Eli gave just as good as he got. He nipped at Klitz’s lips and sucked his bottom lip into his mouth, running his tongue over it. He put one hand on the back of Klitz’s neck and mirrored Klitz by wrapping his arm around Klitz’s torso. Their kisses were hard and desperate, not worried about teeth clacking together, and left Eli’s lips red and swollen.

Klitz began to undo the buttons on Eli’s shirt from the bottom up and Eli let him push it off. Klitz wrapped his arm around Eli again and dragged his nails lightly down Eli’s back, making him shiver. Klitz shoved his knee between Eli’s thighs and the pressure made Eli moan and buck against him. Eli grinded down onto Klitz’s thigh and had only just fallen into a rhythm when Klitz drew his leg back and guided Eli backwards towards the couch. Klitz pushed Eli down and sat next to him before pushing on Eli’s chest, getting him to fully lay down. Klitz followed him and straddled Eli’s lap, pinning him to the couch.

He refocused his attention to Eli’s jaw, scraping his teeth down to his neck where he barely kissed before sucking hard. Eli knew this round of hickeys were gonna be super visible and hard to cover

up, and he tugged on Klitz's hair in annoyance. Unfortunately, this had the opposite effect, and Klitz groaned and rolled his hips down. Eli gasped at the feeling. It wasn't exactly new, but Klitz had never straddled him—Eli was smaller so he was always the one in Klitz's lap. He'd never admit it out loud, but he kinda liked being pulled around and manhandled. This time, though, Klitz was in the girl position, but still managed to maintain an air of dominance, using all his weight to pin Eli down, and it felt good.

Klitz moved to Eli's chest and used his tongue to trace one of his previous hickeys that had started to fade before sucking on the same spot again, refreshing the bruise. Between panting breaths, Eli heard Klitz whisper a very faint "mine", said so softly that Eli wasn't even sure he'd actually heard it. "Not jealous?"

Klitz answered with a demanding kiss and Eli groaned into his mouth. He palmed Eli over his jeans, pulling away from the kiss only far enough to ask, "Okay?" against Eli's mouth.

"Yes, please," Eli nodded desperately, and Klitz hastily undid the button and zipper, wasting no time taking Eli in his hand. He gripped him near the head and moved his hand in tiny strokes, not straying far from that position. He slowly circled Eli's slit with his thumb which had Eli whimpering into his mouth. Eli endured it until he had to swat Klitz's hand away from oversensitivity.

The fervor with which Klitz kissed Eli did not match his hand's slow, deliberate pace, and the contrast made Eli's head spin. He jacked him off with a loose fist, barely enough pressure to be satisfying. Every time Eli would try to move his hips faster, Klitz would loosen his hand even more and go even slower, until Eli's hips started to twitch and he couldn't take it anymore.

Eli wrapped his hand around Klitz's, forcing Klitz to tighten his fist, and Eli moaned in relief. Eli guided Klitz's hand how he wanted it and was grateful that Klitz kept up his pace when he let go. Already so wound up, Eli was close within a minute. Eli grabbed whatever was nearest, which happened to be Klitz's thigh, and he mindlessly petted him, not sure if he was trying to soothe Klitz or himself.

" 'm gonna come, Klitz," Eli said breathlessly against his lips.

Klitz broke the kiss and straightened up, and Eli opened his eyes in confusion. He found Klitz's eyes roving over his shirtless chest, taking in the sight of the sporadic hickeys he'd given Eli. Eli was watching Klitz's hand move over his dick, and he groaned, throwing his head back where he was met with Klitz's eyes trained intently on his face. Eli was thrown off for a moment before realizing what Klitz was doing.



Klitz was gonna watch him come.

Eli thought back on all their past encounters and how he'd seen what Klitz looked like when he came, but Klitz had never seen him. They were either kissing, or that one time Eli's face was buried against Klitz's thigh. Eli got shy, the anxiety of being watched left him wanting to hide his face with his hands, but Klitz started twisting his wrist and focused his strokes near the head, stimulating his frenulum, and Eli couldn't hold out.

The building heat in his stomach snapped and his eyes rolled back and his mouth dropped open on a moan as he came on his stomach. His grip on Klitz's thigh turned painful as his cock kicked out ropes of come. Klitz stroked him through it, and Eli didn't open his eyes until he heard the zipper of Klitz's own pants. He watched as Klitz began quickly jacking himself off over Eli.

"Can I come on you?" Klitz said, his voice wavering.

God, Klitz was gonna kill Eli if he didn't stop saying shit like that. "Hell yeah."

It didn't take him long to finish either, and he came on Eli's stomach.

Klitz breathed hard through his nose as he came down. Eli held intense eye contact with him for an uncomfortable amount of time until Klitz leaned down and kissed him deeply, but no longer hurriedly. "Was that too much?"

Abso-fucking-lutely not. "No way, dude," Eli shook his head.

Klitz kissed him one last time before tucking himself back into his underwear and zipping up his pants. He got off of Eli and went to the kitchen where Eli heard a drawer opening and the sink turning on and off. Klitz returned with a wet dish rag, which he handed to Eli. Eli wiped both of their come off his stomach, and put his shirt back on. Klitz drove him home without a word. The weird tension between them was back, but it was different than earlier. It was more of an elephant in the room type situation. Klitz had something to say, but Eli knew he wasn't going to, because if he was, he would've said it already.

Before Eli got out of the car, Klitz spoke, "Eli."

Eli turned to him and waited for him to go on.

“You have to tell her.”

Eli looked away and nodded. Klitz was right; Eli knew it wouldn't be fair to Sydney for him to fuck around with Klitz if he tried to date her, because, if he's being honest, he hadn't even thought about that before asking Sydney out. He didn't think about how he and Klitz would have to go back to normal, but if he had, he never would've asked Sydney out in the first place. He kinda fucked everything up by giving Sydney hope when he was just gonna turn around and tell her that he actually wasn't interested. Klitz hadn't given him an ultimatum so much as knocked some common sense into him. He was going to have to choose one over the other in the end. It kinda bugged Eli that Klitz didn't even ask Eli who he'd choose before assuming that he would be Eli's choice. It bugged Eli even more that Klitz was right.

Yeah. Eli had to tell her.

But what the fuck was he even supposed to say?

## Chapter End Notes

My boy is so gay it's painful to write this dumbass

# Chapter 10

## Chapter Summary

Eli breaks the news to Sydney and then also breaks everything else after that.

## Chapter Notes

Sorry chapters are coming out a lot slower, I feel like I'm putting more effort into them so they're taking longer. Trigger warnings for homophobia and crying during sex (not in a bad way, Eli just gets super turned on LMAO) I don't know if that's a potential trigger, but just thought I'd add it anyway. Hope y'all like!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Eli was up all night tossing and turning.

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't fall asleep, couldn't get his mind to quiet down. Every time he closed his eyes, all he could see was the frustration and hurt in Klitz's eyes and the naive admiration from Sydney. There was no way she could've known that this is how it would end up. She had been so excited when Eli asked her out, which made what he had to do all the more heartbreaking.

What could he say to her that would be believable while still withholding knowledge of the truth? It wasn't like he could just go up to her and say "hey Sydney, I had a great time last night except I can't date you because I'm fucking my guy best friend". Even the hypothetical made his stomach roll over with nausea. The whole situation made him feel ill. He was kept awake, plagued by thoughts of everything that could possibly go wrong.

Eli wasn't great with words in the first place. Nothing he ever said was eloquent or graceful, he often stumbled over his speech. He could easily come up with a joke or a comeback, but that was different from something he had to take seriously. There was a very real possibility that he might slip up and say something incriminating and be exposed.

That also made everyone else finding out a very real possibility. Sydney, as lovely as she was, had a tendency to gossip about pretty much anything that happened, ever. Even if he didn't fuck up what he was gonna say, it was almost guaranteed that Sydney would tell all of her friends about the "breakup". Eli wouldn't be surprised if she already told them about their date.

He also had to make it seem like he was still interested. It would be super suspicious for him to tell her he couldn't date her just because he didn't want to. Nobody didn't want to date Sydney.

His eyes burned and he glared at his alarm clock when it told him it was nearly four am, as if that was its fault. He rolled over to the other side of his bed where he wouldn't be lying in a puddle of sweat. It was slightly cooler but didn't do much to help his nervous sweating, it just made him shiver.

He closed his eyes in frustration and made another attempt to fall asleep. He laid still for about five minutes, even took deep breaths in through his nose and out through his mouth, like how his parents had told him before when he couldn't sleep. It didn't work. Instead of the deep breathing calming him, it just made him angrier.

"This is so fucking stupid," Eli muttered as he kicked off his covers and got out of bed. Sleeping was obviously not working, and he was hot—he ought to be doing something productive rather than stewing in his own sweat and self pity. He went to the bathroom and ran a shower, not bothering with turning on the hot water. He gasped as the cold water pelted his skin and made him break out in goosebumps.

He stood in the stream, getting used to the temperature.

He tried to scrub his body of his anxiety, letting it run down the drain with the soap and bubbles.

As he washed his hair, he thought about how he had to get out of this mindset that he was bound to mess it up. If he kept thinking like that, he would psych himself out and actually fuck up for real, which he couldn't let happen under any circumstances.

He had to come up with something real, something that would work; he didn't have a choice.

He got out of the shower and dressed in fresh clothes and instead of getting back into his own bed, he went to the guest bedroom.

He pulled back the comforter and got into bed. The sheets were stiff and smelled faintly like dust from disuse, but they were cool against his skin and he finally began to relax.

His eyes got heavier and heavier as he stared at the ceiling and eventually, sleep overtook him.

He woke up the next morning to his doorbell being rung repeatedly. Whoever was ringing it was obviously impatient. He looked around, disoriented and feeling like he'd been hit by a small truck. He blinked slowly several times until he regained enough consciousness to realize that he was sleeping in the guest room and didn't have his alarm to wake him up.

God damnit.

He rushed out of bed and into his own room, checking the time on his alarm clock. The clock that was currently beeping obnoxiously, and had been, presumably, for the past thirty fucking minutes.

The ringing must be coming from Klitz, then.

He grabbed his phone off his nightstand and flipped it open to find four missed calls, all from Klitz. He groaned in annoyance and rushed to get dressed for school before going to the bathroom where he quickly brushed his teeth because, contrary to popular belief, he wasn't *that* gross, then washed his face to get the sleep out of his eyes. At least he'd showered during the night and wouldn't be going to school all sweaty. He looked at himself in the mirror, the state of his eyes catching his attention. Light purple circles under his eyes made them look even more downturned and sad.

He checked his outfit as well, making sure he was at least decently presentable, and noticed a red spot on his neck.

He pulled down his collar to see it better and, yep, that was a fucking hickey.

Fucking great, Klitz, thanks a lot.

He dug through a drawer in the vanity where he'd tossed the concealer that he'd used on the last hickey Klitz had so lovingly bestowed upon him. Eli rolled his eyes.

He smeared the concealer on the bruise and rubbed it in with his fingers. It was still partially visible and the concealer was way lighter than his actual skin tone, but nobody would notice unless

they were standing super close to him. It'd be fine.

He bounded down the stairs and grabbed his bag, before unlocking the door to find Klitz pacing on his porch looking down at his phone. Eli was surprised he waited for him that long.

When Klitz heard the door open he looked up, concern on his face turning to anger. "What the fuck dude?! I called you like fifty times! I thought you were fucking dead or something!"

"Sorry. Couldn't sleep last night, must've slept through my alarm," Eli said as he locked his front door.

"And slept through me ringing the doorbell too?" Klitz said with irritation.

Eli turned to him and threw his arms up in an *I don't know what you want me to say* gesture.

Klitz let out a harsh breath of frustration. "Are you okay at least?"

"Yeah. Fine. Just tired."

On the drive to school, Eli went over the two objectives he'd come up with during his sleepless night. The apology and the not quite breakup. He decided to get the apology over with. Eli thought about how upset Klitz had been yesterday. How aggressively he'd kissed him like he was staking a claim or trying to get a point across or something. It was super sexy, but it probably wasn't the healthiest approach to sex, and it definitely didn't make up for the fact that Eli hurt Klitz.

Eli had been stupid and selfish and ended up hurting two people because he was thinking with his dick and not his brain. That was pretty on par for him, but there was no denying that this time he took it too far.

Alright, the apology. Here goes nothing.

"Um," Eli broke the silence. "I'm sorry."

“For what?”

Well... wait, what was Eli sorry for? He and Klitz weren't dating. It's not like Eli cheated on him. But it felt weird, and Eli felt the need to apologize anyway.

“For, uh... kissing someone else.”

“Oh. It's fine, man.” Klitz tried to make it seem like he didn't care, but Eli saw the shift in his demeanor. Klitz was relieved.

Alright, one down, one to go.

They arrived at school and Eli and Klitz sat in the parking lot with the few minutes they had before the morning bell rang.

“Did you figure out what to tell Sydney?”

Actually, he did.

He would tell her that he thought it would be a bad idea to get into a relationship so late in the year when they were both about to go away to college in a few months. It was foolproof and completely reasonable.

It didn't really explain his sudden change of heart though, since he seemed so eager yesterday. He could say he did some thinking overnight, which technically wasn't a lie.

Sydney would probably agree with Eli's reasoning. Yesterday, Eli had learned that Sydney was super academically oriented and had been accepted into Columbia University, which was practically on the other side of the country. Long distance with your high school sweetheart never worked out. Eli would convince her that this was for the best, and they'd stay friends, and everything would go back to normal, and he could keep kissing Klitz, and everyone would live happily ever after.

Unfortunately, there was a reason ‘happily ever after’ only existed in fairy tales.

At the beginning of English class, Sydney had walked over to Eli where he was already sitting at his desk and kissed him on the cheek. Eli smiled at her and pretended like everything was fine and dandy, but everything was not fine and dandy in the slightest. It was really sweet of her—Sydney was such an amazing girl—which made this so much more difficult.

Not difficult, emotionally, per se; difficult because it would look suspicious that he was turning down an opportunity to be with her. Any guy in their class would want a summer fling with Sydney, even if they both knew they’d have to break up a few months later. That was the main problem. There was no real excuse for Eli to turn down a summer fling, especially since there was a chance that Sydney would be cool with that. He’d just have to rely on the chance that she wouldn’t.

After class, Sydney turned to him and smiled sweetly before leaving. She didn’t know it, but she was actually really helping Eli out. Putting on a performance in front of Troy without even realizing. Eli knew he was the biggest asshole for using her like that, but he was dealing with a lot of shit, so he’d have to put feeling bad about it on the back burner. At least Troy would be taken care of for a little while.

After school, Eli went to the gym. Sydney had told Eli that she was in track and had practice after school every day, so he figured he could catch her at the locker rooms and tell her before practice. Regrettably, this plan meant that there was a risk Sydney would have to go to practice in a bad mood, but there was no way Eli was delaying more than he had to.

Sorry, Sydney. Eli’s gotta look out for number one.

He found her walking in the middle of a large group of other girls to the locker rooms carrying a gym bag. She was laughing at something one of the girls must’ve said and Eli felt so fucking guilty.

He wasn’t sure how to get her attention without interrupting the group, but luckily, she noticed Eli, saving him the awkward interaction with her friends who he knew for a fact didn’t think very highly of him.



“Oh, hey Eli!” She jogged over to him and pressed a brief, very unexpected kiss to his lips.

“Uh, hi,” he smiled nervously. “Can I talk to you real quick?” Eli glanced at the group behind them who were waiting for Sydney. All of the girls broke out into an ‘oooooh’ and Eli blushed. At least they didn’t automatically think it was something bad.

“Sure.” Sydney turned to the group and waved them off. “Guys, stoooooop,” she said, giggly.

Sydney handed her gym bag to one of the girls before Eli took her hand and led her away from the group. “Do you know anywhere, um... private?” He lowered his voice in case anyone happened to be in earshot.

Sydney’s eyes got wide and a flirty grin spread on her face. Fuck, she probably thought Eli wanted to have some sort of fucked up school sex.

“Yes. Follow me.” Sydney walked off down the long, dim hallway of the gym locker room corridor. Eli followed Sydney to an old, abandoned looking girl’s dressing room, where she held the door open for him. He stood at the entrance and refused to go inside.

“That’s the girl’s,” he protested.

Sydney rolled her eyes. “Just come on, nobody’s in there.” Eli hesitantly walked into the room, feeling like he was breaking the law. “You’re insane if you think I’m going in the boy’s.” Sydney followed him into the room and locked the door behind her before turning around and pressing her back to it with a cheeky smile.

Eli didn’t know what he was expecting, but the room was just a basic dressing room. A long counter was bolted to the wall with an equally long mirror above it. It smelled like dust, and old perfume still lingered in the air even after the room obviously had not been used for a good while. There was a set of lockers across from the mirrored wall. It looked more like a room that belonged in the performing arts building for people in plays or some shit to get dressed in than a locker room in a gym.

Sydney crossed the room from where she was standing at the door to Eli, wrapped her arms around Eli’s waist and kissed him, harder than she had done in front of her friends and it caught Eli off guard. Eli had been secretly hoping that last night was a fluke and he was only freaked out from Sydney kissing him because he was intimidated. He halfway expected himself to enjoy it this time

and would have to tell Klitz he changed his mind.

Eli wished that was the case.

Things were starting to go way too far with Klitz—not like they hadn't from the very beginning—but Eli found himself wanting it more and more as each day passed. He wasn't sure if he could stop even if he wanted to, which was absolutely terrifying. Hell, he had tried to stop; that was the whole reason he was with Sydney in the first place. And he couldn't even do that.

This 'not thing' seemed like it was rapidly approaching 'thing' territory, and that was dangerous. Mainly because Eli wasn't gay and if he had a thing with Klitz then people would think he was gay. How was he supposed to get women if people thought he was gay?

To Eli's dismay, kissing Sydney didn't feel any better than it did last night. It was still cold and, despite Sydney's enthusiasm, was unwelcoming. Eli resisted the urge to recoil and shove her away. Instead, he gently pushed her back with a hand on her shoulder so that he could speak.

"Um, so listen," Eli started, going over the script he had prepared in his head. "I had a great time with you last night."

Sydney's smile faded slightly. She'd probably heard those words before. She probably knew where this was going. "But...?" she offered.

"But," Eli accepted, "I don't think it's a good idea for us to date."

Sydney stepped back and tilted her head as she frowned. "Why not?"

"I just," Eli looked at the ceiling and rubbed at his neck anxiously, playing up how guilty he felt to hopefully sell it better. "I think we—" Eli looked back down at her, ready to deliver his prepared excuse, but paused when he saw her no longer looking at his face.

She was looking at his neck.

Oh shit. Shit shit shit.

Eli looked at his palm and found the concealer smudged there, now doing its job concealing on his hand rather than on his neck where it should be.

Sydney reached out and rubbed away the remaining concealer with her thumb, revealing the rest of the bruise. “That wasn’t there last night, was it?” she asked.

Eli stood there, mouth hanging open at a loss for words. She wasn’t supposed to see that. He hadn’t come up with an excuse for that. What was he supposed to say to explain that?

Sydney had gone off script and Eli didn’t have a backup plan. A wave of nausea hit him as he realized he was trapped with no excuse and no plan and no way to explain without giving himself away. He went red in the face as he recalled the events taking place that were the reason he had a hickey. It was because he was fucking around with Klitz. Klitz, who was a man. A man gave him a hickey. The realization caused a nasty mix of panic and fear to develop inside him, and his brain began to shut down.

“Were you with another girl last night?” Sydney asked, anger edging her voice.

Oh god, Eli didn’t want Sydney to be mad at him. He still wanted to stay friends with her, and telling her he got a hickey from some other girl on the same night as their date would be the easiest way to make sure that didn’t happen.

Unable to think clearly, Eli did his best to reassure, “No, Sydney, not a girl—” but stopped when his brain caught up with him and he realized what he had just said.

Not a girl.

Sydney raised her eyebrows at him in shock. “Not... a girl...?” She spoke slowly, like she wasn’t sure if Eli was joking or not.

Three little words.

Three little words that instantly managed to completely fuck everything up.

“No— I mean, yes,” Eli babbled, trying to fix his slip up.

“Were you with a boy?” Sydney raised her voice.

Everyone knew about fight or flight. It was an instinctual reaction to a threat, kicking in when one was faced with danger. Unfortunately, Eli was currently experiencing the lesser known freeze.

He stood stock still, eyes wide with fear, not knowing how to continue from there. His chest was tight and he could feel tears forming in his eyes. “Sydney, I—” his voice caught in his throat. His breathing picked up and his vision turned fuzzy at the edges. He was so fucked. Everyone was gonna find out.

Sydney watched Eli gradually begin to break down, and her expression turned from anger and confusion, to worry, finally understanding what was going on. “Eli,” she walked to where Eli hadn’t even noticed he’d backed away and placed a comforting hand on his shoulder, getting his attention.

Eli jumped and looked at her, eyes filled with tears, panicked and terrified. “I’m not gay, I swear.”

“Take a deep breath,” she tried to slow his spiral. She guided Eli through a few deep, shuddering breaths until he wasn’t so lightheaded from hyperventilating and the lump in his throat went down enough that he could speak again.

Eli was stuck.

He couldn’t exactly deny that he was with a boy now that he’d totally lost his shit over it. He didn’t have to confirm it verbally; he took care of that with his fucking panic attack.

“I can’t explain,” he whispered, not trusting his voice. “I want to, but I can’t.”

“It’s okay,” she said sympathetically.

Eli scrunched his eyes shut tight and his tears fell.

“Hey, Eli, it’s okay, seriously.” Sydney pulled him into a light hug. He didn’t reciprocate, his arms hanging heavily at his sides.

“I’m sorry.”

Sydney pulled away and adjusted the lapels of his jacket. “You know, I think we’re better off as friends anyway,” she smiled gently at him.

Just like Klitz does.

Eli nodded and wiped his eyes roughly with the back of his hand, mad at himself for crying. “Um... please don’t tell anyone,” he said shamefully.

“Of course not.” Sydney held up her pinky. “Not a soul. Pinky swear.”

Eli locked his pinky with hers. Sydney walked him out with an arm around his shoulders. “Don’t worry about it, Eli,” she said. “I’ll see you.” She waved before jogging off to the main locker rooms.

Sydney was so calm about this. Eli came to school expecting Sydney to be the upset one. He can’t believe he broke down like that in front of her. That was the most humiliating experience of his life. His eyes and face burned red. He looked at the ground for the entire walk to the parking lot, holding himself back from breaking into a full on sprint to get away from the school as fast as he could.

Eli opened the passenger door and fell into the car, immediately burying his face in his hands, embarrassed, and humiliated, and scared. So fucking scared.

There was no way he could be sure that Sydney wouldn’t tell anyone. She might think it’s harmless to just tell her bff, just cause she tells her everything. But then her bff might tell someone else with the same mindset, then everyone is telling everyone, and before he knew it, the whole school would know.

“Eli?” Klitz asked, concerned.

“Sydney knows,” Eli said, his voice muffled behind his hands.

“What?!”

“She doesn’t, like, *know* know. I didn’t say anything about you.”

“Why did you say anything about it at all? What happened to the original plan?” Klitz sounded mad.

Eli lifted his head and glared at Klitz. How dare he be mad at Eli when it was his fault Sydney found out. “She saw the hickey on my neck. You know, the hickey you gave me? Remember that?”

Klitz glanced down at Eli’s neck and his cheeks tinted red with guilt.

Eli sighed and continued. “She asked if I was with another girl and I pretty much accidentally told her I was with a dude. She promised not to tell anyone though.”

“And you believed her?”

Eli looked at him in disbelief. “Are you fucking serious, Klitz? What should I have done? Make her take a fucking blood oath?”

“You should’ve not told her in the first place!”

“You think I meant to?!”

“How do you “accidentally” tell someone you were with a guy?”

Eli turned in his seat to face Klitz. “You know what? Fuck you, dude. It’s your fucking fault for sucking on my neck like you’re trying to mark your fucking territory. Stop pouting because I’m not a fucking faggot like you!”

Eli instantly regretted saying it.

Klitz flinched at Eli’s harsh words, hurt painting across his face before his mouth set in a hard line and his eyebrows drew together in anger. He looked like he wanted to snap back with his own hurtful remark, but instead shook his head and looked down at his hands in his lap. “I’m sorry, Eli.” Eli couldn’t quite make out the tone of his voice. He thought it was maybe anger or guilt, but also recognized a note of disappointment.

Eli wished he could take it back.

“Just take me home,” he said shortly.

The ride home was silent. Eli sat slumped in his seat with his arms crossed. He was pissed at Klitz, pissed at the hickey, pissed at the whole situation in general, but when they got back to Eli’s house, asked Klitz to stay with him anyway.

Eli unlocked the front door and dropped his bag on the ground in the entryway haphazardly, kicking it out of the way so he wouldn’t trip on it later. Klitz followed him inside and took Eli’s keys out of the lock before shutting the door behind him. Before Eli could walk away, Klitz put his hand on Eli’s shoulder and turned him around so they were facing each other.

Eli let Klitz pull him into a hug. Eli wrapped his arms around Klitz and gripped handfuls of his jacket. He wanted to fight and kick and punch and yell, but instead he began to tear up again. He buried his face in the crook of Klitz’s neck and leaned some of his weight into him, letting Klitz hold him up. Klitz rubbed his back soothingly and it wasn’t until then that Eli realized how tired he was. Eli let the tears roll down his cheeks and land on the collar of Klitz’s jacket. Klitz petted Eli’s hair and held him tightly.

Eli pulled away after way too long and looked up at Klitz. Klitz looked at him, apology written all over his face. “I’m sorry.”

Eli searched Klitz's face, but Klitz's eyes never left Eli's. He didn't look at Eli's lips this time. He didn't ask Eli if he could kiss him, he didn't even try to. How fucked was it that Eli wanted him to, even after all that?

Klitz wouldn't though. Not after what Eli said.

Eli's stomach rolled over with guilt. Klitz probably thought Eli thought he was disgusting or something. Eli could try to say he didn't mean it like that, but there wasn't much else he could've meant by it. But Eli didn't think Klitz was disgusting. Eli thought Eli was disgusting.

"Yeah. Me too."

Klitz finally released Eli and they went to the living room together where Eli grabbed the tv remote. He flopped down onto the couch like his body was dead weight before began flipping through channels. He yawned. He could seriously go for a nap.

Klitz went to the kitchen and brought back two bottles of water and a bottle of tylenol, which Eli gratefully accepted. "Thanks." He had a killer headache.

Klitz sat next to him on the couch, but they didn't talk like they usually did. Eli rested his head on the back cushion of the couch, nodding off. He wanted to try to take a nap, but it was proving difficult. Every time he thought he'd found a comfortable position, a crick would form in his neck about five minutes later.

Klitz must've noticed because he grabbed a pillow and put it on his lap. "Eli." Eli looked over at him and Klitz patted the pillow. Eli squinted at Klitz, a refusal resting ready on the tip of his tongue, but that did look really comfortable, and Eli was mind-numbingly tired.

"Fine. But I'm still mad at you," Eli clarified, making sure Klitz didn't think this was some kind of truce. He kicked his shoes off, then scooted around until he was able to fully lay down on the couch, and rested his head on the pillow in Klitz's lap.

"Okay," Klitz said, so painfully gentle and kind, despite Eli's cruelty toward him earlier. Klitz was always too patient and forgiving with Eli, that it made Klitz easy to blame. It might be unfair that Eli stayed mad at Klitz when Eli was also at a huge fault. Klitz had full reason to be angry with Eli—he just... wasn't.



“Are you mad at me?”

“No.”

He should be. It would be easier if he was.

The two watched tv together, and Klitz idly ran his fingers through Eli's hair. Eli relaxed, exhaustion finally catching up to him. His mind cleared and he started to worry less about what Sydney knew. She'd pinky promised she wouldn't tell anyone, and despite Klitz's doubt, Eli felt like he could trust her to keep that promise. It was a pinky promise for christ's sake.

“I'm not mad at you anymore,” Eli said after a while, turning his head to look up at Klitz.

Klitz looked down at him and smiled softly. “Okay.”

Eli's eyelids began to get heavy and he slowly let them slip closed, soothed to sleep with Klitz's hand in his hair.

What felt like seconds later, Eli was awoken by the shrill ringing of someone's phone. He opened his eyes and squinted up at Klitz, groggy and disoriented.

“Sorry,” Klitz said, slightly jostling Eli as he took his phone out of the front pocket of his pants. He looked at the screen before flipping it open and putting it to his ear. “Hey, Matt.” A short pause. “No, I'm not doing anything.” Klitz played with a strand of Eli's hair while he spoke on the phone. Eli could hear the faint murmur of Matt's voice through the phone, but he couldn't make out what he was saying. “Uh, yeah, we can.” Another pause. “No, I'm at Eli's.”

“Hey, Matt,” Eli said as if to confirm, loud enough that Matt would be able to hear him. He heard a faint “hey Eli” in response from the speaker.

Klitz held the phone away from his face far enough to speak to Eli so that he wasn't talking directly to Matt as well. “Do you wanna get something to eat with Matt?” Klitz asked softly.

At the mere mention of food, Eli's stomach growled, and he realized he hadn't eaten all day.  
"Yeah, I could eat."

Klitz returned the phone to his ear. "I can pick you up...alright see you soon." Klitz closed his phone and looked down at Eli.

"How long was I asleep?"

"Like four hours."

Eli sat up abruptly and noticed Klitz's position on the couch, pretty much the exact same as when he'd first sat down. "Jesus christ! You didn't move for four hours?"

Klitz shrugged. "I didn't wanna wake you up. You said you didn't sleep well last night."

How dare Klitz care about Eli.

Now that he was fully awake, Eli noticed how rested he felt. Most of the anxiety from earlier had dissipated. He rubbed his eyes and stood up from the couch, his back making a sickly cracking sound as he stretched. "So, where are we going?"

The three friends sat at a booth in McDonald's, Klitz and Eli on one side and Matt on the other. Eli made sure he was sitting an appropriate friend distance away from Klitz. It wasn't like Matt would think anything strange was up if Eli and Klitz did sit close, they were all really good friends, it wasn't like anything was out of the ordinary. Just two bros sitting next to each other. Two friends. Nothing else.

"Is that a hickey?"

Eli choked on his drink.

"Oh shit," Matt laughed.

Eli's face scrunched up in pain from accidentally snorting carbonated drink through his nose. "Fuck, dude," he said as he squeezed the bridge of his nose.

"Sorry, man," Matt apologized. "Didn't mean to expose you or anything."

Eli paled at the word 'expose'. He didn't want to talk about that anymore, but he hadn't really told Matt about the date, and if he tried to avoid the topic, he'd look suspicious.

Eli recovered from his initial reaction and put on a fake smirk. "Uh, yeah, that's a hickey."

Klitz shifted on the bench next to him.

"That's sweet, dude," Matt said, finishing off his fries. "So are you guys dating then?"

"What? No," Eli said, before realizing Matt wasn't talking about the one who gave him the hickey. Shit. "I mean, yeah," Eli corrected, perhaps a little too quickly. He went with the lying route this time since the truth, as accidental as it was, didn't go too well earlier. At Matt's raised eyebrow, Eli deepened the lie. "She said she doesn't really wanna tell anyone yet. So, uh, if you ask her, she'll probably be... weird about it."

Eli actually didn't know how Sydney would respond if someone asked her if she and Eli were dating. They hadn't exactly gone over specifics.

Matt nodded in understanding. "Nice. That's really great, Eli, I'm happy for you."

"Thanks."

"Damn," Matt said, shaking his head like he couldn't believe Eli's luck. "Sydney Dover."

Damn was right. Sydney was gorgeous, smart, had an amazing personality, outgoing, popular, pretty much everything anyone could want in a girlfriend. Yet Eli still didn't want her. He wanted Klitz.

After they all finished their food and sat around for a little while after that, they all drove back to Matt's house.

"What about you, Matt? How's things with Danielle?" Eli asked over his shoulder after remembering that the lack of Danielle was why Matt was hanging out with them again.

Matt sighed and stared out the window dramatically. "I haven't talked to her."

"You could try apologizing?" Klitz suggested.

"I know, but she hasn't really been around and I'm too scared to actually talk to her. She was really upset at the motel."

"Man up and talk to her, dude," Eli said. "She's a pornstar, apologize so you can fuck her." Eli accidentally said the last part while looking at Klitz, and blushed before looking away.

Both Klitz and Matt groaned in annoyance at Eli's comment.

"Come on, man," Klitz said.

"You're a dick, Eli. It's your fault in the first place that I'm even in this situation. All you care about is sex and porn, I'm surprised Sydney agreed to date you," Matt snapped venomously.

Boy, was Eli good at saying the wrong thing.

The rest of the drive to Matt's house was quiet. When Matt got out of the car, he only said goodbye to Klitz.

"Wow, awkward."

“Eli–“

“Whatever,” Eli dismissed, cutting Klitz off. He didn’t want another lecture on how he’s an idiot, he didn’t want to talk about it anymore. He wanted a distraction. “Wanna go back to my place?”

There was hardly any confusion about what going back to Eli’s place meant. Sure, Eli and Klitz hung out a lot as friends, but lately, pretty much every time they hung out they ended up having sex. They couldn’t even use the “practicing” excuse anymore because what they were practicing could never be applicable to a woman. Unless that woman had a dick. Eli and Klitz had come to a mutual agreement that they were just doing this because they liked it at this point. They weren’t gonna talk about it, but they both knew it was stupid to keep pretending they were doing it for any reason besides the fact that they just wanted to.

So that’s how Eli ended up underneath Klitz once again as the two made out on Eli’s bed.

There was still a little bit of tension remaining between the two. Eli never properly apologized for what he said in the car after school, so getting Klitz to kiss him again had taken a little bit of convincing. Fortunately, it was slowly dissipating, Eli apologizing with his kisses rather than with his words. He was better at that anyway, and Klitz seemed to accept it.

They relaxed into each other and nipped at each other’s lips, and Eli even gave Klitz his very own hickey. “Payback,” he teased as he sucked on Klitz’s neck, low enough that the collar of most of Klitz’s shirts would hide it.

Their kisses were lazy and casual, and apart from Klitz’s small grinds down against Eli every so often, it wasn’t really leading up to anything.

Eli did have something in mind, though.

He’d been rereading his magazine and rewatching his gay porn pretty often. Really often. It was actually the only porn he’d been watching since he got it. He noticed new things every time and eventually he did some research, starting off with the perineum and why the guys in the magazine insisted on it. That led him to the discovery of the prostate, which was pretty much the dude g-spot. No wonder it felt so good.

He'd gone down a gay rabbit hole and learned some weird shit he could've probably gone his whole life without knowing about, but that wasn't important right now. What mattered right now were the dick sucking things he'd learned.

Asking Klitz to do it the first time had been petrifying, but Klitz was into it. Now that Eli knew that, it shouldn't still be scary to ask, but he still found himself hesitant.

"Hey Klitz?"

"Yeah?"

"Uh..."

"What?"

"Can I... you know..."

Klitz pulled back and gave him a smug look. "Do I?"

Eli knew for a fact that Klitz knew what Eli was trying to ask, but he was gonna make Eli say it anyway. Sadistic asshole.

Two could play that game.

Eli kissed Klitz and tugged his bottom lip down with his teeth. "Let me suck your dick?" Eli tried to sound as confident as possible asking it because he knew Klitz was expecting him to be shy. Nah, fuck that.

Klitz blushed at Eli's sudden, unexpected change in tone. "Oh. Y-yeah," Klitz stuttered. "Please."

Who's flustered now, bitch?

“Get off,” Eli said, pushing Klitz off and onto his back next to Eli on the bed. Klitz scooted up to the top of the bed and sat against the headboard. He unzipped his pants and pushed them and his boxers down, but only enough to get his dick out. That wasn’t going to work for what Eli had in mind. “No, take them off. All the way,” Eli said.

Klitz blushed even harder at the demand, but obeyed and pushed his pants all the way off and kicked them off the side of the bed. Klitz spread his legs so that Eli could lay between them.

Eli was somewhat familiar with how to do it now. He’d only done it once before, but it wasn’t exactly rocket science.

Eli gripped the base of Klitz’s half hard dick and licked the head. Klitz hissed at the first contact. He pumped Klitz’s dick until he was fully hard. Then he could really get to work.

Eli gathered spit in his mouth and licked long stripes up and down Klitz’s cock, spreading it all over. Lube was important.

He took the tip into his mouth and sucked lightly before going down a couple inches and retreating. He was determined to get Klitz back for how much he liked to tease Eli. He focused on the head, knowing that was the most sensitive area. Klitz’s thighs spasmed every time Eli poked his tongue into the slit.

He took him more fully into his mouth again and tilted his head to the side, the head of Klitz’s cock creating a bulge from the inside of his mouth. Klitz reached down and touched himself through Eli’s cheek.

“Holy shit, dude,” Klitz said, voice full of awe.

“Mmm,” Eli hummed in agreement.

Klitz’s hand made its way to Eli’s hair from his cheek and he gripped it lightly. Eli tilted Klitz’s dick around in his mouth, and began to bob his head again. He sucked Klitz slowly, going down further and further with each pass, and hit his throat with the tip, purposefully gagging himself.

Eli had read about that. It seemed kinda weird to gag himself on purpose, but he’d seen that it helped with warming up his throat so he wouldn’t be worried about gagging while he’s actually

trying to put it in his throat. It kinda just got the first one out of the way so he could continue more confidently.

Surprisingly, it worked. Eli got himself down far enough that the tip of Klitz's cock just barely blocked his airway. That would have for sure made him gag, but he didn't, simply because he wasn't afraid to. Funny how that works.

Eli pulled off and took a few deep breaths. He honed in all his attention to what he was about to attempt. He took Klitz back into his mouth while relaxing his throat, and got a little more than halfway down Klitz's cock before gagging and pulling off again. He blinked away the tears that had formed and let them roll down his face so he could see clearly.

Eli didn't care if it was only his second time sucking dick, he was determined to suck *all* of Klitz's dick. He took a deep breath and went slowly. Klitz's grip on Eli's hair got tighter as Eli took him further and further. Eli knew Klitz wouldn't slam him down and make him swallow or anything like that, but the hand on his head was a little nerve wracking.

Klitz made small quiet moans as Eli's throat massaged his cock. Eli went up and down, relaxing his throat more each time, getting used to the feeling of something obstructing his breathing. It took a few attempts but eventually, Eli had managed to get all of Klitz's nine-something inches in his throat, his nose pressed against Klitz's pubes.

Klitz was so big. It felt like he was touching Eli's lungs.

He looked up and made eye contact with Klitz through wet eyelashes.

Klitz's mouth was hanging open and he was taking small panting breaths, as if Eli was strangling Klitz while his throat strangled his cock.

"Oh my god," Klitz groaned, and the sound went straight to Eli's own dick.

Eli was so proud of himself. He'd read that deepthroating took practice and was difficult, and here Eli was with all of Klitz's cock in his throat. Apparently he was just a natural cocksucker.

He pulled off and grinned at Klitz smugly, blinking away tears and wiping spit off his chin.



He did it.

He deepthroated Klitz. Klitz's huge dick. The biggest dick Eli had ever seen in his life.

The thought alone was seriously getting Eli off. He had no clue why sucking dick was such a turn on, but he savored every part—the way it felt in his mouth, hot and heavy on his tongue, when it would twitch and pulse out more precum. Eli was loath to admit, even to himself, that he liked it. A lot.

“That was so good, Eli.”

The praise made him blush and he pressed a kiss to the head of Klitz's dick. He liked making Klitz feel good.

Eli tried it again, just to see if he could. He could. He moved his mouth up and down Klitz's cock, alternating between taking him from tip to root in long bobs of his head and shorter bobs where he focused near the head and teased the slit. He was pulling some pretty sexy noises out of Klitz, and welcomed it when Klitz pulled his hair this time.

Eli pulled off all the way but continued to slowly jack Klitz off while he gave his jaw a break. Sucking dick was hard work, and Klitz's girth meant he had to open his mouth pretty wide. Eli used his other hand to cup Klitz's balls, figuring now was a good time to try the prostate thing. He also just really wanted to actually see Klitz's reaction.

Eli's hand was in a good position. He kept a steady pace on Klitz's cock and used his first two knuckles to press up against the space behind Klitz's balls.

Klitz moaned loudly and his cock jerked hard in front of Eli's face. That was hot.

“What the fuck was that?” he asked a few moments later, panting for breath.

“G-spot for dudes.”

“I thought that was in the ass?”

“There’s this whole thing about it,” Eli dismissed the topic, not really interested in giving an anatomy lesson in the middle of sucking Klitz’s dick.

Eli pressed again, but this time applied a constant pressure and began to rub in small circles.

Klitz choked on a moan and his hips bucked up. His cock drooled out precum like crazy. “*Fuck* Eli,” he moaned breathily.

Eli grinned wide as he watched Klitz fall apart, literally, under his own two hands. “Yeah? That feel good, Klitzzy?” Eli knew the answer, but he wanted to hear Klitz say it.

Klitz’s eyes were closed and his head was tilted back in pleasure. “Yes, fuck, so good.”

Eli spread the new precum down Klitz’s cock and took him back into his mouth. Klitz placed both hands in Eli’s hair and used his grip to gently guide Eli’s head as he fucked his mouth. At first, the thought of Klitz having so much control like that over Eli worried him, but he was now finding out that he actually really enjoyed it. He trusted Klitz to not hurt him, so he relaxed and went down further and let Klitz thrust into his throat.

The new pressure had Klitz groaning, “Wait wait, Eli, I’m close.”

It was nice of Klitz to warn him. Also nice of him to pull Eli off of him last time, automatically assuming Eli didn’t want come in his mouth, and at the time, he’d assumed correctly. But since tasting come, it wasn’t as offensive as Eli expected it to be, and he wanted Klitz to finish in his mouth this time.

Eli created a vacuum with his mouth and sucked harder, hollowing his cheeks. Realizing Eli was gonna let him come in his mouth, Klitz groaned and began to push his hips a little deeper. Eli applied more pressure on his perineum and Klitz’s cock got impossibly harder, got fucking *bigger* in his mouth, and that was the only warning he got before Klitz was coming down his throat.

Klitz used his hands on Eli’s head to push his head nearly all the way down, forcing Eli to take all of it while he came. His hips moved in small pulses into Eli’s mouth, pushing it so deep, Eli didn’t even taste his come.

After the last big pulse, Klitz released Eli's head. Eli pulled off and caught his breath. The brief lack of air made him dizzy. That combined with the fact that Klitz had forced his head down and came down his throat, Eli was so aroused he couldn't think straight, which was strange because that was the thing he was worried about the most earlier.

Eli looked at Klitz, and he must've looked seriously fucked up, because Klitz became extremely concerned and began apologizing over and over again.

Eli shook his head, thoughts fuzzy, and he couldn't focus on anything except the burning need to come.

"Klitz, I'm-I-I can't, I'm so close, I can't—" Eli babbled, lust drunk.

Klitz held out his arms like he was welcoming Eli in for a hug, and Eli immediately took the opportunity to get up onto Klitz's lap. He kissed Klitz desperately, not caring about where his mouth had just been.

"Please Klitz, you g—you gotta touch me, Klitz, I'm— *please* ," Eli begged.

Klitz undid Eli's pants and quickly took him in hand. Eli sobbed in relief as Klitz started jacking Eli off, not slowly, but definitely not fast enough for how badly Eli needed it.

Eli braced one hand on Klitz's shoulder and one hand on the wall behind him and frantically fucked Klitz's fist.

Eli didn't cry during sex, no way.

But he was so hard, he was in tears.

Klitz had never seen him so worked up. He looked at Eli's face, his forehead scrunched up, eyes watery and tears flowing down his face. He began to whine on every breath he took.

“Eli,” Klitz said, voice hoarse, and for some reason, that was all Eli needed to push him over the edge. He moaned as he came on Klitz’s chest, hips not slowing in Klitz’s hand until he started to twitch with sensitivity. That was probably the hardest he’d ever come in his life. His chest heaved as he came down. He met Klitz’s eye and was startled at the intense look of amazement and reverence.

“That was so fucking hot, Eli.”

Eli turned red and brushed off the compliment. Crying during sex wasn’t hot, it was pathetic. He lifted up his shirt and used the bottom edge of it to wipe his face of drool and tears. In doing so, he noticed Klitz’s shirt.

“Oh...” Eli winced. Klitz looked down at his chest. “Sorry dude.”

“It’s okay, I can wash it.”

Eli swung his leg over Klitz’s lap, climbing off of him. Klitz wiped his hand on his shirt, then stood up and took it off, trading it for his boxers. Eli pulled off his shirt and shucked his jeans and flopped down into bed. Klitz joined him and rolled onto his side to kiss Eli.

Eli scowled at him. “Dude, I just had your dick in my mouth,” he said, leaning away from Klitz’s lips.

“I don’t care,” Klitz chased them.

“You’re so fucking gross,” Eli said, but let Klitz kiss him anyway.

“Says the guy who just had my dick in his mouth?”

Eli pushed Klitz away with a hand on his face. “Shut up.”

They laid in bed together and watched tv, not really wanting to go to sleep just yet. They scooted around until they found a comfortable position, Eli’s head resting on Klitz’s chest and Klitz’s arm wrapped around Eli’s shoulders. He traced random patterns on his arm.

Things seemed to have cooled down between them. Eli wasn't angry anymore, and as far as Eli could tell, his comment wasn't bothering Klitz. It probably wasn't the best idea to have sex instead of talking about their problems, but talking about feelings was for sissies. If it was a problem that could be solved with a blowjob, then was it really that big of a problem in the first place?

The sleepy stillness in the room and between the two caused Eli's mind to wander. Mostly, it landed on his... research. How weird would it be to bring this up right now?

Since the first time watching two guys do it, Eli had been a little (a lot) curious about the experience for himself.

"Hey Klitz?"

They were both almost falling asleep, so Klitz simply hummed to show he was listening.

"What do you think about. Uh. Anal?"

Klitz's hand stopped on Eli's arm. "Uhhhhh... I don't really know," Klitz said, now much more awake than he had been before Eli's potentially distressing question. Eli could tell Klitz didn't want to answer directly because he wasn't sure which way the conversation would go.

"Okay, but you've like... you know about it," Eli stated more than asked.

Klitz huffed a small laugh. "Yeah, I get the concept."

"Alright, cool. Good. Great. Um... yeah, cool."

"What do *you* think about anal?"

Eli honestly didn't think about where he was even going with this conversation when he brought it up. He wanted to try anal. Was he just supposed to outright ask Klitz to fuck him?

“I kinda wanna try it.”

“Uh. Okay. Do you mean like...” Klitz said, in a careful attempt to navigate this conversation in the right way. Of course, this meant he expected Eli to actually say what he wanted.

“Jesus christ, Klitz, with you!”

“Okay, sorry. I wasn’t sure. Just didn’t wanna get the wrong idea...”

“Fuck,” Eli rolled his eyes.

“Okay, well. We don’t really know how to do... that.”

“I’ve seen gay porn, I know some things.”

“You watch gay porn?” Klitz asked, slightly amused.

Eli’s face got hot. For some reason, that admission embarrassed him despite having Klitz’s cock in his throat like thirty minutes ago. “Fuck you dude, never mind,” Eli rolled away from Klitz.

“No, hey, I wanna talk about this,” Klitz said as he moved onto his side to face Eli. He propped himself up on his elbow and looked down at where Eli was laying with his head on a pillow. Eli glared at him. “Come on. You said you wanna try it, right? Who’s doing who?”

The way Klitz said it—who *is* instead of who *would*—like it was actually going to happen and wasn’t just a perverted hypothetical made Eli’s stomach flip with excitement.

“I want you... to do... me,” Eli spoke slowly and quietly and looked away from Klitz.

Klitz leaned over Eli and kissed him. “I can do that.”

Holy shit, they were actually talking about this. Klitz didn't seem freaked out or put off or anything. He actually looked kinda excited, which eased Eli's nerves. They discussed some of the smaller details like when it would happen (Sunday), where it would happen (Eli's house, duh), who would be getting lube and condoms (Klitz). It was an awkward conversation to have. Discussing the unsexy details instead of just doing it was super lame, but it had to be done if they wanted to actually... do it.

“Okay. It's happening then.”

Holy shit. Eli and Klitz were gonna do it. They were gonna have real actual sex. Klitz was gonna fuck Eli. Holy shit. Klitz was gonna *fuck* Eli. That thought made heat curl in Eli's stomach.

Klitz took his glasses off and set them down on the nightstand before turning off the lamp. He kissed Eli goodnight.

Holy shit.

They were gonna do it.

## Chapter End Notes

stole both Eli's oral fixation and the lungs line (iykyk) from milk and egg, sorry egg  
ily <3

# Chapter 11

## Chapter Summary

The not date date.

## Chapter Notes

Late ass update! I'm sorry y'all, I promise I didn't abandon this. This chapter was super hard to write, not because it was heavy or anything, but because an irl said she might read this fic and I got super thrown off from that. But I decided to get over myself and just finish it. Idk if she's actually even reading, or did at all, but if she is, hey lol.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Just like last time, Eli was the first to wake up. It didn't come as a surprise. Waking up early was probably one of Klitz's least favorite activities.

Thankfully, he wasn't suffocating Eli this time.

Eli rolled over and slapped his alarm clock, silencing it. He shook Klitz by the shoulder in an attempt to wake him up since the alarm hadn't done the job. How the fuck did Klitz manage to sleep through that?

Klitz cracked one eye open, the other half of his face buried in his pillow. "What?"

"Wake up," Eli said, as if that wasn't already obvious.

"I am awake," Klitz grumbled before closing his eyes again and pushing his face further into the pillow.

Eli sat up in the bed and grabbed his own pillow by two of its corners. He reared it back over his head and paused, giving Klitz a warning. "Get up or I'll beat you to death."



Klitz hummed, ignoring Eli's threat.

"Alright dude, you asked for this." Eli swung the pillow over his head as hard as he could and hit Klitz in the head with it. It landed on the side of his face with a dull thud.

Klitz's head shot up, now wide awake. "What the hell?!"

"Told you to wake up," Eli shrugged without a shred of guilt.

Klitz's expression turned angry and he finally sat up as well, ripping the pillow out of Eli's hands. Klitz swung it at Eli, over and over again, so much so that Eli had no chance of fighting back and was forced onto defense. Eli's hands came up in front of his face, trying to block the blows.

"Fuck— Klitz!" Eli yelled, holding up one arm in front of him and using the other to blindly reach for Klitz's pillow. Klitz let go of the pillow with one hand and used his now free hand to grab Eli's wrist and shove him back. His attacks were relentless though, still whacking Eli with the pillow one-handed, albeit less successfully.

Eli gave up on trying to get his own attack in and crawled backwards, but quickly ran out of bed. He put his hand behind him, expecting to feel his comforter but was instead met with air and he toppled backwards off the bed onto the floor. "Ow, Klitz, stop!" he said, still shielding his face.

"Oh man, are you okay?" Klitz was laughing but underneath it, he was asking genuinely.

Eli grabbed a shoe off the floor and threw it at Klitz. Klitz blocked it with the pillow like some kind of plush riot shield.

Klitz looked at the clock and his smile fell. "Fuck, I gotta go home."

"What? Why?" Eli asked, forgetting their feud and standing up from the floor as Klitz got out of bed.

His question was left unanswered as Klitz went straight for his discarded pants and grabbed his phone out of the pocket. He looked at the screen. "Fuck, I forgot to tell my moms I was staying

over,” Klitz said and dialed a number into the keypad.

“Shit,” Eli said. He listened as Klitz spoke with one of his moms on the phone. There were very long pauses between the times Klitz spoke. He was probably getting chewed out. Eli’s guilt grew with every pause. Finally, Klitz hung up. He started to gather his clothes off the floor.

“Wait, why do you have to go?” God, Eli sounded like a needy boyfriend—but he wasn’t... they weren’t dating or anything.

“I don’t have any clothes.”

“Wear what you wore yesterday.”

“There’s come on my shirt,” Klitz frowned as he inspected it. Sure enough, there were visible stains on his shirt, and Eli felt his face heat up.

“Oh yeah.” Eli looked away from Klitz and cleared his throat. “Well, you can just wear something I have.” Was that weird? Offering his own clothes to his friend? That wasn’t weird, it was just clothes right?

Klitz looked hesitant. He hardly ever wore stuff that would be considered normal for an eighteen year old boy. Klitz was silent as he tried to come up with an excuse. “None of your clothes would fit me,” he settled on.

Klitz seriously underestimated how baggy some of Eli’s clothes were. Plus, it wasn’t like Klitz was much bigger than Eli in the first place. They’d easily be able to share.

“They totally would dude.” Eli walked to his closet and sifted through hangers. He pulled out a shirt that was especially big on him. It was a Beastie Boys tour shirt that Eli had gotten in seventh grade. It was an extra large, and Eli only got it because they were out of larges. It would fit Klitz perfectly, if not a little big. Eli held it up for him.

“No way dude. I can’t wear that.”

“Why not?” God it was like Klitz was allergic to being a normal fucking person. Klitz was quiet once again, but this time wasn’t able to come up with a valid reason for him to refuse. “Yeah, that’s what I thought. Get dressed.”

“What about pants?”

Oh yeah, pants. Eli was about six inches shorter than Klitz, so nothing he had would fit him. “My dad probably has something,” Eli said as he picked out his own school outfit.

“I’m not wearing your dad’s clothes.”

“Fine then, go to school with come on your pants.”

Klitz begrudgingly agreed.

Eli got dressed and led Klitz to his parents’ closet. “Alright Klitzzy, take your pick.”

“This is so fucking weird dude,” Klitz said as he began to look through Eli’s dad’s pants. He picked out a pair of grey slacks and held it up for Eli’s approval. Fucking slacks.

“Dude, no.”

“What?”

“You can’t wear that shirt with fucking...” Eli gestured at the pants Klitz was holding up, looking for the word, “*slacks* .”

“Because it’ll look fucking stupid, and because I said so. Pick some jeans.”

Klitz sighed and replaced the hanger onto the rack. He then picked out a pair of light wash blue jeans. They were pretty worn out and distressed, the bottom hems frayed from dragging on the ground, and the fabric at the knees was wearing thin. Eli knew his dad hated when his clothes looked worn out, so he hadn’t worn these jeans in a while. They looked very similar to a pair Klitz

owned himself, so it was a safe choice, but still far better than dress pants.

Klitz held them up for Eli. “Happy?” he asked sarcastically.

“Yes.”

As the two walked together to their first class, Klitz looked around uncomfortably and flexed his hands at his sides. He alternated between putting them in his pockets and then deciding that that looked weird too.

“Dude, relax. You look fine,” Eli said.

Honestly, Klitz looked more than fine. He never dressed like this. Ever. Pretty much ever since Eli met Klitz, he dressed like a fucking grandpa; something about his mom dressing him so formally as a kid that meant he never developed his own sense of style. It was a damn shame. Klitz was... kinda hot.

On the drive to school, Eli had noticed Klitz’s white knuckled grip on the steering wheel, clearly worried. Eli had tried to reassure him that nobody would care, nothing was gonna be different, it was a tiny change that nobody would notice and there was nothing to worry about.

Eli was wrong.

People stared. Kids Eli recognized from past and current classes watched them as they walked through the hall. They, more or less, knew Klitz and knew how he dressed, and were clearly very surprised at the abrupt change.

It *shouldn’t* be a big deal, in theory. Klitz had said it himself: nobody cared about them. It was somewhat of a big deal to Klitz, and by extension, Eli, but Eli felt like it was fucked up that people only just started to care now. Eli already knew Klitz was attractive. But it took Klitz conforming to the norm for others to see it too. Superficial assholes.

At lunch, even Matt asked about it.

“So what’s with the new look?”

Oh shit, they hadn’t thought of a reason for Klitz to be dressed like that. Eli wracked his mind, trying to quickly come up with an excuse, but Klitz answered before Eli even realized what he was saying.

“I stayed at Eli’s house and forgot an overnight bag,” Klitz said calmly, like they were merely discussing the weather. Eli fought down the anxiety that he knew would be showing on his face.

“Cool. It looks good,” Matt said. He wasn’t suspicious—he didn’t ask what Klitz was doing at Eli’s house unplanned, especially overnight, *especially* on a school night—he just accepted it as it was.

Realization slowly dawned upon Eli. They weren’t about to be found out. Eli and Klitz hadn’t given anyone any reason to question them. Eli freaked out because he knew... but it’s not like anyone else knew. He and Klitz were friends. There was nothing strange about being friends.

Klitz told the truth. He slept over at Eli’s house—true—and forgot an overnight bag—also true—so he had to wear Eli’s clothes. It was that fucking simple. Eli almost couldn’t believe that was the truth. It felt like Klitz was lying. But he wasn’t. He was just leaving out some details.

Klitz met Eli’s eye when Matt wasn’t looking and flashed his eyebrows at him. They were sharing a secret that Matt didn’t know about. They were so casually walking the fragile edge of being found out, and it was almost thrilling. Jesus christ, when did Klitz get so smooth? The outfit was already changing him.

The rest of the school day was filled with a mix between stares born of either shock or admiration. Klitz got a couple smiles, and even a few waves. It was such a change between how Klitz was usually treated that Eli started to feel like he didn’t even recognize the guy either.

As they were walking to the parking lot after school, Eli and Klitz passed by a group of girls. Eli recognized a couple of them as the same girls from the party Danielle had dragged them to, a pair of girls who had whispered to each other while staring at Eli and Klitz. And one of them had the

gall to fucking *smile* at Klitz.

Eli's shot daggers at the girl without even realizing it until her smile turned into an alarmed frown. She averted her eyes and walked a little faster.

"It's so weird how many people cared about you today."

"Yeah, tell me about it. I felt like I was being mentally undressed by some people."

Eli looked up at him, a tiny smirk forming on his face.

"You don't count, you freak," Klitz bumped Eli with his shoulder.

"No, I'm serious Klitz, you look super hot."

Klitz didn't say anything, looking shy and self conscious. Klitz was so humble it pissed Eli off. This was good for Klitz, getting out of his comfort zone, something he didn't do often enough. The clothes were a big change, but a positive one. Even his hair was a little different today, a little messy and unstyled since he didn't have the chance to do it at Eli's house.

Eli mindlessly followed Klitz to the driver side instead of the passenger side so that he could keep up the conversation. He leaned against the car and Klitz stood maybe a little too close, but Eli couldn't get himself to care.

"Y'know, you should dress like this more often. Do your hair different too." Forgetting himself, Eli reached up and ran his fingers through Klitz's hair, messing it up a little more until it wasn't so flat. Satisfied with his work, he took his hands back. "You look like a rock star. Like Kurt Cobain or some shit."

The comparison wasn't super accurate. Their hair was a little different, but fundamentally, the concept was the same. What really made it was the outfit.

"Yeah? You like it?"

Eli's eyes roved over Klitz's face. He was... god, he was so pretty. "Yeah," he breathed.

Klitz smiled at him and looked at his lips, starting to lean in. Eli's eyes went wide in panic. They were in the middle of the school parking lot. Where anyone could see them.

"No— Klitz," Eli jerked his head back and put his hand on Klitz's chest and pushed him back, a little too hard, harder than he meant to. Klitz looked hurt. "Sorry, just..." Eli looked around. It didn't seem like anyone saw.

Only then did Klitz remember himself. His cheeks turned red at his slip up. "No, it's okay. Sorry."

"It's fine." Eli cleared his throat and walked to the passenger side and got in the car.

On the drive home, before they'd reached a point where it would be dumb to bring up, Eli asked, "Hey, do you wanna do something? Like see a movie?"

Klitz drummed his fingers on the steering wheel, out of beat with the song playing on the radio. "My moms have been kinda upset that I've been out so much lately. Plus, they're still mad at me for not going home last night," Klitz said, regretful.

"Damn," Eli said, disappointed.

"Yeah," Klitz agreed sadly, but Eli didn't really want to just go home and sit around like they did every single day.

"But I mean... they already know I go to your house every day after school, and they didn't exactly specify that I wasn't allowed to today."

Eli nodded at him, a smile forming on his face. "Hell yeah."

They drove straight to the movie theater. Eli was proud of how conveniently he timed his question.

“Let’s see Godzilla.”

They looked at the billboard and Eli made a face when he saw that the next showing was in thirty minutes. That was an awkward wait time. The drive back to Eli’s house was ten minutes, which meant that they’d only have ten minutes there, and that wasn’t including traffic. They’d probably just have to turn right back around as soon as they got there.

The two walked back to the car. They sat for a moment, the silence deafeningly heavy around them.

“What are we gonna do for thirty minutes?”

Eli chewed his lip in thought, then looked out his own window, then Klitz’s, then the back windshield, surveying the parking lot. It was somewhat empty, a few rows closest to the theater were filled, but at three pm on a Friday afternoon, not many people were off work yet. It seemed safe enough.

“Wanna make out in the back of your car?”

They drove to the back of the theater parking lot, the furthest they could get, and parked in the shade under a tree. Making out in the backseat in broad daylight was certainly a risk, but Klitz’s car had tinted windows and nobody was around, so they’d probably be fine.

Eli climbed over the center console into the back and Klitz joined him. They scooted around until they finally settled into a comfortable position with Eli on his back and Klitz in between his legs, holding himself up with arms braced on the cushion. Klitz had to crane his neck slightly to kiss Eli, and Eli ran his hands through Klitz’s hair, pulling him a little closer.

Klitz’s hair was soft. Eli played with it while moving his lips against Klitz’s. He smoothed out the frizz from him messing it up earlier, then tucked whatever was long enough behind Klitz’s ears. Eli broke the kiss to look at Klitz’s new hairdo. Only his bangs stood out, making it look like Klitz was rocking a mullet, and Eli snorted. Klitz rolled his eyes and shook his hair out. It fell back into its



proper style framing his face.

Klitz moved away from Eli's mouth and began kissing all over his face, his forehead, his cheeks, his nose, even placing tiny kisses to his eyelashes. He left a trail down to Eli's neck.

"Give me another hickey and I'll kick you in the balls," Eli threatened. Klitz laughed and pressed light kisses to Eli's neck. Klitz never took Eli seriously. "I'm serious dude, when you get married, you're never gonna be able to have kids."

Klitz's lips paused on Eli's neck, almost stuttering to a halt.

Wait, shit, did Eli say the wrong thing? Did he take it too far? Klitz knew he would never actually do that, right? It was just a joke...

Eli could feel Klitz's hot breath on his neck as Klitz sighed softly before bringing his head back even to Eli's. He kissed Eli with a feeling that Eli couldn't quite pick up on. He pulled away until their noses were touching. "Yeah, you're right, I guess I better not risk it."

Okay, so Klitz was fine.

Kind of.

He kissed Eli with a strange sort of energy that was noticeably different than earlier and didn't stray from his mouth after that. Alright, well, there was no rule that Eli wasn't allowed to give hickies... not that he planned on it. The interaction between him and Sydney in the locker room was not yet a memory that Eli could just shoo away. He was put off of even the idea of hickies for the foreseeable future.

Instead, he licked a line across Klitz's jaw and scraped his teeth over his adam's apple. He kissed along Klitz's throat and was able to even go down to Klitz's collarbone since he wasn't wearing his usual collared shirts.

Eli played with the bottom hem of Klitz's—well, his own—shirt. There was something about seeing Klitz in his own clothes that had Eli's own pants becoming a little too tight.

Klitz was lying in between Eli's legs and Eli was unable to stop himself from thinking about what they'd talked about last night. Eli wondered what it would be like. What it would feel like. Ever since the first time they'd gotten off together—Klitz between Eli's legs in Klitz's bedroom, just like now—Eli had to admit he did occasionally think about what sex with Klitz would be like. That thought then led to Eli wondering how far he and Klitz would take this thing, which was apparently pretty fucking far.

Eli brought one of his legs up and experimentally wrapped it around Klitz's waist, finally allowed to entertain his previous fantasies now that it was actually gonna happen. Klitz grinded down against him at the action and Eli held back a groan.

Holy shit.

Eli wanted to get fucked. And he didn't want to wait until Sunday.

"Hey Klitz?" Eli kissed his way back up to Klitz's mouth.

"Yeah?"

"You should fuck me tomorrow." Eli surprised himself at how blunt that statement had been. He hadn't meant it to come out like that. Klitz pulled away, far enough to look into Eli's eyes, his own slightly wide at Eli's lack of shyness.

Eli turned red under Klitz's gaze and was about to backtrack and apologize after he hadn't responded, until Klitz's expression shifted from shock to a look of adoration that made Eli's chest hurt.

Klitz smiled and leaned back down to kiss Eli before saying, "Okay."

They drove back to a normal parking spot and bought their tickets for the movie, quickly going through concessions. The movie had already started because they'd taken a little too long in the car. They tiptoed through the darkness with their heads ducked and searched for their seats using the light from the screen.

Eli and Klitz sat and watched the credits roll all the way to the end even after the lights had been turned on and the theater had cleared out. After staring at the black screen for way too long since the movie had ended, the two were about to get up when they heard shuffling behind them that stopped in the row above them.

“Hey fellas.”

Eli recognized the voice. Eli and Klitz looked over their shoulders. Troy and his friends. Eric and Hunter—Eli had learned from Sydney—and a third Eli didn’t recognize.

“Date night?” Troy taunted.

Eli’s cheeks tinted red but thankfully it was dim enough in the theater that it wouldn’t be noticeable.

“Fuck you,” Klitz said. Eli’s mouth dropped open and he looked at him in surprise. That was the first time Klitz had ever told Troy off. Or even spoke to Troy at all.

“I bet you’d like that,” one of the other boys said, Hunter or Eric, Eli couldn’t remember who was who.

Eli looked up at the group, even more surprised. That was the first time they’d said anything like that to Klitz. It was always Eli. Never Klitz.

Klitz shook his head and scoffed. “Let’s go,” he said to Eli, turning back around. Just as he and Eli stood up, the group all simultaneously poured whatever was left of their icees onto the two. Eli and Klitz both gasped at the sudden cold.

The group laughed and walked down the stairs calling out, “Have a good night, boys,” before leaving the theater.

Klitz scraped a majority of the ice off the back of his neck and out of his hair. “Jesus christ,” he muttered.

Eli felt anger rising in him. What the fuck are they doing picking on Klitz now? He didn't do anything. Eli was fine if it was just him. But Klitz? That's fucked up.

"Are you okay?" Klitz asked him.

"No, Klitz!" Eli raised his voice, not making an attempt to keep himself from getting truly mad. "They just—" Eli gestured angrily towards the exit of the theater with the popcorn bucket he was holding. "It's me. They fuck me with me. Not you."

"I'm fine, man," Klitz assured hesitantly, wary of Eli's growing anger.

"That's not—" Eli groaned in frustration and threw the bucket at the ground. There wasn't much popcorn left in it, so it didn't make a huge mess, but a mess was still made.

"Hey!" Klitz exclaimed at Eli's little outburst. "Dude, it's fine, let's just go." He tried to grab Eli's arm, attempting to get him to start walking.

"Don't." Eli shoved Klitz's arm away. He wasn't good at controlling his anger, often letting it out on whatever was nearest if they gave him a reason to, no matter how small the reason.

Having known Eli for years, Klitz knew how Eli got when he was mad, so he wasn't hurt by the dismissal. Instead he said, "Eli, come on. Let's go home." Klitz's tone was stern, like he was talking to a misbehaving child.

Eli was acting like a child. A petulant child throwing a tantrum because some idiots made a few off handed comments.

"Fine." Eli stormed out of the theater and to the nearest bathroom, not bothering to wait for Klitz. Klitz sighed and followed him, picking up the popcorn bucket as he walked past it.

Eli bent over a sink and shook his hair out. Bits of ice flew out, most not even landing where Eli had intended them to. At least the drinks were pretty much empty. All that was really left was the ice and a little bit of syrup. He grabbed a few napkins from the dispenser and wet them. He wiped whatever stickiness was on the back of his neck and on his shirt. Klitz did the same.

“This is so fucked,” Eli muttered.

They walked to the car wordlessly, each quiet for their own separate reasons.

As Klitz started the car, he decided to try the distraction route. “What did you think of the movie?”

Eli looked out the window. “It was fine.”

“Eli.”

Eli sighed. There was no reason to be upset. Eli was just overprotective. “It was good. I liked it.”

“Me too.”

On the drive home, Klitz had suggested Sonic as a last resort attempt to get Eli to stop bitching. It almost made Eli angrier that it worked. So here they were, parked in a stall and eating at one of the outdoor patio tables in front of the car.

Eli looked at Klitz as he sipped his drink; an ocean water slush. He didn’t even realize the irony in that when he’d ordered it. Klitz’s shirt was dappled blue at the shoulders. It kinda sucked that Eli happened to lend him a white shirt. Oh well. It honestly didn’t look terrible. He could probably ask one of Klitz’s moms to help him get the stain out.

“Your shirt is blue,” Eli said, nodding his head at it.

Klitz looked down at himself. “Oh, I’m sorry man.”

“No, it’s okay. Looks kinda cool.” Well, maybe it kinda didn’t. But Eli was trying to make the best of the situation now that he wasn’t so angry and could form rational thoughts.

They fell into a silence as they continued eating and Eli thought about what Troy said.

*Date night?*

Going to the movies with a friend doesn't look like a date, does it?

"This does kinda look like a date," Eli stated. He didn't look at Klitz, feeling a weird sense of shame wash over him.

Klitz looked at Eli with a carefully blank expression, waiting for him to go on so he could get a clue on how to navigate the conversation.

Eli waved around an onion ring as he spoke, still avoiding Klitz's eye. "It could be like a... a not date. Y'know?" Eli's voice wavered with insecurity as he suggested it, terrified of the implications of a 'not date'.

A small smile formed on Klitz's face. "Yeah."

For some reason, Eli was expecting Klitz to say no and get mad even though he'd shown Eli time and time again that he was fully on board with this. Eli looked up and finally met Klitz's eye.

They smiled at each other.

After their impromptu dinner, Klitz had to drop Eli off at his house instead of sticking around. Klitz's parents were mad at him for not going home last night. Go figure.

Anyway, that was fine with Eli. He had things to do. He changed out of his sticky clothes and sat down at his computer.

His fingers hovered over the keyboard, unsure of what to say to get the results he wanted.

*gay sex*

he typed into the search bar.

He honestly didn't know what he expected by searching that. He was met with gay porn, and reasonably so. Okay, that was probably too broad. He deleted his first entry and tried again.

*how to have gay sex*

he retyped into the search bar.

That seemed to be more successful.

He clicked on the first article that looked the most informative and the least porny. He'd read about this stuff, and had obviously seen it before, but he wanted some more specifics so he wasn't totally lost tomorrow.

Prep was important. Lube was important. *Loving and trusting your partner* was also apparently important, according to this cheesy ass website. Eli trusted Klitz. He loved him too. As a friend.

A friend who was gonna fuck him.

Whatever. Semantics.

There were at least some helpful links to a couple other websites and blog posts that were talking about similar topics. He clicked out of that website and decided to browse a forum or two. After about thirty minutes of reading the same information over and over, and occasionally something new he hadn't known about, he found out about douching.

"What the fuck," he mumbled to himself as he skimmed the first couple paragraphs. His face slowly twisted into a look of disgust as he read on. He finished the article and leaned back in his chair, needing a moment to really process that. It sounded super fucking weird. They said it wasn't necessary but...

Klitz's dick *would* be going in Eli's... ass.

He cringed. He didn't even want to think about what that implied.

Eli couldn't believe he was about to fucking do this.

He grabbed his wallet and rode his bike to the nearest CVS. It wasn't super busy, thank god, but that didn't mean there weren't people inside at all, so he quickly mapped the entire store, searching for the right aisle. Where would they even keep that kinda shit?

Passing through the feminine hygiene aisle, Eli finally found it next to the tampons. Feminine hygiene? Was this a girl thing?

In this situation, Eli technically was the girl, but guys must be allowed to do it since the gay dudes online were talking about doing it. Recommending it, even. Plus, a little ways down in the same aisle was the sex stuff. Lube and condoms and shit, so it must be a versatile kinda thing.

Eli browsed the array of options, absolutely lost as to what he should be looking for. Apparently, Eli's decision was made for him when a woman turned into the same aisle he was in. He didn't exactly have long to consider his options. He was forced to make a split second choice, so he picked out a box and hoped to whoever was up there that it was the right one. He stuffed it into his inner coat pocket. Eli wouldn't be caught dead buying something like this, so if that meant shoplifting, then so be it.

Eli walked to the register and grabbed a pack of gum so he didn't look suspicious, but the checkout clerk looked like he wouldn't give a fuck even if Eli straight up told him he was gonna rob the store. As soon as he got his change, Eli got back on his bike and got the hell out of dodge.

Back at home, Eli inspected the box and its contents thoroughly. He read the instructions all the way through, something that he had never done before. God, Eli had been doing more reading these past couple weeks than he had in probably his entire senior year so far. All so he could have sex with Klitz.



Eli didn't like to think about what that said about him.

When he finished reading, he replaced everything carefully, just like he'd found it. He'd do it tomorrow, he decided, before Klitz came over. Eli was trying to imagine every possible thing that could happen tomorrow. Anxiety, or maybe just nerves, was making him extremely meticulous. Eli looked around his room, evaluating the mess. It could definitely stand to be cleaned; there were clothes strewn across the floor, and Eli could not confidently identify what was clean and what was dirty.

It's not like Klitz would care if Eli's room was dirty considering they were in there all the time and he didn't have a problem with it then, but it probably wouldn't hurt to clean up a little bit. He should also probably wash his sheets.

As Eli was stripping his bed, his phone rang. He abandoned the task and went to grab his phone off his nightstand. It was Klitz.

"What's up dude?" Eli held the phone against his ear as he resumed taking his sheets off the bed.

"My mom said she liked my new outfit."

"Really?" That was surprising. "Which one?"

"Stepmom." That made sense. Klitz's bio mom was the one who had dressed him like... *that* his entire life. "Other mom thinks I look like a punk."

That wasn't even close to true. Klitz didn't look like a punk, he looked like... Eli didn't know, but it definitely wasn't punk. "A hot punk," Eli corrected anyway. He carried his armful of laundry to the washer and almost fell down the stairs stepping on fabric that got wrapped around his foot.

"Whatever man."

Eli's phone nearly fell off his shoulder as he tried to prevent a trip to the hospital, and barely heard Klitz's response but caught it just in time. He regained his footing and said, "I'm serious Klitz. You should dress like that more often."

“Oh yeah?” Klitz asked, a teasing lilt to his voice. “Why is that?”

There was no way Eli was gonna actually say it. “No reason. You just should.”

“Maybe...” Klitz drew out the word.

“I’m gonna take that as a maybe!” Eli dumped his sheets into the washing machine.

Klitz snorted. “Alright, I gotta go. See you tomorrow.”

Eli’s stomach flipped at what ‘tomorrow’ meant.

“See you,” Eli said and hung up.

Tomorrow.

## Chapter End Notes

Hope this wasn’t terrible. I did work ahead on the next couple chapters (since I wasn’t working on this one) so those ought to be pretty good and will (probably) be posted in a more timely fashion.

# Chapter 12

## Chapter Summary

They bang.

## Chapter Notes

We're halfway through! Thanks so much for all the support I've gotten! And thank you for being patient with my slow ass writing XD. Anyways here it is... hope you enjoy ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

That morning, when Klitz's alarm rang for the first time, he was already wide awake before even turning it off. He didn't snooze it and go back to sleep like he normally would. In fact, he was barely even able to fall asleep last night, thinking about what was going to happen tomorrow. Which was now today. Today, the day he and Eli agreed to have sex. Real sex. Klitz's dick in Eli's ass sex. That thought was absolutely insane.

The butterflies in Klitz's stomach threatened to make an appearance when he got out of bed. He rubbed his eyes too hard, trying to wipe away a restless night of sleep, and black dots danced in his vision.

Klitz couldn't believe that he even agreed in the first place. It was objectively a terrible idea. Eli had brought it up like it wasn't a potentially life-changing decision. Klitz didn't think Eli was really grasping the severity of this situation; Eli treated this whole thing like it was some harmless little thing they were doing for fun—which, yeah it was, and maybe it might've started that way too, but it also seriously wasn't at the same time. It had barely been two weeks since they kissed for the first time for christ's sake. Now Eli wanted Klitz to fuck him, and that wasn't just harmless fun. That was an incredible commitment and Eli wasn't understanding that.

It seemed like Klitz was the only one thinking about it rationally; what it would mean for their friendship, especially if Eli kept insisting that he was straight. There were only two ways this could end:

1. Eli realizes he's gay and he and Klitz... What? Date?
2. Eli keeps denying his sexuality and their friendship ends

Klitz would definitely prefer the first option, but both were equally terrifying. What if Eli does realize he's gay and doesn't want Klitz anymore? What if he gets more comfortable with himself and decides he can do better than Klitz? What if they did end up actually dating but then break up later?

Klitz could try to pretend that there was a third option where Eli is actually straight and they laugh it off as some silly high school experimental thing and stay friends, but he wasn't an idiot. That would never happen. Because Eli isn't fucking straight. And it's infuriating how Eli keeps pretending that everything is fine when it very clearly isn't.

Klitz knew how Eli reacted when people called him gay or even just assumed it; he denied it and got angry. It was actually astonishing how Eli genuinely believed that he was straight. Klitz wasn't the picture of gay pride or anything, but at least he was comfortable with himself, and more or less mentally stable about it. But Eli wasn't. And that was dangerous.

There were so many things that could go wrong.

But Klitz agreed because he loved Eli. Maybe he was selfish for continuing to want it instead of doing the right thing, which would be to stop everything before their friendship ended forever, but he just didn't care.

He loved Eli. And he wanted Eli to get his head out of his ass and see that.

Eli was digging himself into a very deep hole without even realizing.

Klitz used the bathroom and went downstairs where he found his moms sitting at the dining room table sipping coffee and chatting

"Uh, so hey."

Klitz's bio mom snorted. "Good morning to you too."

“Good morning,” Klitz corrected himself. He opened the fridge just for something to do so he wouldn’t have to look at his parents.

His step mom squinted at him in faux suspicion. “You’re up early.”

“Yeah,” Klitz cleared his throat. “I was gonna go to Eli’s today,” he said to the fridge. Asking permission was risky since he was already in trouble for something Eli related.

“Oh, you were?” Shit. They might not let him go. “What are you going to do there?”

Why did she say ‘do’ like that? Klitz’s mind must be playing tricks on him, nervousness making him mishear things, because there was no way his parents knew about him and Eli.

Klitz picked out a carton of juice and closed the fridge. “Just hang out. Play video games, you know.” He was actually going to do *Eli* but he wasn’t about to just tell them that.

“You’ve been making some pretty questionable choices for Eli lately,” Klitz’s bio mom said. Those questionable choices must be spontaneous sleepovers that he didn’t bother to inform them about. She was the main one who had a problem with how Klitz had been behaving lately. Both of his moms loved Eli like he was their own child, but they didn’t tolerate much rebellion.

Maybe Eli was making Klitz more rebellious, because he couldn’t find a reason for his mom to be so upset. Obviously, they were probably worried about him, but his whole life, Klitz had never acted out. They should cut him a little slack for his first offense.

He shrugged with one shoulder. “He’s my friend,” he argued lamely. Damn, he wasn’t exactly making a very good case for himself. He should probably be trying a little harder to convince them.

Klitz’s mom squinted at him over the brim of her glasses and he itched under her strict stare. “You can go. But you can’t sleep over,” she permitted.

That was all Klitz needed.

Klitz got ready. He showered. He brushed his teeth. He dressed in sweats and a simple t-shirt. He packed an extra change of clothes into his overnight bag, just in case. Just in case what, Klitz had no fucking clue, but it seemed wise to be prepared.

Just as he was about to leave, he realized Eli hadn't told him when he should come over. He still had to go to the store which would take up some time, but he didn't want to leave too early and be there before Eli wanted him there.

He waited for about thirty minutes after that and finally got a call from Eli telling him he could come over.

He took a deep breath, grabbed his keys and wallet, and went downstairs. He yelled a quick "goodbye" before rushing out to his car before he was spotted and questioned about his bag.

Klitz drove to Walgreens with a death grip on his steering wheel. He somehow ended up doing a lot of driving while experiencing intense anxiety. There was actually a subtly visible impression in the wheel where he twisted his hands like he was revving a motorcycle. Weird habit, but it helped.

He arrived at the store and went inside. It was much busier than Klitz would prefer it to be whilst trying to buy condoms, but there wasn't anything he could do about it and it needed to be done, so he was gonna have to get over the embarrassment.

He searched for the—sex supplies?—aisle and browsed what seemed like way too much variety for something as simple as condoms and lube. Now that he was actually looking at everything, he wasn't sure what was right. Shopping for this shit wasn't supposed to be this intimidating.

Someone passed behind him in the aisle and he moved closer toward the shelf and wrapped his arms around himself, embarrassed and self conscious. He expected them to leave, but Klitz could see out of the corner of his eye that they'd stopped before turning out of the aisle, and began walking back towards him. Fuck, what did they want?

They stopped next to him and Klitz turned red and looked at the ground.

"Need help?"

Klitz looked up. Literally; he had to look *up* . She was tall, taller than him, though she was wearing heels, so she would've probably been about the same height as him without them. Still, that was pretty tall for a woman. She had broad shoulders and a muscular build. She wore a leopard print halter top, a short leather skirt, and just about the reddest lipstick Klitz had ever seen.

“What?”

“Your first time, right?” Her voice was deep and raspy like she'd been smoking for a majority of her life, and it was laced with an undertone of a Jersey accent.

Klitz was baffled that this random lady had just come up to him and basically asked him if he was a virgin. “Uh, yeah,” Klitz answered despite this.

“Want some help?” she asked.

Weirdly, Klitz found himself wanting to say yes even though it sounded humiliating. “Um, yeah. Thank you,” he mumbled.

She walked him through the different brands of condoms—the concept was pretty much the same for all of them, but there were a bunch of different kinds for different functions, like flavored and glow in the dark and spermicide. The last one sounded useful in normal situations, but Klitz was secretly grateful that there wasn't *that* kind of risk with Eli.

The woman steered him away from anything that advertised “ribbed for her pleasure”.

“Your girl will thank you, trust me. It's not as great as people say.”

Klitz blushed at ‘girl’, but he wasn't going to correct her.

She suggested a basic latex condom with none of the fancy other stuff since it was his first time.

She then moved onto types of lubes, which were even more complex than the condoms. She told him about what each was used for, then gave him some advice Klitz doubted he'd ever need, but he listened intently anyway, even when she got sidetracked and told him a couple stories about

some of her own experiences that Klitz didn't think should ever be told in public.

Her shamelessness about everything helped increase Klitz's confidence about this. It didn't seem so scary now.

"Thank you," Klitz said again, now knowing what he needed to buy.

"No problem, baby. Have fun," she smiled and winked at him. Klitz watched her walk away until he could no longer hear the clicking of her heels on the linoleum.

The entire interaction was extremely bizarre, but surprisingly helpful, and Klitz chose his items with excitement having replaced most of his anxiety.

He went to the register and waited his turn to check out. He tried his best to conceal what he was buying while he stood in line so nobody would see. He knew people bought this kind of shit all the time, but it was still a little embarrassing.

"Hey!"

Klitz turned around to the chirpy voice that seemed to be directed at him.

"Klitz, right?" It was Sydney. What a strange and terrifying coincidence that she happened to be in line behind him right at this exact time and day.

"Uh, yeah." Klitz had no clue why she was talking to him. Maybe since she was now kind of friends with Eli, she felt the need to try to be friendly with Klitz despite having only ever spoken to him whenever it was absolutely necessary in group projects.

Sydney smiled at him brightly. "I thought that was you, but I wasn't sure. Your hair looks different today."

Oh yeah, Klitz had forgotten he hadn't styled it after he showered. He knew Eli liked when he wore it naturally. It was wavy, and Eli had called it pretty before, but Klitz had never really liked it, and he became slightly self conscious since not many people ever saw it like this. He



absentmindedly pushed a small part of it behind his ear now that he was aware of it. “Yeah, didn’t have time to do it,” he lied.

“It’s cute.”

“Thank you.” Klitz was going to turn back around, thinking they were done talking, but apparently Sydney thought differently.

“Eli told me about you, a little bit,” she said.

Again, Klitz had no clue why Sydney was interested in having a whole conversation with him right now, in public, in line. He was also becoming increasingly more embarrassed having a conversation about Eli with what he was holding in his hands.

“Oh, nice.” Klitz felt bad about his dismissive, uninterested responses, but he really didn’t want to be talking to her right now. He’d be fine any other time, but now was extremely unfortunate timing.

Klitz was silently relieved that he was next in line to check out. He knew Sydney could see what he was buying. He didn’t look back. He left the store and drove to Eli’s house.

The doorbell rang.

Eli jumped and stood from where he was sitting in the living room pretending to watch tv. He wasn’t even sure what he was watching, he just turned it on and stared through whatever channel it was already on.

His stomach turned over with nerves as he unlocked and opened the door for Klitz. “Hey.”

“Hi.” Klitz walked in carrying his overnight bag.

They both stood wordlessly in the entryway, making unsettlingly intense eye contact. Eli wasn’t

sure where they were supposed to go from there. Were they gonna just start banging right away? He tried to think of things they usually did when they hung out. They watched movies and played video games, but recently they'd mostly just been making out with each other every time they were together.

"Uh, let's go upstairs," Eli suggested.

The two went to Eli's room and Klitz raised his eyebrows in surprise. "You cleaned."

He did. He started with just his room, and he wasn't even planning on doing much there, but it turned into him stress cleaning his bathroom, kitchen, and even his parents' room when he ran out of things to do. He wasn't big on cleaning but it's pretty amazing what anxiety does to a guy.

It was such a simple comment but it somehow made Eli even more unsure of himself. Should he not have? Did cleaning make him look too eager? "Uh yeah, I just..." he trailed off, waving at his room in lieu of finishing his sentence.

"Cool." Klitz set his bag down at the end of the bed. Eli heard the crinkling of a plastic grocery bag within.

Eli didn't move from where he stood near the door. "Soooooooooo..." he stretched out the word. "Do you wanna like... watch a movie or something?" Eli swung his arms back and forth, trying and failing to look casual. He looked at Klitz expectantly.

Klitz looked much more calm than Eli, but the way he picked at his nails revealed the fact that he was nervous as well. "Yeah, we can."

Eli put on a movie, but it didn't help. He and Klitz still stood across from each other, both staring at one another like the other was radioactive and getting any closer meant certain death.

Klitz was the first one to look away and he blew out a breath. "This is weird."

Eli felt like he could collapse with relief that Klitz felt it too. Nobody liked to point out the elephant in the room, but they obviously had to talk about it or the tension would crush them with how heavily it hung over the room.

“Yeah, totally.” Eli chewed the inside of his lip.

It was never this awkward, but technically, they’d never actually planned to do anything. It kinda just happened and they didn’t have to think about it. Planning it made this whole thing feel wildly unnatural like it never had before.

“Um, do you still want to...” Klitz didn’t have to finish his sentence for Eli to know exactly what he was talking about. Hell, he didn’t even have to breathe for Eli to know. It was pretty fucking obvious. He absolutely still wanted to; It was all Eli could think about for the past two days. He didn’t squirt water into his ass this morning to end up not getting laid.

“Yeah.”

“Alright well, come here.”

Eli didn’t.

“Come on man, I’m not gonna bite you,” Klitz teased.

Eli snorted, “Yeah, you wish.” He watched Klitz turn red at the comeback. Klitz would definitely bite Eli if he let him.

That tiny joke somehow managed to ease a lot of the awkwardness, and Eli finally walked over to Klitz. He put his hand on the back of Klitz’s neck and pulled him down into a kiss.

“I like your hair,” Eli said when they broke apart.

“I know. I did it just for you,” Klitz mockingly batted his eyelashes.

“Shut up,” Eli rolled his eyes and pushed Klitz back onto the bed. “That’s super gay of you, you know that right?”

Eli knew he was a total hypocrite as he climbed onto Klitz's lap where he'd landed. It didn't count though; Klitz was actually gay. Eli wasn't.

"Alright, Eli."

Klitz kissed Eli this time, probably so he'd get the last word. His hands automatically gravitated to Eli's waist where he gripped a little harder today than he usually did. Their kisses started small and shy, but that quickly escalated into heated, open-mouthed making out as they both thought about what it was leading up to.

A little bit of Eli's anxiety came back when he realized that he didn't really know what he was doing. In terms of actually doing it, he knew the logistics, but Eli didn't know how they were supposed to get there.

Apparently, Klitz had an idea because he pulled away from the kiss and studied Eli's face.

Eli bit at Klitz's bottom lip. "Whaddya wanna do Klitzy?"

Klitz thought for a moment more. "We should take off our clothes," he answered matter of factly.

Eli was game. He got off Klitz and they both stood up and stripped until they were left in just their briefs. They resumed their position on the bed, but this time Klitz laid fully on the bed. Eli straddled him as he kissed him and rolled his hips down. He felt Klitz's answering erection hard against his ass. Jesus. That would be going inside him.

Eli thought about how in this position he could ride Klitz, which his dick thought was pretty interesting. That thought then led to Eli wondering what position they'd do it in. An image of himself on his knees with his face against the bed and Klitz behind him flashed through his mind, and his dick twitched again. He was gonna have to stop thinking like that or the fun would be over before it even started.

Eli ran his hands up Klitz's torso, from his stomach to his chest, where he experimentally swiped his thumb over one of Klitz's nipples.

Klitz's hips bucked up slightly. Curious, Eli leaned back and studied Klitz's chest, tweaking the same nipple between his pointer finger and thumb. Klitz made a small noise and Eli couldn't tell if

it was good or bad. Judging from Klitz's first reaction, Eli assumed good, so he dove in head first—literally—and licked it. Klitz moaned very softly and Eli looked up at him.

This felt strange. Not bad strange, but Eli was kind of out of his element. Sure, porn was his natural element, but sex? That was completely new to him.

Klitz and Eli had gotten off together, but they'd never done anything like this. Eli had no idea Klitz had sensitive nipples, and probably would have never found that out if they were just fucking around like they usually did. This was a bigger deal and it was interesting to think about the difference between now and other times.

Eli ventured a little further and sealed his lips over it before licking again, a little more firmly this time, while using his other hand to stroke the other. Klitz made a pleased noise.

"Eli," Klitz said softly. Eli looked up, but instead of saying anything else, Klitz flipped them so that Eli was underneath him now. Klitz reconnected their mouths and began to pull on the waistband of Eli's underwear. Eli lifted his hips so he could shimmy them down and once he'd kicked them off, Klitz's hand was immediately on his dick.

Klitz jacked him off in long, slow strokes, something Eli had learned Klitz liked to do, which was to tease Eli until he was so worked up that he became whiny and desperate.

Well, joke's on Klitz because Eli was already so turned on, it didn't take long for him to have to warn Klitz and ruin his fun.

"Wait, I'm gonna come," Eli said against Klitz's mouth.

Klitz decided that that meant he should speed up for just long enough to make Eli's hips twitch, and only then did he take his hand off Eli.

Eli groaned in frustration. "Asshole."

Klitz laughed like the sadistic piece of shit he was and kissed Eli once more before pulling away with a smack and sitting back on his heels. "Do you still want to?"

“No shit,” Eli snarked. If he didn’t get some after all this, he would be seriously pissed.

Klitz got off the bed and grabbed his bag, setting it on the bed while he dug through it for what Eli assumed was the lube and condoms he was assigned to get. Predictably, Klitz pulled a box of condoms and a bottle of lube which he tossed on the bed next to Eli.

“I’m gonna get a towel,” Klitz said and left the room.

Oh shit, that was a good idea. Eli hadn’t even thought of that, but was now glad Klitz did. He definitely didn’t want his bed all lube-y.

Klitz returned with a bath towel and tossed it at Eli.

Eli caught it with a scoff. “That’s how you’re gonna treat me right now, seriously?” Klitz smirked. Eli rolled his eyes and sat up so he could lay the towel flat then laid back down on top of it with his legs bent and his feet planted on the bed.

Eli watched Klitz strip out of his underwear. Eli hated to admit it but Klitz was so beautiful. He was tall with long legs, and more muscle definition than one might expect from someone so skinny. Even his cock was pretty.

He rejoined Eli on the bed, kneeling in between his legs. “You good?”

“Yeah.”

Klitz grabbed the bottle of lube and, reading Eli’s mind, asked, “Is it okay if I do it?”

Eli raised his eyebrows. He didn’t think Klitz would want to do that, or even knew how.

“Uh, sure. I didn’t think you—”

“I looked it up,” Klitz cut him off, pouring lube onto his fingers.

Well at least Eli wasn't alone there. It was relieving to know Klitz knew what he was doing, but the thought of Klitz doing that to him made Eli nervous.

"Could you spread your legs a little more?"

Eli realized he'd subconsciously closed his legs around Klitz. He anxiously opened his legs, but only slightly, not nearly enough, and looked at something slightly behind Klitz rather than looking at him directly.

Klitz leaned over and kissed him. Eli sighed into his mouth and tried to stop psyching himself out. He spread his legs wider, less intimidated now that Klitz wasn't watching him.

Klitz moved his hand in between Eli's legs. Eli closed his eyes as Klitz slowly pushed a finger into Eli. It wasn't exactly painful, but it definitely wasn't comfortable either. Klitz moved it in and out a few times, pulling at his rim a little at the outward passes, kissing Eli the whole time as he adjusted to the initial intrusion. After a few strokes with one finger, he added another. That was when things started to get interesting.

Klitz sat back on his heels again as he fucked Eli with his fingers. He didn't just go in and out, though; he also scissored and curled them at times. Eli's eyes remained closed as he focused on the feeling. He began to stroke himself to relax a little more and heard Klitz let out a shaky breath.

Was this okay? Was Klitz disgusted by him? Eli opened his eyes, expecting a negative reaction, but was instead met with a look of nothing but visceral want. Eli could see how blown Klitz's pupils were and how his chest was rising and falling quickly despite not having had much contact yet, and at that moment Eli realized Klitz wanted this just as bad as he did.

It wasn't one sided. This wasn't something only Eli wanted that Klitz was just going along with.

Klitz wanted to fuck him.

Right as that realization hit him, Klitz curled his fingers in just the right spot, stroking Eli's prostate for the first time. Eli gasped as heat traveled all the way up his body and left a flush painted down his neck and chest.

Klitz's fingers stopped at the reaction. "Eli?"

"That was..." Eli couldn't even find the words to describe it. That was fucking awesome. "Do it again."

Klitz hesitantly curled his fingers once again but more firmly this time and Eli tossed his head back and moaned.

"Holy shit, Eli," Klitz whispered. He did it a few more times and then added a third finger. Eli didn't care about the added stretch, because now that Klitz had found that little spot, he didn't leave it alone.

Eli jacked himself off a little faster as Klitz fingered him open. Klitz was simultaneously entirely too well meaning and a giant tease, and it was driving Eli crazy. Eli squirmed on the bed every time that spot was touched and he could feel himself getting close. If Klitz didn't fuck him soon he was gonna come before the main event.

After one particularly hard curl of Klitz's fingers, Eli couldn't take it anymore. "Jesus christ, Klitz, stop fucking torturing me!" Eli cried out, his own breath starting to come in shorter pants.

Klitz huffed a laugh and withdrew his fingers from Eli's hole. He fumbled with the box of condoms with slippery hands and Eli was way too impatient at that point.

"Dude, don't wear a condom."

Klitz looked up at him from where he was struggling, a little shocked. "Are you sure?"

"Just fuck me already."

Eli watched Klitz's cock twitch at the demand. "Okay," he said and nodded, his hair bobbing. He tossed the box of condoms off the bed and grabbed the bottle of lube. He poured a generous amount into his hand and Eli watched as he slicked himself up. Klitz wiped off as much lube from his hands as he could on the towel.



Klitz pushed one of Eli's knees up towards his chest and used his other hand to position himself at Eli's hole. He looked at Eli expectantly and, with a nod from Eli, he began to push forward. Eli was torn between wanting to watch and wanting to not come prematurely. He chose the latter and closed his eyes, focusing on relaxing, until finally, the head popped through the ring of muscle.

Eli scrunched his already closed eyes tighter and forced himself to blow out a breath since he could feel his body tensing up.

Klitz sucked in a breath and stopped. "You okay?"

"Good. Fine." Eli spoke through clenched teeth. It definitely wasn't good or fine if Eli was being honest. Klitz was fucking huge. Eli didn't have any other reference to compare it to, but he was pretty sure it would not be this painful if Klitz had a normal fucking dick.

Klitz took that as a sign to push in a little more.

Eli made a noise, a mix between a gasp and a whine, and shot his hand out, putting it on Klitz's lower stomach, stopping him from moving forward any further. "Wait, stop Klitz, stop."

Klitz looked at him with worry. 'Stop' wasn't what Eli had meant to say; he didn't want Klitz to freak out, since 'stop' probably wasn't a word anyone wanted to hear during sex, but he couldn't think of another word. All his attention was focused on relaxing and not giving into his body's knee jerk reaction, which was to push Klitz away.

"No, it's okay, just wait."

Klitz looked so concerned, terrified of hurting Eli. His grip on Eli's thigh tightened and loosened, mimicking the action of how he usually wrung his hands when he was nervous. He breathed hard through his nose.

Eli took a moment longer to adjust. "Okay." Eli met Klitz's eye. "Just— just go slow."

Klitz began to push in again, slower than he had the first time, but still a little too quick.

“Slower,” Eli hissed.

“Sorry.”

Eli shook his head. That’s not something Klitz needed to be sorry about. They just needed to talk to each other.

Klitz slowly—very, very slowly—worked his cock fully into Eli with tiny rocking motions. His hips met Eli’s and Eli could feel Klitz’s hip bone on the back of his thigh.

“Eli wait, wait, don’t move.”

Eli looked at Klitz in confusion. He saw beads of sweat forming on Klitz’s face and he was struggling to breathe evenly. His eyes were closed in what looked like concentration. Was it painful for Klitz too?

“Klitz?”

“I’m good— more than good... just don’t wanna...” Klitz didn’t finish his sentence. His grip on Eli’s thigh was almost painful, and Eli realized: Klitz had to adjust too. “You’re so tight,” Klitz said, confirming Eli’s assumption. He sounded strangled. Klitz opened his eyes and looked down at Eli. “Need to move, please,” he begged.

Eli’s mouth hung open, shocked at the raw desperation he’d never seen from Klitz. He wasn’t sure if he was ready.

“Yeah. Yeah, do it,” he said anyway.

Klitz pulled out slowly and thrust back in, just as slow. He did that a few times, conscious of Eli’s comfort despite clearly just wanting to fuck him already. Klitz’s hips met Eli’s again and he grinded into him. Eli strained his neck to see where he and Klitz were connected.

“Dude, you— you’re,” Eli stuttered and looked at Klitz slack-jawed. “You’re inside me.” Eli didn’t know why that concept was so shocking to him, or why he’d only just had that realization now.

Klitz nodded in agreement, looking almost equally dazed.

The slow thrusts were helpful, and now that Eli had adjusted a little more, Klitz began to move faster. It was a bit awkward and out of rhythm at first, his knees slipping on the bedspread, but Eli spread his legs a little more, actually taking his other foot off the bed and letting it hover in the air on the side of Klitz's waist, opening himself up and making more room for Klitz. That helped.

With some adjusting, Klitz found a good position. Leaning forward and holding himself up with his arms braced on either side of Eli's shoulders, Klitz began to properly fuck Eli.

It was still a little uncomfortable at first, Eli's body getting used to the intrusion, but once it had, it started to get good.

Klitz pulled out about halfway before thrusting back in. He was missing Eli's prostate more than hitting it, but it still felt good. When he would hit it, Eli would clench down onto him which would make Klitz moan and fuck him a little harder. Klitz dropped onto his elbows and kissed Eli, pushing his tongue into his mouth. Eli's dick was rubbing between their stomachs, and that was when Eli remembered that he did in fact have a dick, and it was being neglected. He got a hand on himself between them and it got that much better.

Eli grabbed the back of the same knee Klitz had been holding and pulled it up towards his chest, refusing to let himself feel embarrassed about how slutty it looked.

Klitz fucked Eli, alternating speeds, trying harder and softer, and adjusted his movements based on Eli's responses. Eli found out he especially liked when Klitz would roll his hips rather than just piston in and out of him. Their kisses had devolved into panting into each other's mouths.

Klitz slowed to a stop and leaned back to adjust Eli's hips so he was lined up more squarely with his crotch. He hooked one of Eli's knees over his elbow, knowing Eli was not that bendy, and leaned forward again, tilting Eli's hips up in the process. Eli subconsciously wrapped his other leg around Klitz's waist. He paused to kiss Eli before pulling out almost all the way and thrusting back in firmly, hitting Eli's prostate dead on.

Eli's eyes rolled back and his back arched off the bed as a loud moan was forced out of him.

"*Fuck*, right there," Eli groaned. White hot jolts of pleasure radiated throughout his body as Klitz picked up his pace again. Eli was letting out noises he felt like he should be embarrassed about, but

he couldn't help it. With the new position, Klitz was hitting Eli's prostate on every push. There was no way Klitz didn't do that on purpose.

The endless abuse to his prostate was almost too much. His legs started to shake.

Eli stroked himself even faster and let out a low moan that was punctuated by each of Klitz's thrusts. His punched out breaths puffed out over Klitz's lips in small 'hah-hah's.

Klitz dropped his head onto Eli's shoulder. "I'm close."

An idea popped into Eli's head. An idea he only had because he was definitely not thinking with his upstairs brain.

"Come in me," he whispered. Eli knew he'd probably regret it later, but he had to feel it.

Klitz's hips stuttered. "What?"

Eli was pretty sure Klitz had heard him, but maybe thought he'd misheard because there was no possible way Eli could've just said that to him.

"Inside. Come inside me," Eli reiterated.

"Oh fuck." Klitz seemed to be in total agreement with the idea, but still made sure Eli wasn't just fucking with him. "Seriously?" His voice pitched up at the end of the word. He sounded like he was on the very edge of orgasm and it was taking everything in him to hold himself back.

"Please, Klitz."

Klitz finally let go. He made a few more *deep* thrusts, let out a low, shaky groan right next to Eli's ear that inflamed Eli from head to toe, and came inside him. He made minute grinds, flexing his hips into Eli that were a constant pressure on his prostate.

Eli felt Klitz's dick twitch inside him along with the faintest feeling of his come. It was the hottest

thing Eli had ever experienced, and he came almost immediately after, tightening rhythmically around Klitz. Klitz moaned at the feeling and bucked his hips once more.

They laid against each other, breathing hard as they came down. Klitz leaned back again and let go of where he was holding Eli's leg up. It wasn't until Klitz moved that Eli realized how tightly his leg was wrapped around Klitz's waist. He dropped his legs like they were dead weight.

Klitz pulled out and Eli felt a strange loss, then made a face at the feeling of come and lube leaking out of him.

"Dude..." Eli said in disbelief, staring at the ceiling. His body felt hot all over. He was sweating, his lips were red, and he felt fine tremors wrack his body.

Klitz noticed his trembling. "Oh fuck, are you okay?"

A huge grin spread onto Eli's face at the dumb question. Of fucking course he was okay. He looked at Klitz. "Fuck yes."

"So... that was okay?" Klitz looked nervous again. Jesus christ. Klitz had just casually destroyed Eli's guts and still had the nerve to ask him if he was okay.

"Dude shut up, that was fucking awesome." Eli couldn't stop smiling, and it eased Klitz's features and he developed a smile of his own.

They cleaned up, Klitz really proving how much of a gentleman he was by bringing Eli a wet washcloth, which he threw at him, just like he'd done with the towel earlier. Eli caught that one with his face.

They showered together—"to save water" had been Eli's excuse, and who was Klitz to question that? Klitz washed Eli's hair and kissed his forehead and it was so disgustingly sweet Eli almost gagged.

In all seriousness, Eli actually felt really good. He was half expecting himself to have some sort of terrible post-nut clarity and regret it and spiral into panic, but he didn't. He just felt relaxed. And

tired. And he was sad that Klitz wouldn't be able to stay the night. But ultimately good.

And hey, he just lost his virginity. Three cheers for Eli.

#### Chapter End Notes

Just like to say that I'm completely aware of how unrealistic it is that they're already banging after only 12 days. If I wasn't following the movie's timeline, I wouldn't even consider doing this kind of chapter until it had been an appropriate amount of time for it to happen. Either way \*shrug emoji\*

# Chapter 13

## Chapter Summary

Eli is forced to face the truth.

## Chapter Notes

Shoutout to @/pauldanosfridge for being born. You asked if I was a sadist, here's your answer, hope you enjoy. Massive trigger warning for homophobia (no slurs this time wow) and graphic violence (hate crimes?) good luck

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Eli woke up alone. He knew he would, obviously since Klitz had gone home yesterday, but a tiny part of him had hoped that maybe he'd dreamt watching Klitz drive away.

Last night they ordered pizza and sat cuddled up next to each other watching movie after movie late into the night. Klitz had made no move to leave. He wrapped his arm around Eli's shoulders like he wasn't planning on leaving at all. He did such a good job at ignoring the fact that he wasn't going to stay over that Eli was convinced his parents had actually changed their minds and Klitz just hadn't told him. But at the very edge of Klitz's curfew, when Eli was practically waiting for something to happen, that's when Klitz's mom called and told him to come home right away.

Klitz never would have done something like that before. He would've done the responsible thing, which was to decide to go home at a reasonable time. He would've never waited so long that his mom called him angrily and told him to get his ass home now.

Eli felt embarrassingly clingy and kept Klitz as late as he could, but Klitz seemed almost worse than him, so at least they were clingy losers together. Eli seriously wanted Klitz to stay the night, even considering going as far as asking him to directly disobey his parents' orders, but that would've probably ended with both of his moms storming over to Eli's house in their hair curlers and bathrobes or some shit, each cartoonishly tapping their feet angrily with their fists on their hips. Klitz was already on thin ice as it was.

But you know what? Eli couldn't find a shred of guilt within him for it. Maybe Eli was a bad influence, maybe he did get Klitz to do some things that his mothers deemed morally irresponsible, but he was also getting Klitz out of his comfort zone. They both were, and that was something they'd never done before. These past couple of weeks had been the most fun Eli had had all year,

and he knew for a fact Klitz felt the exact same way.

Plus, it was their senior year. They deserved to have a little fun.

Eli got out of bed and was immediately hit by a fine thrum of soreness throughout his body. More specifically his lower half.

He put his hand over his lower belly where he felt a dull ache as if he'd done a fuck ton of sit ups last night. Eli scoffed in disbelief. Klitz was so deep that Eli's fucking insides hurt.

He really hated to admit when Klitz was right, but porn, in fact, was not real life. They only showcased the good parts in porn, the actual fucking, but they never showed what happened afterward.

The chapped lips from too much kissing, the sore muscles and unexpected aches in places Eli didn't even know were able to ache.

Porn certainly hadn't prepared Eli for when he sat on the toilet that morning. There had been a lot of interesting sensations in the past twenty four hours—objects and body parts and fluids going in and out of him—but that one really took the cake.

Klitz would definitely be wearing a condom next time.

Eli took another shower just to freshen up and he so did not jack off in there while thinking about yesterday.

He got dressed and went downstairs for something to eat. The cool draft from the fridge chilled his wet hair, making it even colder on his forehead and ears. He leaned against the door of the open fridge while boredly scanning the limited selection of breakfast food. He didn't often eat anything for breakfast besides maybe cereal since there wasn't a huge variety of food, but funnily enough, there were eggs. His parents must've gone grocery shopping while they were home recently.

Too bad Klitz didn't stay the night or else Eli could've used the classic "how do you like your eggs in the morning" line. It wasn't like he would've even had to ask anyways; he knew Klitz liked his



eggs scrambled.

He made himself eggs just for the novelty of it.

Eli ate breakfast while watching the Sunday morning news; Sunday, which meant he had to return that week's movies.

It was kind of sad in a way. He was going to have to return the Danielle tape and his first gay porn, two monumental pornos that deserved to be archived in his own collection.

He considered buying both—in any other situation he would have, without hesitation—but Matt would probably never forgive Eli if he bought his girlfriend's porn. Eli was also kinda-sorta somewhat friends with Danielle, and no matter how cool it was that he was friends with an actual, real life pornstar, it was a little weird, as a friend, to buy the porn she was in.

The other one was a bit more difficult to decide. On one hand, it was his first gay porn, and Eli usually bought the video that was his 'first' of any category. On the other hand, buying gay porn was... well, kinda gay.

Eli pointedly ignored how badly he wanted to anyway.

After breakfast, Eli decided to watch both movies one last time before he took them back. He committed every frame to memory and made a promise to each that he'd never forget them. Maybe if he asked Matt for permission he could go back and buy Danielle's some day. And nobody had to know that he wrote down the title of the other porno... just in case.

He carefully packed up his movies to make his trip to the store. He normally walked when he went, but today was unseasonably hot so he figured riding his bike would be more tolerable.

He walked his bike out of the garage and made it to the end of the driveway before swinging his leg over and hopping on.

Well, he tried.

As soon as his ass hit the seat, a sharp pain shot up through him and he recoiled.

He stood with a leg on each side of the frame of the bike and looked at the seat in shock as if somebody had broken into his garage and replaced his bike seat with a bag of knives. He didn't know why he hadn't expected that; it wasn't like he wasn't fully aware of the feeling. He'd been standing up and sitting down all morning.

His eyes darted around the neighborhood embarrassedly, hoping nobody had been in their front yards working on their gardens or peeking through their curtains.

He got off the bike and pretended to inspect the back tire, putting on a dramatic performance to make it seem obvious that the tire was flat and that was why he had suddenly changed his mind about biking. Not that anyone would suspect anything out of the ordinary, or even care at all for that matter, but you can never be too careful.

He walked his bike back into the garage and was back to square one: walking. Whatever, it would be fine. A little heat never hurt anybody.

He made the familiar walk downtown, where it was far busier than he usually saw it, but he'd come a little later than he normally did.

He pushed a crosswalk button, despite it having already been pushed by probably everyone in the small crowd also waiting to cross the street. He rocked back and forth from his toes to his heels as he waited, and looked around at all the activity he was usually never around to see.

Church was over and everyone was out and about, running their little Sunday errands, all the old ladies dressed in their Sunday best like it was still the fifties having lunch with their other old lady friends.

He let his eyes wander, not really focusing on anything in particular, but as he looked across the road, he snapped to attention as he spotted a group of five boys walking out of a store.

They were far away enough that Eli couldn't tell if he was just making it up, or if that really was Troy laughing with his friends. He found out soon enough after staring for a bit too long and accidentally making eye contact with Hunter. Eli watched him turn to Troy and point directly at

Eli, and Eli quickly looked away and followed the crowd as they crossed the street.

Eli lost sight of them and hoped that he got lost in the crowd as well—being short had its advantages—but he took off his hat and stashed it in his bag anyway, just in case.

Thinking he was in the clear, Eli continued his walk like normal, but eventually, the flock of people he'd been using as his safety net started to turn off onto other streets and into stores, and Eli was visible again.

He kept walking and a few minutes later, the hair on the back of his neck stood up. Eli could practically feel himself being followed. Maybe he was just being paranoid, and he was tempted to look over his shoulder, but decided to keep his eyes forward and ignore his gut feeling.

He walked another block, and his panic only increased. The feeling of being followed didn't subside, it only got worse, and Eli knew without having to check that they were stalking him. He walked a little faster.

He came to a break between buildings and that was when he heard running behind him. He finally looked back and saw the group catching up to him.

"Oh shit," Eli muttered in panic, turning around and breaking out into a run, but they'd already gained enough distance on him and grabbed him by the strap of his bag, pulling him off the sidewalk, out of the public's eye, and into the alley.

"Dude! What the hell?!"

"Where's your boyfriend?" Troy asked sarcastically, giving Eli a nasty grin as he backed him farther into the alley, far enough that people walking by on the sidewalk wouldn't have a clear view of them.

Eli's steps faltered. "What?"

"You know, the tall guy. With the stupid haircut."

All five members of the group had now spread out into a human wall, caging Eli. “Why does it matter?”

“Just curious. You two seemed to be attached at the... you know, everything.”

“He’s not my boyfriend.” Eli didn’t stop walking backwards until they stopped, not letting them get any closer. He looked between the group. Three guys he knew for sure—Troy, Hunter, and Eric—one guy he’d seen around school before but didn’t really know—David? Damien?—and the fifth he didn’t recognize.

They obviously had planned something, but an uneasy silence stretched between them, none of them making a move to execute it. It probably should’ve been relieving that they hadn’t done anything yet, but their lack of action was instead disturbing and unsettling.

Were they waiting for Eli to make the first move? If their plan was to throw Eli off, it was working, because he had no clue where it was going from here.

He wasn’t gonna just stand there and let them interrogate him for no reason. He had to do something. He took a step forward, and they still didn’t move, which was even more unnerving, because there was no way to walk around them without coming into almost direct contact with any of them.

“Okay, what the fuck do you want?” Eli finally gave in.

The group shared a look that put Eli immediately on guard. “Don’t deny it.”

“What?”

“*What*?” Troy mocked. They took a step forward, and Eli took three steps back. “We always knew you were gay, but we never suspected the ugly dude.”

The insult made Eli’s blood boil, but it was quickly overshadowed by panic. Why did they suspect Klitz now? Were Eli and Klitz not careful enough? Did they see Klitz try to kiss him at school? Did they see them in the parking lot at the movie theater?

“Well, we didn’t *know* know,” Troy continued. “Sydney told us about you.”

Eli was hit by a wave of nausea. It made him feel a little better that they hadn’t actually seen anything between the two of them, but it was almost worse that they’d found out because of Sydney. He refused to say anything that would potentially make it worse, and waited to see if they’d reveal exactly how much they knew.

“So your little date was fake, huh. You were *with a boy*,” Hunter said in a nasally sing-song voice, like he was gossiping to a group of girls. “Ring any bells?”

All the bells were being rung. Alarm bells, more specifically. Eli recalled how the group had come up to them at the movie theater and fucked with Klitz for what seemed like no reason. Well, apparently they had a reason.

They knew. Everyone already knew. Without Eli even knowing they knew. They’d known for days.

Eli was going to kill Sydney.

Eli was already pissed just finding out Sydney had broken her promise, but he was absolutely livid at the fact that she didn’t even know it was Klitz. Eli didn’t tell her anything about him, hadn’t mentioned his name at all when he’d accidentally told her, she just fucking assumed it was Klitz.

That fucking bitch.

Eli felt fear and anger rapidly coursing through him. They already knew. There was no way he could deny it.

“Whatever man.” Eli’s own voice was foreign to him, uncharacteristically calm and collected for how he was really feeling on the inside. Eli side-eyed them warily, trying to hide any emotion, because emotion would make him an even easier target than he already was.

Eli didn’t know what they were gonna do. If they were gonna fight him, it seemed like they would’ve done it by now, but they weren’t making any move to leave either. They were just staring at him with a predatory gleam in their eye like they were spring loaded and waiting to attack.

Eli had to do something. The alley wasn't a dead end, it fed out to another street; he could make a run for it.

Eli began to take exaggeratedly slow steps backwards, like if he didn't move too fast, they wouldn't see him. But he made the mistake of glancing to his right, giving away his plan, and Troy rushed towards him.

Eli turned and sprinted down the alley, hopping over trash bags and stray debris, running the hardest he'd ever run in his life. Eli heard the slapping of shoes on asphalt behind him as the group of boys chased him, and he made it about halfway before someone grabbed the back of his shirt, yanking him to a stop. He choked and his hands came up to grab at the front collar of his shirt until it ripped and he fell forwards from the force.

"Your boyfriend's not here to protect you this time."

Eli landed on his hands and knees and scrambled back to his feet, where he was instantly shoved down again. Eli fell, landing hard on his ass. He yelped and his face scrunched up in pain. Eli realized what he'd done and his eyes widened in fear as he watched Troy's expression shift into something of repulsed curiosity. That wasn't a reaction from simply falling down.

"Do you let him fuck you?"

It might seem like a harmless question, but in reality, it was so obscenely lewd that Eli turned bright red. It was direct and personal and invasive and a question a man should never ask another man, because Troy asking him that meant that Troy was thinking about it. Troy was imagining Eli as some other guy's bitch, and that thought was so deeply humiliating, Eli felt like he might puke.

"You do, don't you?"

Eli couldn't help the tears that formed in his eyes as he tried his best to hold eye contact, tried not to admit his shame, but Troy's glare became so burning he looked away.

"That's fucking sick."

Eli stood up once again, and this time, Troy let him.

“Stay the fuck away from me,” Eli’s voice quivered as he said it.

Troy’s expression turned vicious and he stormed towards Eli. Eli’s stomach dropped and the realization finally hit him, that this was very, very real, he was being attacked in some dirty alley like some cliché fight scene in a movie, all because he’s gay.

That thought hit him like a train.

Troy punched him.

Eli gasped and stumbled backwards, his hand coming up to cup his cheek. He looked at them, mouth hanging open in shock. Eric and Hunter were now advancing on him as well, and he quickly sobered up as he realized he was gonna have to fight back.

Eric swung at him but missed and Eli took the opportunity while his guard was down to take his own swing. He hit Eric in the nose, not hard enough to do any real damage, but hard enough to stun him.

Eli used to fight a lot in elementary school. He knew how to scrap, maybe a little better than the average person, but there was no way he could defend himself from five dudes.

Well, more like three.

Two of them stood back, watching. One of them—the boy he didn’t recognize—looked giddy, like he was about to run home and grab some popcorn to watch the show. The other stood far back, barely watching, almost ashamed of what his friends were doing. Eli made eye contact with him for a split second before the other guy broke it and looked at the ground.

Eli’s bag was getting in the way, so he ripped it off over his head and threw it to the side.

Troy, Hunter, and Eric each had their own style of fighting, their own strengths and weaknesses which Eli took note of. Eric was clumsy and all the swings he’d taken at Eli so far had been

misses. Hunter was extremely bold and most of the hits Eli had taken had been from him.

Troy was more flighty than confrontational, which Eli used to his advantage, and ended up holding him in a headlock. He was done playing nice—the fight had gotten to such an aggressive point that Eli had to make some serious decisions or risk ending up in the hospital. He squeezed Troy's neck *hard*, to the point of his face turning an astonishing shade of red.

Troy squirmed and clawed at Eli's forearm, leaving raised red streaks and broken skin. “*Stop, stop*,” he choked out, almost unintelligible.

But Eli couldn't stop, his brain was in fight mode, and all he could think about was how badly he wanted to hurt Troy.

Hunter and Eric had stood off to the side, watching in shock as Eli strangled Troy. They only seemed to snap out of it when they noticed Troy begin to go limp, and realized if they didn't do something, Eli was going to kill him.

They both snapped into action, and the watching guy stepped in now too, realizing now that this wasn't just some little show for his entertainment, and helped them pry Eli's arms open, releasing Troy. He fell to the ground and gasped for air.

Eli thrashed around as he was forced into a spread eagle, adrenaline giving him tunnel vision, and all he wanted was to keep fighting, not let himself lose, but he was breathing hard and angry tears were streaming down his face, and he was tired.

This gave Hunter the perfect opportunity to punch him in the stomach.

Eli wheezed as the wind was knocked out of him. He doubled over and coughed, but continued to kick out blindly, hoping to get any kind of contact whatsoever. He landed a lucky hit right to Hunter's groin, and he fell to the ground, clutching his crotch, and the other two guys let Eli's arms go.

In a final surge of adrenaline, Eli reared around a hit to the other guy that was holding him, a punch to the nose that produced a sickening crunch of cartilage.

Eli was pushed to the ground again, and he looked up and saw Troy standing over him.



He kicked Eli in the ribs. Eli gasped for air and tried to crawl away.

Troy looked down at him evilly. “You’re a sick,” he kicked Eli again, “disgusting,” another kick, “pathetic piece of shit. I should’ve done this years ago.” The final kick had Eli crying out. Eli would be lucky if he walked away without any broken ribs. He would be lucky if he walked away at all.

Eli was truly crying now, taking shallow, hiccuping breaths, terror finally catching up to him as he realized he was fully at Troy’s mercy. He wanted to call for help, but his voice betrayed him and came out in wheezing cracks. He made eye contact with the boy who had stood back and watched for the whole thing. He looked mortified. Eli pleaded with his eyes, begging for something, for them to stop, for him to help, for him to do something.

He finally spoke up. “Yo Troy... e-enough dude.”

It was now eerily silent, the only noise being their heavy breathing. Everyone had backed off, leaving Troy and Eli in the spotlight. Hunter was hunched over slightly and stood with his knees closed. The other guy was holding his hand under his nose, catching the steadily dripping blood.

Troy broke the silence. “I see you again like this,” his voice crackled from Eli crushing his windpipe, “don’t think I won’t kill you for real. Pinky promise.” He glared at Eli so coldly, it was like he wasn’t even looking at a real person. He turned and walked to the mouth of the alley, the others following. They left him there. They didn’t look back.

Eli didn’t move from where he laid, his arms wrapped around his torso and his knees curled up to his chest.

He couldn’t think straight, his head was pounding and his ears were ringing, and he couldn’t get his eyes to focus. He could taste copper in his mouth. He ran his tongue over his teeth, making sure they were all still there.

He laid there on the ground, bloody and grimy with garbage and dirt and all the filth that was swept off the street that nobody wanted to see. And he laid there thinking that that’s what he was too.

He wasn’t sure what to do. He knew he couldn’t lay there forever, and though it’d felt as if time had frozen, it’d probably only been about five minutes. He had to get up. His mind told his body to

move, but it wouldn't cooperate.

He had to get up.

He forced himself into a sitting position, wincing at his ribs. He looked around for a moment as if he was waking from a thousand year coma, and regained his bearings.

He had to get up and go home.

His house was a twenty minute walk, and Eli didn't know if he'd make it. The video store was only two blocks down. Maybe he could ask Daisy for a ride home. Yeah, that was smart.

He stood up and used his already ruined shirt to wipe his face. He retrieved his bag and slung it over his shoulder rather than around his neck, and he gripped it tight as he walked back to the street. He stepped onto the sidewalk, rejoining civilization it felt like, and half expected the group to be waiting just around the corner, ready to finish the job. All he found was a very concerned looking stranger walking past.

He kept his head down and resumed his walk like nothing was wrong.

He felt people stare. Likely because of how roughed up he looked, but Eli couldn't help but feel like everyone was looking at him because everyone knew. Somehow, everyone on this street knew about him and what he did behind closed doors. They knew all his perverted secrets. Eli felt stripped down to the nerve, like his soul was on display.

He kept walking.

He pushed the pull door to the store, despite coming here every week for the past however many years. The bell above the door rang and it made the ringing in Eli's ears that much louder.

Daisy looked up from where she stood behind the counter, helping a customer. She greeted him by his name, just like usual, even though that was probably considered unprofessional. Daisy never did care for politeness just for politeness' sake.

Eli had stopped crying at that point, the only evidence of it being the salty tear tracks stained onto his face and his bloodshot eyes, but when Daisy's expression shifted from a soft, welcoming smile to a concern that he'd never seen on her, he began to tear up again.

"Oh crap Eli, are you okay?" she asked.

That question just about broke the floodgates, and Eli was maybe three seconds away from bursting into tears again and embarrassing himself even more in front of all the patrons in the store.

"Will you give me a ride home?" he croaked, barely managing to get the sentence out around the lump in his throat.

"Yeah, of course," Daisy nodded and walked out from behind the counter, abandoning the customer she was checking out.

The man at the register threw his arms up sarcastically. "Uh, hello?"

"Go home," Daisy spat. Daisy never lost her cool like that. She must know something is seriously wrong.

She led Eli to the break room and made him sip cold water from a tiny dixie cup. Eli thought it was dumb and babyish, but it was remarkably effective at calming him down. The loudspeaker crackled overhead and Daisy announced that the store needed to be cleared out immediately, no ifs, ands, or buts. Eli could hear the faint grumbling of unhappy customers as Daisy herded them out of the store.

She made quick work of it, and was completely locked up within five minutes. She took Eli to her car. It smelled like patchouli and cigarette smoke.

"Did you get into a fight?" she asked gently as she drove him home.

Eli almost laughed at how absurd the question was. "Yeah." He was pretty sure the dried blood and bruises and ripped shirt answered that one.

She didn't press him for any more information after that, and the rest of the car ride was silent, but she stuck around when they got to Eli's house. Eli didn't object. She followed him inside.

"I'm gonna—" Eli jabbed his thumb over his shoulder toward the stairs, context clues finishing his sentence for him.

"Okay," Daisy said softly.

Eli went upstairs and changed out of his clothes. He felt like burning them. They smelled like garbage and were stained with mystery liquid from whatever he happened to be laying in on the ground. He changed into a pair of shorts and a shirt he didn't mind getting gross. He was sweaty and definitely still reeked of trash. He was pretty sure it was in his hair too.

He wanted to take a boiling hot shower and scrub his body raw with steel wool. For more reasons than just the obvious.

He washed the blood off his face and looked at himself in the mirror. A purple bruise was already forming around the ridge of his eye socket, and Eli was thankful the punch had landed on his upper cheekbone rather than his actual eye. He didn't really feel like going blind. There were scrapes on his face, and a small bruise on the bridge of his nose.

He lifted his shirt and examined his ribs and was almost sick at the sight of the huge patches of burst blood vessels under his skin.

He went back downstairs and met Daisy sitting on the couch with two cups of steaming something on the coffee table. Eli assumed tea. Everyone always made tea when something was wrong.

She patted the cushion next to her on the couch and Eli sat down gingerly next to her. "Wanna tell me what happened?"

Eli hugged his arms around himself. "Um..." he began to tear up again for some reason. "Klitz—" Eli started, but didn't know where he was going with it. 'Klitz' what?

His eyes burned as he recalled what happened in the alley not even an hour ago. He didn't know how he was supposed to explain it all. "They followed me, and I—" Eli looked at the scratches on his forearm and remembered how it felt crushing Troy's throat. "I didn't mean to," he said, even though he knew Daisy didn't know what he meant by that. "I wasn't gonna kill him, but he hit me and they wouldn't leave me alone and I was— I didn't know— there was—"

"Shh," Daisy redirected Eli's attention as he began to ramble. "Start from the beginning."

So he did. Eli started at the very beginning and he told Daisy everything. She probably didn't even mean it like that, but once he started, he couldn't stop, letting everything that had happened in the past two weeks spill out of him.

He started with the practice kiss, then how things just went further and further from there. He told her about what he really felt, stuff he didn't even tell himself, like how much he liked Klitz and how afraid of him he was. Stuff he denied and ignored on surface level. Stuff he never thought he'd admit to someone else, let alone himself.

He finally told somebody. He was finally, completely honest about it, and he didn't even notice how keeping it all in made him feel like he was carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders. Now that he told someone, he felt a million times lighter.

But now someone knew. He hadn't ever planned on telling anyone. Nobody was supposed to know. Nobody was supposed to find out. People knowing made it real.

Daisy was silent throughout his whole story, humming and nodding at the appropriate parts. Eli passed his cup of tea between himself simply for something to do with his hands, trading it off when it became too hot in one hand, and then back again when it began to burn the other.

Eli finished his story with the fight that now led up to the present moment and refused to look at Daisy. She was quiet for a moment longer.

"I remember the first time I liked a girl, not just a crush or anything," she began hesitantly. "It was in, god, ninth grade I think? And I got invited to a big slumber party for her birthday." She looked at her hands while she spoke, almost like she was uncomfortable sharing this story. Eli wouldn't be surprised if he was the first person she told about this. He knew she wasn't big on sharing feelings in the first place.

“We did all the slumber party activities, yadda yadda, but at the end of the night—“ she cut herself off. “—well, her dad had just built this big, fancy fire pit in their backyard, and he was so excited to use it,” she explained before continuing.

“Me and her were sitting in the same chair together, roasting marshmallows, and I’d never been so close to a girl like that, and she looked so pretty in the light, and I remember looking at her lips, and how soft they looked, and I remember how badly I wanted to kiss her.”

Eli watched her speak now, listening attentively.

Daisy continued. “I wasn’t really thinking when I did it, I kinda just did. I kissed her,” she smiled and let out a small laugh, “but only for a second cause she pushed me away. Not in a mean way though, she just told me “girls don’t do that with other girls”, and I apologized and she smiled at me and said it was okay and that we could stay friends.”

Eli’s stomach dropped at her last sentence. That one phrase—“girls don’t do that with other girls”—brought back a memory he had completely forgotten about.

Eli had always said his first crush was a girl named Claire Thompson in his second grade class, and he’d pass her notes all the time, and she’d tell him that when they grew up they’d get married.

But that one little phrase made him think about his real first crush, and it wasn’t a girl.

It was a boy in first grade. James, but he told Eli to call him Jamie. He let Eli borrow his pencil when Eli lost his own, and Eli would share his snacks, and Eli always looked forward to recess because Jamie would hold Eli’s hand on the playground and kiss him on the cheek.

But when Eli’s teacher saw, she told him “boys don’t do that, Eli”.

Daisy’s voice pulled Eli out of the memory. “But y’know, it’s okay if girls do that with other girls, and same with boys.” Daisy was skirting the topic, not speaking about it directly, because she’d seen people like Eli before. People who probably knew deep down, but didn’t like to talk about it, didn’t like to think about it, and definitely didn’t want to admit it, and Daisy had been that person before too. “There’s nothing wrong with... who... you like,” she said.

But Eli was past reason at that point, because that one little memory, that little phrase, brought

back all the memories that he'd forced himself to forget, forced himself to push down and not think about because maybe if he could convince himself first, then maybe he'd be able to convince everyone else.

He thought about how every time his mom took him shopping for the new school year, he'd gravitate towards the underwear section and look at the models for a little too long, and when one day when his mom asked him what he was doing, he turned red and made up a lame excuse about not being able to find the right size.

He never did it again after that.

He thought about all the times when his parents dragged him to church, he'd overheard people talking about those two men that always came in together and sat together and looked at each other like how a man and a woman who are in love look at each other, and how "it's just not natural".

That was what he told himself every time he saw a gay couple in public.

He thought about how guys in school would talk about female celebrities they wanted to bang in lurid detail—Eli learned a lot of new words when he took part in those conversations—and the girls would talk about the cutest male celebrities. Eli found himself siding with the girls more often than not. One time while talking with the boys, Eli had nervously asked "how about Brad Pitt?"

Everyone laughed, so he played it off as a joke.

Such juvenile, meaningless events that Eli hadn't given a second thought to, but were actually so glaringly significant that Eli couldn't believe how long he'd spent ignoring them.

Eli thought about Klitz.

He didn't know why he liked Klitz so much. Why he liked his flat chest under his hands instead of tits. Why he liked his broad shoulders and the hard lines of his body instead of the soft curves of a woman. He liked the way Klitz tasted, and the sounds Klitz made, and Klitz's big hands, and Klitz's mouth on his, and he liked all those things more than all the women he'd liked his entire life.

For once, he let himself truly think about how badly he wanted Klitz—and not like that, he already

had Klitz like that.

Eli wanted Klitz to wake up next to him. He wanted Klitz to scratch his back when he was tired, and kiss him hello every morning when he picked Eli up for school, and he wanted Klitz to hold him and tell him everything would be okay when Eli was sad. He wanted all the little things that he'd started to tell himself he'd never get.

He wanted to kiss Klitz, not just because he was trying to get off. He wanted it to mean something. He wanted it to matter.

He wanted to hold Klitz's stupid fucking hand.

"Eli?"

Eli hadn't realized his breathing picking up or his clenched jaw or the cold sweat that had formed on the back of his neck.

He was finally comprehending what all of this truly meant, and he felt lost, absolutely clueless as to what to do. What the fuck was he supposed to do? Was there even anything to do?

"It's okay, Eli," Daisy tried to soothe, but Eli snapped.

"No, it's not fucking okay! You're gonna come into my house and tell me I'm a queer?" That wasn't what was happening at all and Eli knew that, but he was already spiraling and couldn't get himself to stop. "Sorry about *your* gay sob story, but I'm normal!"

If Daisy was hurt by that, she didn't show it. "Being gay isn't a bad thing," she said in a near whisper, finally addressing it up front.

"I'm not gay."

"Eli—"



He stood from the couch, and bumped into an end table as he backed away. His vision turned fuzzy at the edges, his breathing coming faster and faster, so fast Eli felt like he might suffocate. “I’m not fucking gay!” His voice cracked, but why did his voice crack? Eli couldn’t feel his body and only noticed that he was crying when the first tear fell.

“Take a deep breath,” Daisy said and walked toward him slowly like she was approaching a caged animal.

And that’s what Eli felt like. Cornered and overpowered, and he needed to regain control over the situation. “Get the fuck out of my house!”

Daisy took another step forward.

“Now,” he growled.

He glared a hole into the back of her head as she walked to the door. She turned around as though to say something, but decided against it and left.

He stood in his living room, shaking with fear and listened to her drive away. When he could no longer hear the rumbling of an engine, Eli let out a harsh shout and kicked the coffee table hard, knocking both unfinished cups of tea onto the floor, staining the carpet.

He paced his living room and bit at a cut in his lip until he could taste blood again, and the taste took him back to the alley.

He had called himself gay. But it was an accident, right? He was just confused because all those guys were calling him gay and... he just got mixed up, right?

Eli’s not gay...

Right?

## Chapter End Notes

you're obligated to tell me if you cried, I need to gauge how much worse I need to make the next chapter

## Chapter 14

### Chapter Summary

The truth comes out.

### Chapter Notes

sorry

Eli jolted awake at the blaring of his alarm.

There was a thin film of sweat covering his entire body and he threw the guest bed covers off of him.

His alarm continued to sound.

He didn't sleep in his own bed last night; the thought repulsed him since he didn't have the chance to wash his sheets since Saturday. He refused to even go in there except to change his clothes.

The last time he slept in the guest room, he'd slept through his alarm since the distance from his bedroom to the guest room made it resemble nothing more than a mosquito buzzing around, but this time he was able to hear it loud and clear.

He hadn't slept well at all, skimming the edge of awakeness, not slipping into a sleep any deeper than just barely unconscious. And that's what it felt like; unconsciousness more than anything restful. Any little noise would have been enough to wake him up—and they did. All the noises that his house made in the night that he usually tuned out had him shooting awake in a panic. He'd fall back asleep and it'd happen all over again thirty minutes later.

He slowly sat up in bed, his entire torso screaming at him to stop moving, to lay back down and never get up again. He ignored it and stood up anyway, stretching and twisting his upper body back and forth to get rid of any stiffness and hopefully make the soreness more tolerable.

He went to his room and silenced his alarm, not sticking around any longer than that.

He decided to shower, but almost changed his mind when he saw himself in the mirror, gagging at the sight of the bruises on his sides which had transformed into a sickly shade of red and purple overnight.

His shower was nothing but mechanical and efficient, not spending any more time in there than was absolutely necessary.

He rushed to get ready for school, his hurriedness making him clumsy, and he jumped at every little thing; the sink being too loud, accidentally dropping his deodorant from trembling hands, the tag on his shirt scratching the back of his neck. He was on a hair trigger.

He looked at the scratches on his arm.

He changed into a long sleeve.

He went downstairs and unlocked the door, but hesitated with the doorknob halfway turned.

There was a low chance something else would happen to him, but his body wouldn't even let him step foot outside without being prepared for what he now knew was possible, and Eli needed some peace of mind. He went back upstairs to his parents' room and rearranged boxes and clothes until he found what he was looking for: a wooden box owned by his dad, about the size of a shoebox, surprisingly only secured with a small metal latch for what was in there.

Eli dug through old knick knacks his dad had collected over the years or kept from his own childhood. He came up with a small pocket knife his dad had once showed him years ago that Eli had only just now remembered.

It wasn't anything special; the handle was a red pearl and the once silver hardware was a bit rusted to match. Eli opened it and examined the blade. He ran his finger over the edge. Duller than any knife he'd ever seen, but it was small and unassuming, and it was the best Eli could do at the present moment.

Something was better than nothing.

Klitz was already idling in his driveway when Eli opened the front door, and Eli froze where he stood on his porch, becoming violently nauseous.

He didn't want to ride in a car with Klitz, such a close proximity with no escape.

He forced himself to get in.

Eli didn't look at Klitz. He sat on the edge of his seat, as far away from Klitz as he could get, practically shoved up against the door. He angled himself away from Klitz and looked at his hands in his lap where he'd stretched his sleeves up to the tips of his fingers and fidgeted with the hem.

"Hi," Klitz greeted sweetly. His voice was soft like it was almost like he knew something was up.

Eli nodded in acknowledgment.

Klitz stalled for a second. "Is something wrong?"

"No."

Klitz looked at him harder, craning his neck to look at Eli's face, and let out a gasp. "Holy shit, Eli! What happened?"

Eli hadn't bothered using the concealer to try to cover the bruises on his face. The concealer was way lighter than his actual skin tone and he'd probably just look even gayer for having makeup in the first place.

Anyone on the planet with eyes would've noticed. It wasn't like Eli expected Klitz to not notice. He just hoped it wouldn't be right now. "Nothing happened," he said monotonously.

"The black eye says otherwise," Klitz said sarcastically. He reached over and tried to grab Eli's chin to turn his head toward him, but Eli flinched hard away from his hand and Klitz snatched it back.

Klitz was quiet for too long before he spoke again, a silence only wracking up in tension as the seconds passed, and even though Eli didn't want to respond, he wished Klitz would just say something already. Anything. "You didn't answer any of my calls yesterday..."

Oh right. Eli had ignored all of Klitz's calls, turned off his cell, and even took his home phone off the hook so he wouldn't have to hear it ring over and over again. "Yeah, no shit."

Klitz paused at Eli's biting response. Eli knew how confused he had to be; they were apart for one day and now it was like Eli was a completely different person. Klitz's throat click as he swallowed. He turned to face forward like he was too embarrassed to look at Eli as he asked, "Did I do something wrong?"

Eli's heart broke at the hurt in Klitz's voice. Of course Klitz didn't do anything wrong. Everything he did for Eli was always out of love. He treated Eli like he cared about him no matter what, so unconditionally kind, and yet the thought of Klitz doing that for Eli made Eli want to crawl out of his skin.

"Christ, Klitz, can you just fucking drive us to school?" Klitz didn't know how afraid Eli was of him.

Klitz looked back over at Eli and was speechless for a moment. Eli could feel his gaze burning a hole into the side of his face. Another too-long silence before Klitz cleared his throat and put the car in reverse, backed out of Eli's driveway, and began a wordless drive to school.

Eli stared out the window with unfocused eyes as trees and cars and people and buildings blurred past. He wrapped his arms around himself, gently poking the bruises on his ribs.

They got to school and before Klitz even turned off the car, Eli was out and walking into school without him.

Eli stormed through the courtyard, holding his bag at his side so it wouldn't jostle around where the strap rested on his shoulder rather than around his neck. He watched the faces of the people he passed shift into shock, or perhaps fear, as he passed them. Bruises on his face, an obvious sign of a fight, coupled with a look of pure rage were quite effective at getting people to step out of his way as he walked over to where he knew Sydney and all her friends hung out before the first bell

rang.

Sydney looked up when she caught sight of Eli walking towards the group, an action repeated by the rest of her group until there were eight pairs of popular girls' eyes on him, which only fueled Eli's anger. Sydney smiled for about a second until Eli got close enough that she could see his face clearly.

Her face dropped. "Eli?"

"I need to talk to you," he said through clenched teeth.

Sydney glanced at her friends out of the corner of her eye and forced out a nervous laugh. "What's up?"

"Alone."

"Uh, I don't think so," one of the other girls sneered.

"Fuck off." He pierced the girl who had spoken with a knife-like glare, and the smug, catty, 'don't mess with my best friend' look fell off of her face and she shut her mouth.

Sydney stood up hesitantly and slung her backpack over one shoulder, then slowly walked over to Eli. He grabbed her wrist and pulled her along with him as he looked for a place they could talk without being heard. He rounded the corner of a building. It was still public enough that he could hear the chattering from the kids in the courtyard, but private enough that they wouldn't be able to hear them. He stopped and yanked Sydney's arm forward from where she was dragging along behind him.

She looked at him fearfully, but he couldn't give one shit about how scary he looked right now.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" he snarled.

"What?"

He ignored her confusion. “Why would you—“ he glanced around surreptitiously and lowered his voice to a hissing whisper. “Why would you tell Troy?”

“Tell Troy what? I don’t even talk to Troy.”

Eli faltered. Troy had said that Sydney had told him. “Well— then who did you tell?”

Sydney looked at him with wide eyes like he was insane. “What are you talking about?”

Eli didn’t say anything, glaring at her, willing her to get a fucking clue.

Realization spread across Sydney’s face and she paled. “Oh my god.” She began to stammer apologies. “Eli, I swear I didn’t mean to tell anyone, I didn’t know what to do—“

“That’s such bullshit, you fucking promised,” he said, jabbing a finger at her.

“I only told Maddison—“

Fucking great. She *only* told Maddison. He didn’t even know who the fuck Maddison was. This is exactly what Eli was scared of most. He fucking knew it would happen and yet he still trusted her.

“You shouldn’t have told anyone!” Eli raised his voice, unable to control the volume of his frustration, and couldn’t help but think about this exact conversation he had with Klitz, except he was in Sydney’s shoes that time. He pushed his first two fingers hard into his eyes until stars danced behind his eyelids, trying to force away the angry tears that threatened to come out. “How did Troy find out then?”

Sydney took a deep breath. “Okay... I didn’t mean to tell anyone—“ Eli opened his mouth to say something but she cut Eli off before he could get anything out. “I know you have no reason to trust me, but let me explain.”

She looked at Eli expectantly, and Eli crossed his arms over his chest and cocked his head at her in



a *go on* gesture.

Sydney swallowed and nodded slightly like she was preparing to present her case in a court of law. “Maddie wanted to know why you suddenly changed your mind after we talked after school on Friday. I tried not to tell her and I changed the subject a bunch, but she wouldn’t let it go, and she was getting mad about it. I know it might sound dumb, but you have no idea how mean girls can be.”

Eli could get an idea right about now.

“So I told her, because she was threatening to tell everyone about shit I’ve done in the past.”

She sold him out.

“I told her not to tell anyone, but I had no clue if she would or not. It’s bitchy of me to say that cause I’m popular and I gossip a lot, and none of that will make you feel better, but you just have to know that I didn’t mean to.” She looked at the ground and picked at her nails. “But I still did. And that was super fucked up of me.”

Her eyes slowly widened where her gaze was focused on a pebble, like she was finally processing what this all meant, and her eyes shot up from her shoes back to Eli, taking in the state of his face. “Super fucked up, holy shit, Eli,” she rushed out, and Eli realized she was only just now grasping how seriously super fucked up this really was. “Was it Troy?”

Eli clenched his jaw and it set his lips in a hard, stern line. Admitting this was so humiliating. “Yeah.”

They stood there in silence, and Eli suddenly remembered one of the biggest reasons he was angry. “What made you think it was Klitz?”

Sydney’s cheeks tinted pink in embarrassment. “Just... the way you talked about him. And you’re always hanging out and stuff.”

Eli turned red. Was he really that transparent?

“Oh, and I saw him at the store on Saturday,” she winced.

Eli remembered a text he’d gotten from her.

*Does Klitz have a girlfriend*

*no why?*

Eli put those puzzle pieces together and resisted the urge to cover his face with his hands. He was so embarrassed he felt like he was gonna be sick.

Sydney knew... “How many people do you think Maddie told?”

“Uh. I don’t know. Probably everyone in our group at least. And obviously Troy I guess.”

Okay, so everyone else knew too.

Hearing Sydney’s side of the story was sort of relieving, but in a fucked up, morbid curiosity kind of way. At least he knew what happened; except Eli now had the knowledge that a bunch of people knew Klitz fucked him—depending on how specific Sydney was and how out of hand the rumors got—and he didn’t know if that was better or worse than staying in the dark. Sometimes ignorance really was bliss.

But even after the explanation and Sydney’s excuse, Eli couldn’t get over her betrayal. He didn’t want to get over it. He thought they were friends. He wanted so badly to be able to trust her, he prayed that this time, this situation would be different and she would keep it a secret.

Predictably, she didn’t. But that didn’t stop Eli from being disappointed nonetheless.

That also didn’t change the fact that she basically ruined his fucking life.

“Eli, I’m sorry.”

No amount of sorries could change that.

Eli took in a shaky breath, trying to control the fury that threatened to make an appearance. He wanted to hit something. He had to get away from her. “Don’t ever talk to me again,” he said hotly. “Don’t talk *about* me. *Or* Klitz.” Eli laughed bitterly and shook his head. Like that would ever actually happen. “If you’re even fucking capable of doing that.”

Hurt spread over Sydney’s face.

“I don’t give a shit what your excuse is. Just— leave me the fuck alone.”

Eli was deflecting.

He wasn’t trying to—he was just probably the worst person on the planet at managing his emotions.

Eli had ignored Klitz all day, pretending like he didn’t exist, and when he did acknowledge him it was to insult him or make some snarky comment completely unprovoked. Klitz took it with grace, and still tried to prompt Eli to talk to him, but was unsuccessful each time.

Eli only got angrier with every new attempt Klitz made.

They were in their last class of the day. The teacher had put on a sex ed movie, the same one they’d seen before earlier in the semester when they were going through the required sex ed course, but it was mandated that all seniors see it again since prom was coming up so soon. The teachers were supposed to give another lesson on contraceptives and shit, but it was so late in the year that most teachers had stopped making lesson plans. He put on the movie so it looked like they were still learning, but nobody was paying attention, and all the kids who weren’t already asleep had moved their desks around the room to sit with their friends. Eli, Matt, and Klitz were no different.

Eli bounced his leg while he watched Matt talk about what had happened on his own Friday night. Watched was the key word. Eli was barely listening, not taking in a single thing Matt was saying. Something about a guy named Kelly—weird name for a dude—and pornstars and strippers. Heavy on the strippers.

“So who is this guy? He’s like a porn producer?” Klitz asked quietly so as to not disrupt the video even though everyone else was talking at a normal volume.

“Klitz, shut up,” Eli said, waving him off. “Now, the strippers, when you were getting a lap dance, were they like, cool with you like, grabbing their ass—“

“Dude, oh my— oh my god, I’m trying to talk about Danielle,” Matt interrupted.

“Fine,” Eli leaned back in his seat. “Selfish bitch,” he muttered. He forced his leg still when the desk legs started to scrape on the floor from how hard he was shaking it.

He tried sneaking a glance at Klitz and was horrified to find that Klitz was already looking at him. Eli turned his whole head away and crossed his arms. He didn’t think he’d really looked at Klitz all day. He couldn’t look at him without feeling nauseous and remembering everything he’d told Daisy yesterday.

He wanted to keep his mind distracted. Porn and sex and strippers were so familiar to Eli that they’d distract him well enough, but now Matt had stopped sharing altogether, and Eli’s mind was busy again.

He just wanted to stop thinking.

They walked out of class together and Eli made sure to stay to the right of Matt so that he wouldn’t have to walk next to Klitz. Klitz and Matt talked and laughed and Eli pretended to join in, realizing halfway through the day how suspicious he looked by treating Klitz like he had a personal vendetta against him. It quite obviously still showed through, and he knew Matt had questions, but he was pretty good at taking hints and didn’t bring it up all day. The most he seemed to care was when he saw Eli’s black eye and asked what happened, but when Eli shut down and refused to answer, that was it.

Matt slowed and eventually stopped walking and looked across the courtyard, and Eli followed his gaze.

“What?”

Matt didn't respond, and walked over to a man who was in what looked like his late thirties talking to three girls from school.

Eli looked at Klitz out of muscle memory and saw a question in Klitz's eyes, more aimed at Eli than the mystery man, and Eli looked away.

They followed Matt to the man who greeted Matt like he already knew him.

His hair was spiked up and he wore a leather jacket and was smoking a cigarette. The air around him was thick with arrogance, and Eli figured that this was probably Kelly. He looked snakish enough to be a porn director. His entire vibe just screamed 'scumbag'.

He greeted Eli with a slap on the shoulder, and Eli immediately didn't trust the guy.

"Matty... you didn't tell me you got some serious burners at your school here," Kelly said and the girls giggled. Jesus, this guy was practically begging to catch a case.

The girls didn't seem to have any skepticism towards this man that just happened to be walking around a high school offering to "photograph" teenage girls, as Eli had overheard while they were walking over to him. They were blinded by a cloud of charisma; Kelly oozed charm and these girls were falling right into his trap. If Eli hadn't been so on edge all day, he was almost sure he would've fallen victim to his cool guy, 'give no fucks' allure too.

All three of them fell victim to Kelly's charm as well and followed him as he walked to his car. Eli felt like he couldn't say no even if he wanted to, despite the fact that getting into some random guy's car seemed like a really bad idea.

A truck carrying six guys drove past them, driven by Hunter. They eyed Kelly down hard, but their looks turned into cold glares when they noticed Eli in the backseat. Eli saw a red ring around Troy's neck and a splint on the nose of the guy who had watched 99% of the fight but unfortunately ended up involved at the very last minute which left him with a broken nose.

Eli looked away and ran his fingers over the outline of the knife in his pocket. Eli could feel Klitz's eyes on him.

Kelly turned to Matt. "So... what are we doing, man?"

The wind whipped Eli's hair around and stung his eyes.

Kelly had just begun driving before anyone could mention a destination they were aiming for. Matt had told him he needed to go to the bank, but Eli and Klitz didn't need to tag along for that.

"You can just drop us off at my house," Eli said, having to raise his voice over the wind and radio that Kelly insisted be turned up all the way even though he was attempting to have a conversation with Matt.

Kelly looked at Eli in the rearview mirror, a snakelike glint in his eyes that made Eli uneasy. "Oh yeah?"

Eli furrowed his eyebrows and glared right back. "Yeah..."

Eli didn't like the way Kelly had said that. He held Kelly's glare with his own for a dangerously long time, way too long for the driver to not be paying attention to actually driving, but at last, Kelly returned his eyes to the road and reached over to turn the radio down.

"What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't."

Kelly raised one eyebrow as a sly grin spread on his face. "Alright," he said coolly. "Pretty impressive shiner you got there. What's the story?"

There was no way Eli could refuse to explain without looking incredibly suspicious, so now Klitz would have to know. Not that Klitz didn't already know. He wasn't stupid.

"Just a fight," he replied with as little information as possible.

“I can’t imagine what a guy like you could do to get into a fight...”

Eli mentally rolled his eyes. “They just don’t like me I guess.”

“They?” Klitz questioned.

Fucking great. Now they all knew it wasn’t just a one on one thing, which was even more embarrassing.

“D’you win?” Kelly asked.

Eli sighed. “I can give you directions to my house,” he said, changing the subject.

“No shame in losing, man,” Kelly smirked. His tone implied the complete opposite and Eli wanted to punch him in the teeth. Maybe it’d take that smug smile off his face.

“Jesus fucking christ,” Eli muttered. Klitz was looking at him with way too much concern. “You can take this next right.”

Eli and Klitz were dropped off at Eli’s house and that was when Eli realized two things:

1. Eli shouldn’t have let Klitz stay at his house after school
2. Klitz didn’t have his fucking car to drive himself home

So Eli was basically stuck with him for an indeterminable amount of time. Unless he kicked him out and made him walk back to school, but that would just be even crueler on top of how he was already treating him.

Klitz followed Eli inside and Eli dropped his bag off before choosing the armchair in the living room to sit in today so Klitz wouldn’t be able to sit next to him. He flicked through channels on tv and saw Klitz standing at the entrance to the living room out of the corner of his eye.

Klitz had a frown permanently etched onto his face all day and he stood slightly slumped over with hurt. He looked like his spirits were crushed, and it made Eli feel even worse about this whole situation. He didn't want to treat Klitz so badly, but every emotion he felt turned into hostility one way or another.

Klitz walked into the living room and sat on the couch. There was a tense moment of silence where Eli could tell Klitz wanted to say something but was trying to figure out how to say it. "You got into a fight," Klitz said at last.

"Figure that one out yourself?" Eli could tell Klitz was expecting him to divulge more information, but if that's what he was waiting for, he'd be waiting a long time.

"With who?"

Eli ignored him.

"Did Troy—"

"Stop talking, Klitz." Any sarcasm from before was now replaced with a stern tone in Eli's voice. He wasn't going to talk about this with him. Eli didn't even want him at his house in the first place. He wished Klitz would go away.

Klitz didn't listen. "Troy beat you up," he stated. "I heard him bragging about it in class." He finally dropped the fake questioning act, becoming impatient with Eli not admitting it himself.

God, Klitz already knew but he was still up Eli's ass about it. "If you already know then why the fuck are you asking me?"

Klitz sighed and it was laced with irritation. "Because I need to know what actually happened and you're being a brat about it, so obviously something is wrong."

Eli raised his eyebrows in surprise, at both the brat comment—it was rare that Klitz called him out like that—and the fact that Klitz was apparently now entitled to know everything that happened in Eli's life. He slowly turned his head to where Klitz sat on the couch. "Oh, you need to know?"



Klitz now looked 1000% less sure of his statement.

“I don’t *need* to tell you shit, Klitz. Get out of my life.” That last part came off way harsher than Eli meant it to. He only meant it in a ‘leave me alone’ kind of way. He could’ve just said that, sure, but Klitz was beginning to seriously piss Eli off, and that was all Eli could do to not lash out further.

Klitz scoffed. “Fine.” He got up and walked to the door, harshly slinging his backpack over his shoulder

“Where are you going?” Eli asked and it contrasted the way he’d been acting all day. Why should Eli care where Klitz was going?

“Home,” Klitz spat.

“You don’t have a car, dumbass.”

“I’m walking,” he said and slammed the door on his way out.

Matt and Eli rode alone. Shortly after Klitz left, Eli had gotten a call from Matt asking if Eli and Klitz could meet him at the diner. Eli had to explain that Klitz was walking home—or maybe back to school to get his car—and then sat through Matt saying to Klitz almost exactly what he’d said to Eli over the phone.

Eli could tell Matt was curious about what was going on between him and Klitz. He was also definitely curious about Eli’s sudden bruises, but Eli hadn’t coughed up the story to anyone. He was gonna take it to his grave if he could. He’d rather die than tell people about how he got beat up because some guys found out he was...

Eli refused to say it.

He knew it. But he wouldn’t say it. Saying it made it real.

Matt gave in. “Did you and Klitz get into a fight or something?”

“Klitz couldn’t beat me up like this,” Eli remarked sarcastically, even though he knew that wasn’t what Matt meant.

“I would hope not,” Matt said. “I meant why are you being an asshole and avoiding him?”

“I’m not.” Eli cringed at himself. What a pathetic comeback.

Matt looked at him in disbelief. “You’re gonna try and pretend like there’s not something obviously going on between you two?”

Eli shrugged. As immature as it was, there was no way to even begin to explain without having to explain *everything*.

Matt shook his head but didn’t say anything else.

“Dude, it’s not your fault.”

They all met back up at the diner, Klitz arriving wearing a pissed off expression almost an hour after Matt and Eli. Klitz wouldn’t even look at Eli at that point. Matt had ordered for Klitz, but his food was cold by the time he got there.

Eli sat on Matt’s side of the booth even though there was no reason to and only proved to be increasingly awkward the longer they waited for Klitz.

Matt told both of them about what happened with Danielle when he got home.

“No, it is my fault. If I hadn’t been such a dick and taken her to that motel room.”

Eli stuffed a french fry into his mouth. “Yeah, that was a little forward, don’t you think?”

Matt looked over at him, incredulous. “Dude...”

Eli’s grin faded. “What?”

Klitz sighed shortly across the table, and Eli had a feeling it was directed at him. “Matt, the point is she made her decision. There’s nothing you can do about it now.”

Everyone fell into an unnatural silence, each sulking in their own problems. Their situations were a little similar though. Klitz was mad at Eli, and Danielle was mad at Matt. That was a gross oversimplification, and also implied that Eli and Klitz were in a relationship. Eli might even laugh at the coincidence if he didn’t feel like he was gonna be sick at any second.

Plus, it was hardly comparable; all Matt had to do was apologize and win Danielle back. Eli couldn’t exactly tell Klitz he was sorry for the huge shit show he got himself and Klitz into. There was no way Klitz would be okay with this.

“Yeah there is.”

Finding parking was unreasonably difficult. There were far more people at an adult film convention than Eli would have ever thought. They were forced to park at the back, possibly the longest walk to the building in the entire lot, and Eli thought that if there was a god, he must not really be as benevolent as they say.

Eli doubted his luck could get any worse.

They trekked to the building and were passed by people in golf carts being escorted to the entrance for definitely way too high of a fee. They’d actually passed quite a few sidewalk transportation methods and services; driving tourists who were too lazy to walk around the city must be a pretty lucrative business.

Even outside, a short distance from the building, they could hear faint cheering and yelling seeping through the doors. They were funneled in alongside a huge crowd, mainly made up of men. It was

flashy and there weren't any overhead lights on but it was still somehow too bright, and loud house music blasted and made Eli's ears ring.

It wasn't all glamorous though; the music wasn't the only loudness Eli noticed. He was hit by it the moment he stepped into the building. It stunk. It smelled of sex and the sweat of hundreds of horny old men.

The three wandered around taking in the scene, and everything was so distracting they almost forgot why they were even there in the first place.

Pornstars. Dozens of women elevated and separated from the crowds danced and posed on stages. All perfectly dressed up in the most revealing outfits to be on display for ogling eyes. Cameras flashed and names were called—even a few Eli recognized. Too bad Eli didn't bring any of his films. He could've gotten some autographs.

They finally focused back on finding Danielle, but it was such a huge venue that they were swallowed into it with no reference point to go off of and get their bearings. All the panels began to look the same. They followed a stream of people and were thankfully broken out of the loop of passing the same women over and over again and were now at what appeared to be the center of the venue.

That was where they found her. It wasn't the biggest panel—a little off to the side from the most popular ones—but it was obviously one of the main attractions considering the massive backdrop featuring Danielle's face, along with two other women.

"Jesus, is that her?" Klitz asked in awe, though they all knew the answer.

They stared for a moment. The name 'Athena' was printed right next to the photo of Danielle, and Matt was speechless.

Matt knew she was a pornstar, all thanks to Eli, but seeing it so clearly in person must've been a huge slap in the face. "Give me a second, guys," he said quietly and disappeared into the crowd.

Pornstars. Men.

Klitz and Eli split off from Matt when he joined the crowd around Danielle's panel, and they both knew trying to find him in that mass of people was a lost cause. They explored a little further and came across a few panels featuring men.

That made sense. Men were also in porn. There weren't as many as there were for women, but there was still a good amount. Just as many people crowded at the edge of their stages too, a majority of the crowds were still men too.

The men on stage were dressed similarly to how the women were: basically nude. They received just as much catcalling from their crowds as the women did. Were all these men gay? They couldn't be. There weren't *that* many gay pornstars. These guys probably just appreciated how the male pornstars looked, wanting to be *like* them rather than be *with* them. Yeah, it was normal to admire men like that...

Eli was staring.

For years he had done everything in his power to break his habit of staring at men, but it still happened despite his best efforts. He always told himself he thought they were hot, but in a not gay way. Cause he wasn't gay.

But since yesterday, he was now far too aware of men. All men. But especially the nearly naked ones.

They moved a little differently than the women—still swinging their hips and rubbing their hands up and down their bare torsos—but more slowly, more fluid. They took time to subtly flex their muscles too.

Eli's eyes traveled up the body of a particular man. Long legs, lean, muscular but not absurdly buff like most of the guys, and black hair covering his forehead that was dangerously close to falling into his eyes. He looked directly at Eli, smiled, and fucking winked. Eli looked at the ground instantly, his face on fire, and swallowed thickly.

He sneaked a glance at Klitz next to him, hoping he hadn't seen the interaction, but found that Klitz was also skimming the showcase of men. Admiring them.

Oh yeah, Klitz liked men too.

Eli felt sick.

Klitz wasn't paying attention to Eli at all. He looked around idly like he was fucking sightseeing or something and walked to areas he felt like walking to, like he didn't care whether or not Eli would follow. Eli knew he was just getting a taste of his own medicine but Klitz should cut him some slack. It wasn't Eli's fault he was having a... midlife crisis?

What was it called when it's a midlife crisis but you're not in midlife?

Just a crisis? That sounded pretty fucking accurate.

Eli followed.

They eventually made their way upstairs to a lounge sectioned off from the rest of the place with heavy velvet curtains and impermanent walls. There were couches scattered around and a bar set up in the far corner. The music was much quieter here and it was a welcome sensory reprieve. Eli could feel the beginnings of a really fucking awful headache.

Klitz grabbed a bright blue drink off of a waiter's tray as he passed. Eli looked at Klitz like he was insane, but Klitz either didn't see it or chose to ignore it. Klitz was playing with fire, just taking alcohol like he wouldn't literally get arrested if someone asked to see his i.d.

Klitz was acting weird. Shunning Eli was fine—he'd been doing it all night—but now he was so detached and unlike his usual self, and Eli had an uneasy feeling in his stomach.

Most couches were unoccupied and the two picked one at random. They sat down, exhausted now that they'd been there for way longer than anyone should spend at a porn convention. The couches were made specifically for two people to sit, and unless Eli sat across a table separating Klitz and another couch, Eli was forced to sit against Klitz. The couches were also apparently made specifically for two people to sit closely.

Eli felt a tiny twinge of anger at Klitz for attempting to talk to an attractive woman who walked by. Why would Klitz do that? Was he purposely trying to make Eli jealous? Nobody here was just looking for a friendly conversation, Klitz was trying something else.

Eli couldn't help but laugh when Klitz struck out.

"Dude, am I ugly?"

It was the first thing Klitz had said to Eli in over an hour.

"What?" Eli's brain went into panic mode and fought back the blush that he knew was forming on his cheeks. How was he supposed to answer that without looking gay? "No. No, man, you're fine, just relax." Eli crossed his arms and looked away.

"No, I'm ugly and I know it." Klitz sounded strangely disappointed. Was that not the right answer? Was he testing Eli or something?

But Eli answered honestly. The way he said it probably made Klitz think he was lying, but Klitz wasn't ugly. Quite the opposite actually, which was Eli's problem. Why was Klitz so pretty? Eli hated how pretty Klitz was. It made his life even harder. Maybe if Klitz wasn't so hot Eli wouldn't have turned out this way.

"What do you guys do?" A bubbly woman sat down on the couch opposite them. She seemed to be genuinely interested. Maybe some people here really were looking for a friendly conversation.

"I get freaky," Klitz said confidently before Eli could get a response out.

Eli's mouth fell open. He gave Klitz a look similar to the one he used earlier when Klitz decided to casually break the law. What was with him tonight?

Eli laughed awkwardly. "Uh-uh, we're directors," he corrected, and Klitz glared at him.

"Really? Would you guys ever wanna use me in one of your movies?" She looked so eager that Eli felt bad they weren't actually directors.

"Hell yeah we'll use you," Klitz said, and judging by how he'd been acting the rest of the night, the next thing he said would be absolutely batshit insane. "Baby, I'll do things to you I wouldn't do to a farm animal."

Jesus fucking christ. Was that supposed to be smooth or something?

A deep voice came from behind them. “What the fuck did you just say?”

Eli and Klitz turned in unison and looked up at the man towering over them. He was tall, and visibly strong, and could easily beat them to a pulp if he so pleased, and Eli thought they were dead for sure. Eli wanted to superglue Klitz’s mouth shut so he wouldn’t say any more stupid shit. How did Klitz expect to get away with saying that to a complete fucking stranger?

“Honey! These guys are directors, and they wanna use me!”

He looked between the two boys and Eli felt like an ant under a magnifying glass. “Use you?”

This girl was way too cheery for the situation Eli and Klitz were currently in. “Guys, this is my boyfriend,” she smiled at him. “Mule.”

Eli gave an awkward, unsure wave. “Uh... hi Mule.”

The man—Mule—stared them down and Eli didn’t dare break eye contact the entire time it took him to walk to the other couch. Maybe it was some kind of survival instinct, but he felt like if he looked away something bad would happen. Eli didn’t know what this guy would do to him and Klitz if he decided he didn’t like them.

Eli was gonna have to see a doctor for what the emotional whiplash was doing to his heart rate, because as soon as Mule sat down next to the girl, his entire demeanor changed in the blink of an eye.

Mule broke out into a proud grin. “Man, you gotta use my girl bro, she’s so good!”

Eli was having a hard time comprehending what the hell was happening. Wasn’t this man supposed to be killing them by now?



“I am! I really am!” She was insistent but Eli felt like if she was really that good he would’ve already seen her work before now.

“Wanna give her a throw?”

An unfortunate time to be taking a sip, Klitz choked on his drink. Eli’s nervous smile faded. This guy couldn’t be serious. He heard the part that Eli and Klitz were fake directors, right? Not fake actors.

“Yeah! Try me out!”

Oh shit, they were serious.

“No, you know, no I’m okay though, thank you,” Eli refused as politely as possible.

“Come on, at least feel her tits.”

Eli’s stomach turned over with panic. “Uh, I’m okay. I can’t. Thank you though.” Eli turned down the second offer, assuming Klitz would do the same.

“Fuck it,” Klitz said, and tossed a split second glance at Eli with an unreadable expression on his face. “I’ll feel one.” Klitz cracked his knuckles and rolled his neck, then reached out and put his hand on the woman’s chest.

Eli couldn’t help the intense pang of jealousy that spiked through him. He watched Klitz grope the woman, and told himself that Klitz would stop any second, that he would come to his senses and not be a total fucking perv right in the middle of a crowded room, but Klitz didn’t, and only got more into it.

The woman was smiling the entire time and Eli looked between her and Klitz. Klitz’s eyes were closed. He was obviously enjoying this.

Eli felt another flash of jealousy, but this time it came from a different place. Yeah, Klitz was feeling up this girl like he didn’t have a thing with Eli, but that part was now overshadowed by

dread.

Klitz liked it.

An image of himself feeling Sydney's tits flashed through Eli's mind; he remembered how much he hated it. And here Klitz was, really driving home the fact that he didn't just like boys. He still liked girls just as much.

Eli wanted to throw up from jealousy. Why couldn't he just like girls?

He felt a lump in his throat and his hands began to tremble. He watched Klitz, and he couldn't stop watching, no matter how sick it made him.

"Not bad, huh," Mule said and Eli jumped at the sound of his voice, pulled out of his thoughts. "Suckers cost me six grand."

Out of the corner of his eye, Eli saw a curtain pulled back and someone new entering the room. That wasn't out of the ordinary—people had been coming and going the whole time Eli and Klitz were there—but this time Eli had a bad feeling about it.

"Yo, Mule," a voice came from their left. A familiar voice. "What the hell are you doing?"

Eli looked over and his stomach practically fell out of his ass.

"Steel, check it out man, these guys are directors!"

The bouncer from earlier, the one who'd threatened Eli thinking he was press, began to laugh, and once again, Eli knew they were fucked.

"Man these punks ain't directors," he said and now had Klitz's attention too, and he slowly retracted his hand. "They're in high school, you idiot!"

Just as quickly as Mule's mood had changed earlier when he sat down on the couch next to his

girlfriend, it changed back into fury just as fast.

Oh, they were so fucked.

“Okay,” Eli started nervously, “here’s the thing—” and he was out of his seat, abandoning the sentence he hadn’t planned to finish. Klitz had the right idea too, and they hopped over the back of the couch together and ran like hell.

Mule grabbed at Eli’s shirt but didn’t get a good enough grip, thank fucking god, but that didn’t mean they were in the clear. Not at all.

Eli looked back and the image of a giant, buff, angry pornstar chasing them down was terrifying itself, but the thought of what would really happen this time if they were caught was bone chilling.

A barrier served as a makeshift guardrail at the edge of the second floor and, without thinking, Eli jumped it with no plan as to how he would land. He definitely got lucky this time, and his fall was slightly cushioned by a massive cake. It was still a fall though, and his previous injuries did not appreciate a full-body landing on a table. He rolled off, groaning in pain, and beckoned Klitz down to the same fate.

They were immediately followed by Mule who jumped impressively high off the barrier and crushed the table underneath him. Eli looked back. Mule laid unmoving where he landed.

They passed Matt as they ran back to where they came in and didn’t stop running until they were far enough into the parking lot that no bouncer would wanna keep chasing them.

Eli slowed to a jog and then eventually a walk and grabbed at his sides, wheezing. His entire torso was lit up with sharp pain. It felt like his ribs had been chiseled into blades and were stabbing his lungs every time he took a breath.

All night, Eli had been trying to hold it together. He was fighting against sleep deprivation and panic and anger, and Eli had enough.

He brushed cake off himself and muttered angrily under his breath.

“What was that?” Klitz asked.

“Oh, nothing. Just that this is all your fault.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

Eli didn’t even try to hide the glare that came out of him. “If you wouldn’t have been feeling that girl up we wouldn’t have been chased out.”

“You could’ve felt her tits too, she offered!”

“That’s not what this is about!”

“Then what’s it about? Cause you’re sending some pretty mixed signals.” Klitz’s patience was gone, and he matched Eli in anger.

Eli didn’t know how to answer. What it was actually about was so fucking complicated. He wasn’t ready to talk about it, but he was now forced to, and there was no way out this time.

Eli felt panic creeping up his spine, making him dizzy. He’d been on the edge of losing it for way too long, everything piling up and becoming too much to handle. He began to babble. He looked at the ground with unfocused eyes and he didn’t even know what he was saying, but a barely comprehensible, “How could you just do that when we–“ slipped out.

“We aren’t boyfriends, Eli.” Klitz finally lost his temper. The iciness in his tone brought Eli back to reality.

Klitz looked Eli hard in the eyes, searching, just like he always did, but this time so deeply that Eli felt like all of his nerve endings were exposed and Klitz was staring at his bare soul. “You’re jealous.”

Eli was taken aback at how blunt it was. “I’m not–“

“Then how are you gonna get mad at me for feeling some girl’s tits?!” Klitz raised his voice and it took Eli by surprise. “If you’re so straight?”

Eli knew what Klitz was doing. Klitz was doing what he did every time Eli told him he wasn’t gay—the disbelieving *sure, whatever you say*, and the doubt, and the condescension like Klitz was so much better than Eli because he didn’t hate who he was—but this time he was playing dirty; taunting Eli and holding his biggest insecurities over his head just because he knew that’s what would hurt Eli the most.

“You know, I’m always the one fixing your problems.” He glared at Eli before going on. “You treat me like shit, and you expect me to just be okay with it. Just keep going along with it, right? You want me around when it’s convenient for you, but when you get scared and decide you don’t need me, I’m meaningless to you.”

Klitz didn’t really think he didn’t mean anything to Eli, right?

“You need to—“ Klitz cut himself off and blew out a deep breath before inhaling sharply like he was undoing the action and decided to hold onto the anger instead. “You know what? No. You need to get your head out of your ass.”

Eli was caught off guard. He didn’t know what Klitz was talking about. “What?”

“A straight dude would never do the things we’ve done together,” Klitz started, and Eli’s heart flooded with dread and sank as he realized it went down way further than he originally thought.

Klitz started listing things off. “A straight dude would’ve felt that girl’s tits. A straight dude wouldn’t have broken up with a girl so he could keep fucking his guy best friend—“

“Stop it.” Eli stood still there, seething as a silent anger boiled under his skin, and his body began to shake. He felt angry tears form in his eyes. He clenched his fists so tight that he felt his nails pierce the skin of his palms.

“If you were straight you wouldn’t have kissed me in the first place.” Klitz paused. “You wouldn’t have asked to suck my dick—“

“Stop!”

“—you wouldn’t have liked it.”

“Fucking stop, Klitz!” Eli shouted, and the first tears fell.

“You’re so delusional, dude.” Klitz let out a humorless laugh. “You’re insecure and you’re taking it out on me and I don’t deserve that. You won’t even tell me what happened to you, or why you’ve been ignoring me.”

“I didn’t ask you to fix my problems.”

“Good.” Klitz scoffed and threw his arms up. “Cause I can’t fucking fix you, Eli.”

Eli’s face was pinched into a look of pure hate, and Klitz threw the same look right back at him.

They made unblinking eye contact, and Klitz paused to make sure he had Eli’s full attention. “Yeah,” he shook his head and scoffed just as evilly as Troy had. “You can pretend that you’re straight all you want,” he said viciously, “but you still let me fuck you.”

Eli was instantly thrown back to yesterday, in the alley. Troy’s question,

*Do you let him fuck you?*

followed by the beating of his life.

Eli could feel the pain of being kicked and punched all over again, like it was happening right now, and it hurt so fucking bad, he couldn’t take it anymore.

Eli finally broke.

“You don’t fucking get it!” Eli yelled, and hot, angry tears spilled down his face.

“I try—“ he took off his hat and scrubbed his hands through his hair as he began to pace. “I want to like girls so fucking bad! You think I wanna be a faggot?”

Eli watched Klitz’s face drop.

“You,” Eli said, rounding on Klitz. “You have it easy,” he jabbed a finger at him. “You get to just decide who you want to fuck at will.” He threw his hat to the ground and stormed over to Klitz, and Klitz’s angry expression was now replaced with alarm.

Good.

Eli shoved Klitz. He stumbled back and tripped over a curb, falling on his ass. He looked up at Eli in fear, and Eli wondered if that’s what he looked like to Troy. Klitz crawled backwards and scrambled to get up.

“Well, I’ve tried to just make that decision. Don’t you think I’ve fucking tried? All I fucking do is try!” Eli screamed, and his voice cracked.

“Why would I choose to fuck boys if I could just make that decision for myself?!” Eli reared his arm back as he crossed the distance he created between himself and Klitz. He was disoriented and could barely see through his tears, and Klitz managed to dodge Eli’s first swing.

“Shit, Eli!”

Loud and clear, Eli heard it ringing in his head:

*boys don’t do that*

Eli swung with his left. Klitz caught his arm.

*boys don’t do that*

Eli swung again, this time landing a solid hit to Klitz's chin, splitting his lip open on his teeth.

"Eli, stop!"

Eli ripped his wrist out of Klitz's grasp, every touch feeling like it was burning like acid through his flesh.

He sobbed. The inconsolable kind of sobbing. His breath hitched painfully in his chest on every inhale, an unignorable reminder of what happened to him yesterday. He didn't recognize himself like this; he knew he was crying, but it sounded like it was coming from someone else, and the sound was so painful that he cried harder in sympathy.

"Everyone else gets to be normal," Eli screamed, "but for some reason I was the one who had to be gay!"

There it was.

The truth.

He collapsed, sobbing, and didn't care about how pathetic he looked. He was just so tired of it all. He immediately curled up, trying to get away from everything. He sat with his back against the car and his knees pulled up to his chest, and he hid his face in his arms. He made himself small.

No maybes this time. No rationalizing it. No explaining it away. No more excuses.

Eli heard the shuffling of Klitz's shoes on the asphalt. He was quiet for way too long, and Eli could tell he was pacing, like he didn't know what to do. Eli didn't blame him. He didn't know what to do either.

Klitz finally walked over to the car and Eli tensed up at his presence. Klitz squatted down and tried to put a hand on Eli's shoulder.

"Don't you dare fucking touch me," Eli snarled. How dare Klitz try to fucking comfort Eli when he'd been so unforgivably cruel to him only minutes ago?



Eli was disgusted. He took deep breaths—in through his nose, hold, out through his mouth—because there was a real possibility that he would puke at the thought of the things Klitz said to him.

Klitz's words kept replaying on a loop in Eli's head, and Eli gagged, because he really did all those things, and Klitz using them against Eli just proved how repulsive Klitz really found Eli. Klitz was supposed to be the one he could trust with this.

"Eli, I'm sorry, I didn't know," Klitz said softly.

"Whatever, dude," Eli said hoarsely and kept his face buried in his elbows.

"I feel so bad, man."

That was rich. Klitz *felt bad* about breaking the last ounce of trust Eli had in anyone.

"Yeah, well, you fucking should."

Klitz stood back up and looked around for a moment like he was lost, then took off his jacket and his button up, leaving him in a plain white undershirt. He used his jacket to wipe as much cake off his face as he could. "I'll be back in a second. Please, don't go anywhere." Klitz broke into a jog and ventured back to the building.

Eli continued his deep breaths and copied Klitz, taking off his shirt and wiping his face.

About ten minutes later, Klitz returned with the car keys, napkins, a couple bottles of water, and Eli's jacket and video camera, both of which Eli hadn't realized he'd left.

"Eli," Klitz said and waited for Eli to lift his head. He had to ask again before Eli obeyed.

Eli was wrecked. His face was red and splotchy, his eyes were puffy, and there were not quite dried tear tracks down his cheeks. He refused to make eye contact.

Klitz handed Eli one of the bottles and instructed him to drink while he wet a few napkins with the other bottle. Eli only listened because he had the worst headache of his life; he could feel it still pounding to the beat of the music inside. Klitz wiped the remaining cake off of Eli's face, and Eli was still so, so mad, but still so weak for Klitz that he let him.

Klitz was aggravatingly gentle, back to his normal, passive self, and Eli wanted to punch him again, because how could he do that? How could he destroy Eli one second and then suddenly care about him the next?

The wet napkin was cool against his heated skin, and it helped that he wasn't covered in tears and snot and cake anymore. His breathing returned back to normal, save for a few hiccups here and there.

Klitz unlocked the car and put all their stuff in the back, then tried to pull Eli off the ground to get into the car as well so he wouldn't have to continue sitting on the asphalt. Eli just grunted and didn't move, so Klitz cut his losses and sat on the ground across from him. Eli's face was no longer hidden in his arms, but it might as well have been by the way he stared distantly at the ground.

"I'm sorry."

Fresh tears welled up in Eli's eyes.

"I'm sorry," Klitz repeated. "I shouldn't have said those things."

Tears fell and Eli still didn't say anything.

Klitz spoke to him very softly. "You're not gross, or fucked up, or disgusting, or a bad person, or any of what you think you are," Eli's brow furrowed and he tried to stave off crying any harder as Klitz spoke. "I'm not gonna say it's okay, because it's not. And I know that now. But I wanna help make it okay."

Eli wanted to be mad. But he was tired. So fucking tired, his body was limp and he could barely keep his eyes open.

“I’m sorry I hit you.”

“It’s okay.”

Klitz scooped closer on the ground and hesitantly pulled Eli into a hug. Eli let Klitz shift his body around until Eli’s legs were on top of Klitz’s, wrapped around him, hugging him with his whole body. They sat there in that hug for ages, Klitz rubbing Eli’s back soothingly. Eli had started to silently cry onto Klitz’s shoulder again.

“I love you,” Klitz whispered.

Eli choked on a sob and gripped Klitz’s back tighter where he was clinging to him, bunching up his shirt in his hands.

“That’s not fair,” Eli rasped.

“I know.” Klitz held him tighter. “I’m sorry.”

Klitz stroked the hair at the nape of Eli’s neck, and Eli’s body began to go limp in Klitz’s arms. They sat there in that hug, and it didn’t feel like long enough.

When Matt showed up, he looked at Klitz, the most confused Klitz had seen him in his life. He must have had about a million questions, but Klitz just shook his head. He handed Matt the keys, and Matt started the car.

Eli had fallen asleep against Klitz, and Klitz ran his hand through Eli’s hair and pressed tiny kisses against his neck, whispering to him that they needed to get up so that they could go home. Eli whined, but let Klitz guide him into the backseat.

Eli fell back asleep almost as soon as he was in the car, opting to ignore a seatbelt and sit in the middle next to Klitz. His head lolled onto Klitz’s shoulder. Klitz pressed a kiss to the top of his hair.

They drove home.



# Chapter 15

## Chapter Summary

What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas?

## Chapter Notes

Finally, some fucking communication between these two idiots! Sorry about the very late update :! I never thought the “first time ao3 author goes through insane life changes while writing their fic” thing would happen to me, but it did. I’m in the process of moving house, so I’m extremely busy. Updates might take longer

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The doorbell rang once, and just once.

It wasn’t pressed over and over like last time, and behind it there was no worry nor concern; such a meaningless sound today, not like it had ever been before.

The sound brought Eli out of a restless dream state that he’d fallen into after silencing his alarm earlier.

Before he opened his eyes, he could see it in vivid detail. His mind replayed that evening at the beach to him; the setting sun creating a golden halo around Klitz, and Klitz smiling at Eli like he was worth something—and how cruel of Eli’s mind to taunt him like that? But as Eli’s eyes adjusted to the sunlight seeping in through his curtains, the details of it quickly faded. The sunset now looked more like the glaring yellow streetlight he sat under last night, and Klitz’s gentle smile dripped blood that slowly trickled down his chin.

Eli laid awake and stared at the ceiling, his eyes burning from not blinking.

He tried to recall the details of how exactly he got back home and into his bed. He remembered falling asleep against Klitz in the car and then waking up in his own driveway to Klitz’s arm around his shoulders. He remembered being warm. Not much after that was clear, but Klitz must’ve taken Eli inside to his own bed because if Eli were to have made that decision, he would’ve stuck with the guest room.

Eli rolled over and dug his face further into his pillow. He couldn't tell how long it had been since his alarm went off; maybe thirty minutes, or maybe three hours, but he didn't care which.

The threat of not graduating was looming over his head. Eli hadn't missed a single day of school this semester, so he didn't have the chance to find out if his counselor was serious when she told him he'd be held back for his attendance record. His brain told him it didn't matter anymore—who cared if he didn't graduate? His life was already ruined anyway.

But what an insane rule to instill. What if he got sick? Granted, he almost never got sick, but it was the principle of it that really mattered. What if he got the flu and had to stay home puking his guts out? What if his parents got into some crazy ass accident and he had to stay by their sides in the hospital?

What if he got into the worst argument of his life with his best friend the night before and simultaneously came out to him?

It wasn't fair.

His eyes were unfocused, but they somehow drifted towards his desk and landed on the little stuffed tiger Klitz had given him at the pier. He now noticed how romantic the gesture actually was, and how he chose to ignore it at the time. It sat propped up against one of his computer monitors, stale with salt water. The soulless, beady eyes stared back at him. Mocking him.

Eli threw an arm over his eyes and sighed as his brain began to form rational thoughts again. He had to get up for school. He had to go.

"Eli, Mr. Walsh would like to see you in his office."

There was a dull chatter filling the room, but it came to an abrupt stop as Eli's classmates all turned their attention to him.

By now, most of the school had heard what happened, even the people who weren't interested in petty high school gossip. It was hard not to overhear when literally everyone was talking about it.

A huge five on one fight was bound to get around, especially one involving Troy and Hunter. It was the exciting new hot topic people had been hungry for since it'd been so long since the last scandal. And because of that, people took the story and ran with it, wasting no time coming up with their own theories.

As expected, the fresh rumors had gotten way out of hand. Eli even heard one about himself that was completely absurd; according to some sophomore, Eli pulled a knife and tried to stab Troy.

The school newspaper kids were apparently significantly committed to the accuracy of real editorials, which meant actively spreading falsehoods for shock factor. Eli wondered how long it would take for the teachers to confiscate all of the illegitimate newspapers that were printed without approval as soon as they caught wind of the story.

Eli himself was having a hard time keeping the rumors straight, and he was the one they were all about. He didn't know who knew what or how much.

But as absolutely insane as some of them were, there was one that many people had heard from the person who started it all—Sydney, though a more appropriate accusation would be Maddie since Sydney never actually told anybody just for the sake of telling—so there was hardly any doubt about its validity; and that was that two seniors had gay sex with each other, and Eli happened to be one of them.

There was the obvious rumor that Troy had beaten Eli up for being gay, since Troy had directly bragged about it, but most people didn't seem to be putting two and two together. They didn't really have the whole story, just speculation, and that was relieving. As far as most people knew, the two incidents were unrelated, and it was just pure coincidence that Eli was involved in both.

Eli closed his notebook and shoved it in his bag, and as he stood up, a childish “oooooh” broke out in the back of the classroom. Jesus, he hadn't heard that since elementary school. Eli internally rolled his eyes and resisted the urge to glance at Klitz before he walked out of the classroom.

In the hallway, déjà vu was hitting him hard. It felt like everyone he passed seemed to look at him for a little too long like the people on the street had on Sunday when he'd walked to the video store with a bloody face. Except on Sunday it was only paranoia; this time, they really did know.

The receptionist pointed him into the principal's office.

“Thank you for joining me, Mr. Brooks.”

Mr. Walsh was entirely too formal for how familiar he was with Eli.

“So,” he began hesitantly. “I was informed about a fight between you and a few other students.”

Eli’s brow furrowed. “By who?”

“They said they’d prefer to remain anonymous.”

What a pussy. Eli slumped back into the cushy chair.

Mr. Walsh leaned forward and folded his hands on his desk. “We’ve also heard a few other, uh... rumors.”

Wow. Even the staff knew by now, and it’d only been two days. Eli would be impressed if these particular rumors didn’t happen to be about him being a homo.

“We don’t tolerate any kind of, er...” the principal paused for a moment and fiddled with the cap of a pen, clearly uncomfortable. “Discrimination here.”

This guy seriously had balls to be talking to Eli about *discrimination* based on a rumor he didn’t even know to be true or not.

Rumors about students having sex were extremely common, seeing how they were in high school and teenage hormones were through the roof, but they were never addressed because the teachers had no business in any student’s sex life.

All of them were ignored, save for the most scandalous ones. The school didn’t have much of a choice when a girl was impregnated in a janitor’s closet; the superintendent held a school-wide PSA about the consequences students would face if they were to have sex on campus. When Lindsey Reid accidentally gave the entire baseball team chlamydia, every nurse’s office in the



school district was ordered to keep a supply of condoms readily available.

Eli and Klitz's situation wasn't supposed to be any different from the rest of the sex talk, except that if there was a god he must really hate Eli, because it turned into the most widely talked about rumor and spread faster than any gossip Eli had witnessed his whole life in high school. Everyone wanted to know about the two homos going at it. It spiced up the usual sex drama.

It had already happened to a couple of junior girls at the beginning of the school year. Something that should have been so meaningless as a kiss under the bleachers turned into such incessant tormenting that they both moved schools. Eli swallowed thickly with guilt as he remembered laughing at the two girls along with everyone else.

"I didn't get into a fight," Eli lied right through his teeth and Mr. Walsh knew it.

"Eli," he dropped the austerity and his expression turned sympathetic. "If something happened, you do know you have the right to take legal action, right?"

Legal action. Eli thought about all the ways he could ruin Troy's life, along with all the other boys who were there too. Lost scholarships, jail time for assault and battery, the list goes on.

But what then? He knew the police wouldn't do anything, nobody cared about meaningless high school fights, especially fights fueled by "*discrimination*". Even if Eli did report him, Troy had his daddy's money, and there was no way Troy's parents would let their precious baby boy rot in a jail cell for more than five hours.

If Eli went to the police, no matter the outcome, Troy wouldn't have anything to lose. He knew he could get away with it. And who better to get revenge on than the guy who tried to snitch?

Eli didn't want to think about what Troy could do to him.

*Don't think I won't kill you for real.*

It wasn't worth it.

“Nothing happened.” Eli looked at the fading evidence of what he was denying on his knuckles. His hand was now adorned with a fresh, red bruise from where he hit Klitz, and remembering the feeling of Klitz’s lip splitting under his own fist had Eli’s stomach pitching with nausea.

Mr. Walsh looked at Eli sadly, but ultimately dismissed him after realizing he wouldn’t be getting anywhere with him.

Eli shoved open the office door. Now he had to deal with Sydney again because she was the only one who actually knew about the fight. She seemed remorseful enough yesterday that Eli could see her trying to help him out. Even though he explicitly told her to leave him the hell alone. But whatever. Eli should’ve known she wasn’t capable of that.

A row of plastic chairs lined the wall outside the office, and someone was sitting in the one at the very end, but Eli ignored whoever it was as he stormed out.

“Eli?” A timid voice spoke up from behind him.

Eli stopped and turned, and his eyes landed on the person sitting in the chair. He recognized him. The dude from Sunday. The dude who stood back and watched it all happen and didn’t do anything.

He stood up, but didn’t move any closer to Eli. “I’m David.”

Ah, so at least one of Eli’s guesses was right. Actually, Eli was pretty sure he was in his class this period. That must be where he recognized him from.

It was lovely to meet him and all, but Eli would have preferred to not have ever had to do that in his life.

“You watched Troy kick my ass.”

David’s face lit up red in shame. “But I- I told him to stop.”

Yeah, he told Troy to stop. After Troy had nearly broken Eli’s ribs.

“Yeah, thanks for that man, you’re a real lifesaver.” Eli’s tone was smothered with sarcasm, but they both could hear the truth ring through what he said.

They stared at each other in the middle of the hallway in an awkward silence that was only broken up by faint talking coming from classrooms with their doors open.

David looked like he had something else to say, and Eli used up the last of his patience waiting for him to go on, but when he didn’t, Eli adjusted the strap of his bag on his shoulder and turned to walk back to class once again.

“I told the principal.”

Eli stopped and turned around—again. “Why would you do that?”

David squinted at Eli in confusion. “I— because Troy—“ he stammered, “you *have* to go to the police— or, or something!”.”

Eli looked at the innocence in David’s eyes and realized that he wasn’t really understanding the consequences Eli would undoubtedly face if he actually were to do that. Eli wasn’t going to correct him though. He was tired of trying to make people understand.

“Why do you care?”

David looked away from him with a look of shame, and Eli knew that look. Eli wore that fucking look his whole life, and it finally clicked what David was trying to do: he was trying to help Eli this time. Maybe that would ease the shame that he harbored around his own sexuality, except he was going about it all wrong. He was clearly looking to Eli for help, like Eli was some sort of role model, or figure he could look up to. He was greatly misunderstanding, because Eli had it far from figured out, and there was no way he could help this guy who was also struggling with a problem Eli himself hadn’t even stopped struggling with. Eli didn’t want to be the one questioning gay guys go to. That wasn’t his responsibility.

Eli rolled his eyes. “Leave me alone dude.”

Exhaustion settled deep in Eli's bones, weighing his body down, and he just dragged his feet and accepted it. He felt like the past 48 hours had taken years off his life. He felt a tiredness he'd never felt before. He couldn't exactly say he was angry anymore—or sad, or relieved—he just kinda felt... nothing.

All day, Klitz was thinking about Eli.

Eli hadn't answered the door this morning, which Klitz halfway expected, but it still filled him with so much anxiety anyway, because Klitz didn't know if Eli was going to school, or if he was even alive, so when he saw him in the hallway during a passing period he was filled with relief.

Eli hadn't sat with Klitz and Matt at lunch, which created an unfaltering awkwardness between the two. Matt looked at Klitz like he was waiting for him to answer all of the questions that were so obvious they didn't need to be asked verbally, and when that didn't happen, Matt still didn't look away.

Klitz wondered where Eli was eating, or if he was eating at all. He considered checking the tech wing, carrying some kind of hope that he might find Eli there and be able to talk to him, but he didn't. He doubted Eli would want to talk to him anyway.

Klitz hadn't slept last night. He dozed off for a little while in the car on the drive home, but when he was lying in his own bed he couldn't bear to close his eyes. All he could see was the hurt and betrayal on Eli's face, and the way he trembled, and the rage in his eyes as he swung at Klitz over and over. Klitz couldn't believe he said that shit to him.

Yesterday, Klitz had no clue what was going on with Eli. After a silent treatment on Sunday that ended with the evidence of a fight on Monday, Klitz was obviously concerned. He tried to help Eli, all he ever wanted to do was help Eli, but Eli was pushing him away like he didn't want anything to do with him, and it was painful because Klitz didn't know what he did wrong.

He thought about all the times Eli had been openly homophobic—so far as blatantly calling Klitz a faggot to his face—and made it clear that he thought what they were doing disgusted him, even telling Klitz he was gross on multiple occasions. Klitz could only assume that Eli regretted what happened on Saturday.

It became frustrating when Eli suddenly cared again when Klitz showed interest in someone else; he was so hot and cold, always going between freaking out about their thing, and acting like he and

Klitz were really in a relationship. It was confusing and unfair, and after feeling like nothing more than a fucktoy for two weeks, Klitz finally snapped.

But he had no clue what was happening beneath the surface, and he was the one who caused Eli to lose it like that. It was the most emotional Klitz had ever seen him. Klitz mentally berated himself; if he'd just been a little more patient, looked a little deeper than how Eli was acting on surface level, Klitz would have seen it. Looking back now, he noticed all the signs. He should have known.

When the final bell of the day rang, Eli lifelessly stood up and walked out of class by himself, and Klitz hung back and watched him go. He already assumed Eli wouldn't want to ride with him, and his assumptions were proven correct when he got to his car and didn't find Eli leaning against the passenger side door.

Now Klitz didn't have a choice but to go home and face his parents.

When Klitz got home early this morning, he entered the house as quietly as he could, hoping to get to his room unnoticed. He successfully navigated the squeaky spots on the stairs in the pitch black, and was nearly there, so close he thought he was in the clear, when his parents' bedroom door swung open and the hallway was flooded with light. Klitz looked like a deer caught in the headlights. He stared at his mom in wide eyed horror as he realized he didn't come up with an excuse if he were to get caught.

Last night's excuse was that he was staying over at Eli's, but that wasn't believed for an instant after Klitz's mom saw the dried blood smeared on his chin.

His parents were on their way to work when Klitz came home, so they didn't have ample time for an interrogation, but they informed him that they'd all be having a long talk after school.

Now it was after school, and Klitz was dreading it.

There was no way he could fabricate a believable lie at this point, and it was so complicated that lying now would surely dig him into an even deeper hole later. Not even just that; this was too serious to lie about. It was wrong.

Would Eli be mad at Klitz if he told his parents the truth?

The two ladies were sitting at one end of the dining room table when Klitz walked in and Klitz knew he was in for it.

He'd followed all the traffic laws exceptionally closely on his drive home; he went the exact speed limit, his stops at stop signs were a little too safe, and he endured a lot of passive aggressive honking, but he managed to make his regular drive home six minutes longer, which was actually kind of impressive.

"Why don't you have a seat," Klitz's mom gestured to the chair across the table from her with her coffee mug, and despite experiencing it his whole life, Klitz was still surprised at how intimidating his mother could be.

Klitz pulled out a chair and sat down, and all of a sudden it felt like he was in an interrogation room, handcuffed to the table as fluorescent lights buzzed overhead and bounced off the concrete walls. In Klitz's tired mind, it really did look like that.

But instead, there was the smell of coffee coming from the kitchen, and plush carpet under his socked feet. To an outside viewer, there was nothing out of the ordinary—simply a teenage boy in trouble with his parents. The way it felt so catastrophic, yet appeared so normal was jarring. The world should be ending with Klitz's... but it wasn't. Klitz had never felt more meaningless.

"Wanna tell us what you did last night?"

On the way, he'd decided that he would be completely honest, even if it made Eli hate him more.

But immediately, the thought of Eli hating Klitz—never wanting to see him again, their years-long friendship over—made Klitz tear up as a pit of sadness formed in his stomach.

He wouldn't blame Eli if he did.

"Last night—" Klitz started, but the rest of his sentence got stuck in his chest.

He fucked up so bad.

Klitz swallowed the lump in his throat and with it went his pride as he began to tell his story.

Every other sentence he tripped over his words. Trying to explain last night with no other context behind his and Eli's relationship proved to be very difficult. He started with where they were, and as soon as the word 'Nevada' left his mouth, both of his mothers' eyebrows were sky high, and they developed matching furious expressions. He didn't know why he was surprised when he was met with an even worse reaction when he said 'porn convention'.

When he was done with the where, he started on why they were all there in the first place: Danielle. That brought him right back to the beginning. The beginning of Matt and Danielle. And the beginning of Eli and Klitz.

Klitz left out as much detail as possible, but it still felt like what he'd told them so far was already way more than his parents should know about his sex life.

Telling his moms about Eli's breakdown felt invasive and Klitz felt even worse, but he forced himself through it no matter how loudly his brain was screaming at him to stop—stop now or he'll lose Eli forever—because no matter how selfish he wanted to be, he had to deal with the consequences of his actions.

Klitz didn't know when he started crying—maybe it was from the very beginning—but it only got worse through his story because saying it out loud finally made him realize how real this was, and by the end of it he was speaking around hiccuping breaths, finally letting it all out and just asking his parents mindlessly for help, he needed help, and he was so lost, and he didn't know what to do, and everything was terrifying.

He took off his glasses and rubbed tears out of his eyes and it was nice not having to see the stern, disappointed looks on his parents' faces for a moment.

A pair of sighs were traded between the two women. "We knew about you and Eli," his step mom said calmly.

Klitz's head shot up from where he was looking down at cleaning his glasses on the edge of his shirt. He shoved them back onto his face to see their expressions, and his stomach dropped when he realized they weren't kidding. "How did—" he started but didn't make it further than that as his mouth hung open in shock.

“Don’t look so surprised,” Klitz’s step mom raised her eyebrows at him. “You’re not subtle. And I know it’s easy to forget since we’re so ancient, but we were teenagers once too.”

Embarrassment tinted Klitz’s cheeks red.

“You’re still in so much trouble,” his mom said.

“And none of this is okay,” his step mom added.

“You’ve been lying to us and breaking,” Klitz’s mom closed her eyes for a took a deep breath before going on, “*so* many rules.”

Klitz looked at his hands in his lap where he’d been picking at a hangnail that was now bleeding and nodded solemnly.

“But...” his mom said, and Klitz looked up. “Is Eli okay?” She asked so softly with such genuine care. Klitz had seen both of his mothers tearing up as Klitz explained what happened with Eli. They cared about him like he was their own son.

“I don’t know,” Klitz whispered.

“You should talk to him.”

Klitz squinted at his parents like he was waiting for them to explode. “...Are you mad?”

His step mom laughed. “Well, we’re certainly not happy about it—“

“At all.”

“—but you need to make sure he’s okay.”



Klitz thought of yesterday when he'd told Eli he *needed* to tell Klitz what was wrong, and it left a sick feeling in his stomach. What if this time turned out just like that time had? What if Klitz was overbearing? What if Eli just wanted to be left alone?

When Klitz's parents let him go, he took out his phone and jogged upstairs. He stood in the middle of his bedroom looking down at his phone like it could tell him what to do. He hesitated with his thumb hovering over the keypad.

Klitz pushed call before he could psych himself out any longer. His palms were sweaty and his hand shook where he held the phone up to his ear. It rang for almost too long and Klitz thought Eli wasn't going to pick up, but on the final ring he heard a groggy, "Hello?"

Klitz blew out a breath he didn't realize he was holding. "Eli," he said, but wasn't sure where to go from there.

There was silence on the other line, so long that Klitz thought maybe Eli had hung up, but he heard shuffling, like Eli was rolling over in bed. He must be waiting for Klitz to go on.

"Can I come over?"

Another long pause.

"No."

"Please, we n—" Klitz stopped himself before saying they *need* to talk. Saying 'need' was a sure fire way to scare Eli off. Klitz knew how cornering the word 'need' was. He knew Eli didn't like to feel trapped. "I want to talk to you."

More silence, and Klitz knew Eli was on the verge of saying no again.

"Please, Eli. I'm sorry."

There came a heavy sigh and a mumbled, “Fine.”

Eli reluctantly opened the front door, and stood behind it as Klitz walked inside. Cowered behind it, more like.

He followed Klitz to the living room, but stood near the tv while Klitz sat on the couch, giving himself the opportunity to flee at any moment. Under Klitz’s gaze, Eli became antsy and self conscious, and crossed his arms over his chest. It was more of a self soothing thing than a passive aggressive attempt to show Klitz he was mad at him, but Eli didn’t care how Klitz interpreted it.

Eli looked at Klitz’s shoes. He didn’t want to start this conversation. He really didn’t want to talk to Klitz right now at all, so if Klitz really had something to say, he was gonna have to say it first.

“Um...” Klitz was hunched over with his elbows resting on his knees and looked at his hands instead of Eli. “I’m sorry.”

“You said that,” Eli responded, and it was more biting than he intended.

“I know, but... I really am.” Eli heard a faint waver in Klitz’s voice, then noticed both the redness in his eyes and dusting the tip of his nose and cheeks. Had Klitz been crying?

“All that shit I said, I didn’t mean it,” and now Klitz looked up at Eli, right into his eyes, and against Eli’s own will, he felt them burn with the beginnings of tears. “I didn’t know about... what happened.” Klitz still didn’t know—not the whole truth.

Klitz had to have heard rumors though. Eli heard about Klitz.

“You heard shit about me, right?”

“Yeah. A lot of people asked me about you.” Klitz didn’t specify what exactly was asked, or who these people were.

Eli knew he looked completely neurotic as he asked, “What did you say?”

“I didn’t say anything.”

A wave of relief washed over Eli, and he nodded.

Klitz cracked his knuckles one by one in the silence. “Oh,” he looked up suddenly, “I told my parents. About us. I don’t know if that counts.”

The word ‘us’ made Eli queasy. Klitz was wincing at Eli like he was expecting him to be mad. Eli wasn’t in love with the idea that Klitz’s parents knew about “us”, whatever that meant, but there was no way to hide it anymore. Even though Eli pushed away the thought every time it came to him, he knew from the beginning that this couldn’t go on forever. He knew it would end messy. They both did.

“I told Daisy.”

“From the video store?”

“Yeah,” Eli nodded. “She gave me a ride home after...” he trailed off. Klitz must have known he was talking about the fight, but he didn’t know anything more than that. And that was what started this whole nightmare in the first place.

As vicious as Klitz had been last night, he was right. Eli had been treating him like shit these past couple of weeks, and Eli didn’t even fucking notice until he pushed Klitz to his limit. It hurt that it took a friendship threatening fight to finally see that.

Now, things were so irreversibly fucked up because Eli had been too scared to tell Klitz.

Eli didn’t know what to do to make it better, he didn’t know if it could be made better at all, but maybe he could start by telling Klitz about the fight. He owed him that much.

All of the color drained from Klitz’s face as Eli told him what really happened on Sunday in great detail. He confirmed and denied rumors Klitz had heard around school, then lifted his shirt to show

Klitz his bruises, and Klitz's expression turned pissed.

"Why haven't you told anyone?" Klitz asked angrily, but Eli could tell it wasn't aimed towards him this time. "You should go to the police."

Eli breathed out a laugh through his nose. "David already said that."

Klitz cocked his head. "David?"

"That one guy that was there, but didn't like, participate," Eli was now slowly pacing back and forth across the room as he spoke. "He was the reason I got called to the office. But I'm not gonna do anything. It's not worth it."

Thank god Klitz possessed critical thinking skills, because he put those pieces together himself and didn't say anything more about it.

When Eli told Klitz about the fight, he *told* Klitz about the fight. It was embarrassing, but he told Klitz what Troy said to him, and when Klitz realized that he said exactly what Troy said to Eli, his mouth dropped open in shock, and Eli watched him tear up as he began to repeatedly apologize.

It took just as many repeated "it's okay"s to get Klitz to calm down.

There was no doubt that Klitz felt the utmost regret; Eli could see in his eyes that he took all the blame, like he believed he was at fault for everything. But he wasn't. Not all of it.

Eli chewed on his lip and poked at a healing cut with his tongue. His wasn't as bad as Klitz's. Klitz's lip was swollen and there was a clear line down it where it cut on his teeth, and though it wasn't extreme, Eli would do anything to go back and never hit him again.

"I'm sorry. For punching you."

Klitz brought his hand up to his mouth and touched his lip like he'd forgotten the wound was there. "It's alright," he laughed softly. "I kinda deserved it."

Eli didn't know if that was true. Yeah, Klitz definitely fucked up, but Eli did too. There was absolutely no excuse for him to hurt Klitz so badly to the point of leaving a physical mark.

"And I'm sorry for how I treated you this whole time." It was so frustrating how Eli always seemed to be on the verge of losing it. He had so many problems and he dragged Klitz right into the middle of all of them.

Eli's apology was simple, and not enough to even begin to cover how badly he fucked up, but Klitz understood—Klitz always understood—and forgave him right away. Eli wished Klitz would stay mad at him a little longer. God knows he deserved it.

A contemplative silence overtook the room.

"I thought you regretted what happened on Saturday," Klitz said with sadness in his voice. "I thought you like, freaked out about it or something and got mad at me." He cleared his throat. "Thought I was gross or something," he added in a low, embarrassed mutter.

Jesus, Eli was just as bad as Troy at this point; breaking Klitz down without knowing it, and he wanted to cry all over again, because how could he do that? All Klitz ever did was care about him. He stopped pacing. He wished he knew how to give Klitz the answer he wanted. "I didn't," Eli said and Klitz looked hopeful, "and then I did," and the hope vanished from Klitz's face.

Eli knew it wasn't Klitz's fault, obviously. He wished he could stop blaming him.

"Do you now?"

"I don't know anymore, man," Eli said and scrubbed his hands down his face in exhaustion. Though completely and utterly emotionally drained, Eli felt a relief-induced lightness he hadn't experienced in ages. Here they were now, talking about it, but this time they weren't screaming at each other, and all of a sudden it didn't seem so scary anymore. What a fucked up little game they played for so long.

But neither of them were unforgivable.

“Sooooooo,” Klitz stretched out the word and Eli looked at him through his fingers. “Bad timing, but about the... not thing.” Eli knew it was coming, but he still wasn’t prepared. “Do you want it to be a... thing?”

“Do you?” Eli shot back. It was cowardly, but Eli had no ego left to bruise anymore.

“Yes,” Klitz answered so surely that it scared Eli.

He wanted it. He wanted it so bad, and he was finally letting himself admit it, but Eli was still so terrified. His kind of problems didn’t go away just by having one little heart to heart.

“I dunno,” Eli said and wrapped his arms around himself protectively. He didn’t think their friendship could go back to normal if he said no. He didn’t want to lose Klitz. But he wasn’t sure if their...relationship...could go back to normal either. Eli was pretty sure he didn’t want their relationship to end, but it was hard to tell right now. Klitz told Eli he loved him. But Eli wasn’t ready to think about loving him back.

“We should stop.”

Klitz looked like his soul had been crushed.

“Take a break, I mean,” Eli rushed to correct himself, and Klitz looked slightly relieved.

“Okay. Yeah, anything you want.”

Eli blew out a heavy breath. He and Klitz looked at each other warily like they each had so much more to say, but neither of them said it.

Eli had a massive headache that was only made worse by this conversation. When Klitz called him, Eli had been sleeping, trying to catch up on what he’d missed the past two days.

All he wanted was to close his eyes and not open them until it didn’t feel like his life was ending anymore—if that was even possible. He should probably ask Klitz to leave.

“You—“ Eli started, but he was cut off by the shrill ringing of Klitz’s phone.

Klitz looked at the screen and his brow furrowed. He flipped it open. “Matt?”

Eli didn’t think there was such thing as anxiously pacing while sitting in a moving vehicle, but Matt proved him wrong.

When Matt called Klitz, Eli could hear the panic in his voice from across the room. He asked if they could pick him up as soon as possible, so Eli and Klitz drove over thirty minutes out of town to a secluded mansion in the middle of nowhere. Matt was walking along the side of the road when they pulled up like some kind of zombie with a dopey smile on his face.

Blood was slowly leaking out of Matt’s nose and from a cut on his forehead, and Eli knew for a fact that Kelly had something to do with it from how angrily he’d stormed into their classroom that afternoon and essentially kidnapped him.

Eli belatedly realized he should have called him to make sure he was okay, and felt like the shittiest friend for also managing to forget about Matt’s scholarship dinner in the past four hours. Considering it was the most important event of Matt’s life and all he ever talked about for weeks, you’d think Eli could put his own problems on hold for a second.

It had been almost an hour by the time the three got to Matt’s house where Danielle ran out with an armful of clothes and a suitcase. They both changed on the drive there which was more awkward than it should’ve been, and Eli and Klitz learned that Matt had been drugged, which explained his pupils being the size of quarters and how cracked out he was acting.

Eli’s first reaction was to laugh at him until Klitz shot him an unamused glare and his grin quickly faded.

Klitz sped them all over to the banquet hall, and they all walked in together. Eli felt a little underdressed, but he hadn’t planned on going in the first place.

Already well over an hour late, the four were met with a predictably awkward silence when Danielle pushed the doors open. Dozens of eyes focused onto them as they stood there in the

doorway, and it only became increasingly uncomfortable when none of them moved, and they'd already been standing there for way too long. Eli quickly surveyed the room; those round tables with the white tablecloths that were always used for fancy events were intricately set up and Eli realized that each table was filled.

The scholarship dinner was a prestigious event—of course it was, it was for fucking Georgetown—but that meant it was by invite only. People who were invited had places set for them at tables, and there wasn't a single seat unoccupied to accommodate for outsiders.

No surprise guests, or plus-ones, or losers like Eli who wanted to go to a loser fine arts school allowed.

Klitz and Eli left Matt and Danielle to join the dinner, and went back outside and sat on the steps. Half of the dinner was probably over by now, but they didn't know how long it was gonna take after that. Even better, they couldn't leave since Klitz was all of their rides. So they waited.

The night was still. An orange and pink sunset tinted the evening sky, and crickets were waking up to make their little noises for the night. It was cool, but a lack of wind made the air feel just a little warmer.

It was such a stark contrast to last night. Big cities never sleep, and Vegas was no different. Though yesterday's weather wasn't any different than right now, it felt a world calmer. There was no traffic or music tonight which made it disturbingly quiet, whereas last night, even the lights seemed to be making noise.

Right now was peaceful. The calm *after* the storm in a way.

"So, you're— you admitted—" Klitz suddenly broke the silence. "You're gay?"

Eli couldn't help but snort in surprise at how unexpected the question was. He didn't know why Klitz sounded so unsure about it when he was the one accusing him of it this whole time.

"Yeah, I know, dude. I was there," Eli said sarcastically. That was the first time Klitz had ever said it out loud, and Eli didn't know if he liked that very much. He was embarrassed. The entire experience was humiliating; blowing up at Klitz like that, screaming that he was gay in the parking lot of fucking Porn-Con.



“Uh... well, that’s good.”

Eli couldn’t imagine a single scenario in which him being gay was a good thing, and he looked at Klitz as such.

“I mean, like, at least you know. And stuff.”

Eli pursed his lips and nodded awkwardly.

Klitz pulled blades of grass out of the cracks in the concrete. “I’m proud of you,” he added quietly.

Eli scoffed, not unkindly. “Shut up, dude.”

The sounds of the evening filled the silence that fell between them, and Eli flicked tiny rocks on the ground in boredom. His mind wandered to school, and what he was gonna do about the rumors floating around. He was pretty sure there wasn’t anything he *could* do; he was just gonna have to wait it out until graduation, and then pray that he’d never see those people again.

He couldn’t help but think about his interaction with David earlier. The harder he thought about it, the more secondhand embarrassment he developed. This random ass dude who didn’t even know Eli going to him for some kind of guidance after letting his homophobic friends beat Eli up.

However pathetic of David, Eli wished he could laugh at him. Instead, all he felt was pity.

“I think David is gay.”

Klitz looked at him questioningly. “What makes you say that?”

“I don’t know,” Eli shrugged and flung away a rock. “Just a feeling I guess.”

The word ‘gaydar’ popped into his head and he hummed a tiny laugh in surprise. He wasn’t the poster boy for gay pride or anything, but he did recognize the look of being in denial of your sexuality.

That said, Eli wasn't okay with it. But god, did it feel good to not have to hide it anymore.

Eli's phone buzzed and he pulled it out of his pocket.

*Matts about to give his speec*

*speech\**

"Danielle says it's Matt's turn, we should go watch."

They got up together and went back inside and entered the dining hall as quietly as they could. They stood against the back wall and watched Matt give his speech... or whatever Matt was doing.

"Oh no," Eli heard Klitz whisper next to him as they watched Matt dramatically toss his notecards up in the air, abandoning anything intellectual he was going to say.

"Now I think that moral fiber's about finding that one thing you really care about," Matt said into the microphone and it screeched with feedback. "That one special thing that means more to you than anything else in the world." It was obvious that he was now speaking to Danielle.

But Eli couldn't blame him. Matt gave up everything to get her back, and now he was giving up his chance at his dream school for her too. Maybe he was an idiot, and thinking with his heart instead of his head, ruining his life for love, but the way Eli saw it, Matt had his priorities straight. He knew what he wanted and he was okay with it. He'd already come this far with her.

"And when you find her, you fight for her. You risk it all." Matt was looking directly at Danielle, and people followed his gaze to see who he was talking about.

Out of the corner of his eye, Eli saw Klitz glance at him.

He hid a soft smile and pretended not to notice.

## Chapter End Notes

just wanted to say I'm glad everyone enjoyed the last chapter... it was my favorite to write, I'd been planning it since the very first chapter and was ecstatic when it was finally time to write it. I absolutely love the response I got from it, it makes me so happy that my writing is that meaningful to people :) )

# Chapter 16

## Chapter Summary

Sydney redemption arc?

## Chapter Notes

I'm back! This past month was stressful and chaotic and busy but I'm finally done. Thank you all for being patient ily. And also a happy belated birthday to Truman!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

An unsettling buzz filled the hallways when Eli walked into school that day. He heard indiscernible whispers as he made his way to class, whispers that didn't fail to make his skin crawl and his palms turn clammy. He looked around suspiciously, permanently on guard as he prepared himself to hear the same sick stories being passed from student to student. But as he paid closer attention to the peoples' conversations he passed, his paranoia gave out and was replaced by confusion.

Nobody gave him a second thought; the people who'd covered their mouths and laughed at him, the people who'd glared, the people who'd outright called him names, none of them spared him even a passing glance. It felt like some kind of joke everyone in the school had collectively decided to play on Eli that day.

Eli sat down in class and braced himself to hear people talking about him, just like they had yesterday, so blatantly that it wasn't even considered talking about him behind his back. Knowing Eli was in earshot and could hear everything they were saying about him, they gossiped shamelessly and Eli had to just sit there and listen against his will. Today though, Eli listened vigilantly for his own name, Klitz's name, or any telling key words, but oddly enough, he heard nothing about himself.

He did, however, hear about someone he hadn't expected at all: Sydney.

He listened more closely and tuned in to a conversation a few desks away where two girls were speaking way too loud for how quietly they seemed to intend.

"Oh my god, did you hear about Sydney?"

“No, what happened?”

Eli’s eyes went wide with shock as he heard what one of the girls was saying about her. He was pretty sure he’d seen both girls with Sydney at one point. They were friends with her—yet here they were, passing her name around just like every other kid who was looking for drama one way or another. It was sickening to see how quickly they turned their backs on her. Eli didn’t know what to make of it. In all of one day, everyone’s attention had been diverted from him to Sydney.

Eli didn’t know for certain what she did—or perhaps he just didn’t want to believe the things he was hearing—and he had a feeling he shouldn’t. Even though he told himself he didn’t care about Sydney or what happened to her, he still found himself making an attempt to tune it out. He now knew what being on the receiving end of high school drama felt like. It was so easy to just talk about people, to take part in the spreading of rumors, and Eli knew for a fact that when it wasn’t you who was being talked about, it felt as though no harm was being done.

Obviously, that wasn’t true, and knowing how dreadful that experience was, Eli decided he didn’t want to contribute to that ever again. But despite his best efforts, he still happened to hear some pretty intense stories.

Nothing he could decipher for certain, or really wanted to at all, but he knew it had something to do with a past relationship of hers. It made sense that the attention had shifted from one relationship drama to another—that was all people really cared about nowadays.

Eli wondered how something so serious could have just been leaked like that. He had his suspicions when he saw Sydney in class and she gave him a sad, apologetic smile.

She had to have started the rumor herself. Except it might not have even been a rumor; Sydney told Eli that Maddison had shit on her that she didn’t want to get out, so she let Eli take the fall in her stead. There was no way that would just get out on accident. In the social hierarchy of Westport, Sydney was definitely considered powerful. Her say was what went, and rumors like this never got so out of control so quickly.

But now Eli wanted to be mad at her, because if Sydney really had started her own rumor, it wouldn’t just undo what she did to Eli. Now she had just ruined both his life and her own, all for the sake of what? Her conscience?

Half of Eli wished she would just stop trying to fix things at this point, but Eli would be lying if he

said the other half wasn't relieved.

The rest of the day, Eli stayed on edge, just in case, but at the end of the day when he boarded the bus to go home, nobody glared or sneered at him. When he sat next to an underclassman he recognized from the morning video announcements, she didn't look disgusted or scoot close to the window to sit as far away from him as possible. She just nodded at him and then went back to reading her book. Eli relaxed a tiny bit. He noticed a small rainbow badge on the strap of her backpack.

Maybe it wasn't all that bad. Maybe not *everyone* hated him. Maybe his life wasn't ruined.

The past four days had been undeniably exhausting. Eli was pretty sure he had gotten a collective twelve hours of sleep since Sunday. He fell into bed as soon as he got home and only opened his eyes when his phone buzzed in his pocket. He was close to ignoring it, but he checked it anyway, and when he saw that Klitz texted him

*Have you heard about Sydney?*

Eli really did ignore it that time. He refused to talk about Sydney behind her back. He was sick of all this shit he'd been through. He was sick of talking about it.

Though exhausted, Eli's mind wouldn't shut the fuck up. He couldn't fall asleep no matter how hard he tried; all his thoughts kept circling back to his other situation. In the wake of one problem there came another. Now that Eli was no longer the center of the entire school's attention, he could think more clearly about the situation with Klitz.

*Do you want it to be a thing?*

Eli had wished it was just a bro thing. Just two guy friends hanging out and doing guy stuff. That was what Eli liked to tell himself, but it was very obviously untrue. It was hard to think about how one decision he made upended his entire being. Eli didn't know if he'd call it a mistake or not. Eli didn't know if he would undo it even if he could. Eli couldn't help but wonder if he'd still be gay had he never kissed Klitz in the first place.

Deep down he knew.

Eli wanted it to be a thing, of course he wanted it. He was pretty sure he'd wanted it to be a thing for a very long time. He wished he wasn't so damn scared to tell Klitz that, but Klitz had to know. Klitz had to see how badly Eli wanted him. He had to see that somehow, he'd become the most important thing in Eli's life.

Or maybe he always had been, and Eli never took the time to notice.

They met in middle school. They had two classes together: English and gym. Eli's first impression of Klitz—or as Klitz called himself at the time, Timothy—was that he was the textbook definition of a nerd. He was a tall, awkward, lanky boy with little glasses and hair that was just long enough to cover his forehead. Eli took one look at him and didn't give him a second thought, until their English teacher took roll for the first time, and Eli found out his last name was Klitz.

Eli wasn't the only one who laughed at him, but Klitz never gave the impression that anything anyone said bothered him. He was somber and quiet, and he kept to himself, and Eli didn't know why he was so drawn to the tall boy, but he was determined to get under his skin.

He teased Klitz relentlessly; for his glasses, his hair, his height, his name, anything Eli could get his hands on. He teased Klitz for how badly he did in gym, and he teased Klitz for how well he did in English. Eli took every opportunity to sit next to him, and be on the same team as him, and be in the same group as him, and he used all those instances to pick on him. But as time went on, it turned into Eli sitting with him at lunch, and genuinely looking forward to the classes they shared, and eventually Eli simply talking to himself—rather than teasing—with Klitz occasionally giving single sentence answers.

One day, Klitz finally began to talk to him out of the blue. He sat on the bleachers where their team was lined up, waiting their turns, and Eli walked angrily off the field after he struck out. He sat down next to Klitz with a huff and crossed his arms over his chest.

Klitz leaned over and said, just loud enough for Eli to hear, "You suck at kickball."

Eli looked at him, shocked. That was the first time Klitz spoke to Eli first, and Klitz smiled at him with shy uncertainty. A huge grin spread on Eli's face and he punched Klitz in the shoulder, and they talked together for the rest of the period. From then on they became inseparable.

They met Matt in seventh grade, but Eli and Klitz were always much closer with each other than with any other friends they had. It was always the two of them, always Eli and Klitz, Klitz and Eli.

And in all that time they never said that they loved each other. There was no reason to, it felt like. It was kind of an unspoken thing. Guys don't say they love each other. That made them gay.

They went through a few periods where Eli was distant because he was embarrassed of his friendship with Klitz. People assuming they were dating wasn't just an issue that Eli was dealing with now—but now that he thought about it, it really was an issue that only Eli himself was dealing with. Klitz never seemed to have a problem with it.

Perhaps Eli should have seen it sooner. The thought of Klitz having a crush on him before now made his heart flutter. But not in a bad way anymore like it used to. It was... exciting. Eli had never had a crush on anyone—maybe ones he denied or faked, but they never meant anything.

This time it meant something.

When Matt invited Eli over, he almost said no. Eli imagined all the things Matt might ask or say to him about the situation with Klitz; Eli knew Matt saw him and Klitz in Vegas; Eli knew Matt had definitely heard rumors about him. Explaining everything to him sounded like it might be even more embarrassing than what Matt might already be thinking about him anyway. Eli only agreed because Matt sounded desperate. He wouldn't tell him what was going on over the phone. Maybe it was a trap. Eli went anyway.

When Eli got to Matt's house, Klitz was already there, sitting on Matt's bed and looking just as anxious as Eli felt. Eli stood across the room with his arms crossed over his chest and Matt leaned against his desk. They passed each other uncomfortable glances in the tense silence that hung in the atmosphere of the room, and Eli *really* wished he'd said no.

Matt finally blurted out, "Are you guys dating?"

Eli's mouth dropped open. "No!" He exclaimed, and his voice pitched up at the end of the word. His defensiveness was purely instinct, and it was embarrassing hearing himself sound so sensitive about it. Now he looked like he really did have something to hide. But it wasn't like he was lying; Eli and Klitz were not dating.

Klitz shot Eli a look. "No," he said more calmly. "But... kind of?"



The implication that he and Klitz were dating made a pit of anxiety settle heavily in Eli's stomach, and he felt like he needed to regain some kind of upper hand on the conversation. "I'm not gay," he rushed out, and the words tasted sour in his mouth. He'd said that phrase more times than he could count. Now he realized how guilty he felt saying those words. Shame, guilt, one and the same. He despised the anxiety that surrounded the thought of being in a relationship with Klitz. Eli pursed his lips and looked away from both of them.

"What happened in Vegas?" Matt asked unsurely. The question was followed by a silence that took Eli a moment to notice. He looked up and found both Matt and Klitz watching him; Matt with confusion, and Klitz with caution.

"I don't—" Eli began, and he looked to Klitz for help. "I don't wanna... y'know."

And thankfully, Klitz knew. Klitz told Matt about their relationship and Eli had to stop himself from cringing out of embarrassment. This was never supposed to be a thing. This was never supposed to get this out of hand. Nobody was ever supposed to know. Klitz did a wonderful job explaining though; better than Eli could have ever done. Matt didn't know any more than he needed to.

Matt didn't look freaked out—he didn't look like he was gonna kick them both out and never speak to either of them again—he just looked kinda... surprised. When Klitz finished talking he just shrugged and said, "Cool."

Eli was almost offended at that. "Cool?" He was pretty sure the most catastrophic moment of his life warranted more than a 'cool'—but then Eli was starting to wonder if it really was as big of a deal as he was making it out to be. Sure, there were the rumors, and his identity crisis, and overall his physical safety, but there was also Sydney making up for it, and Klitz helping him make it okay, and Matt. Matt was cool with it.

"Yeah, cool. I don't care if you guys are gay for each other," Matt said with a smile. "Thanks for telling me. I was super worried, and I heard a ton of crazy shit at school. I'm glad you guys are okay." Matt paused. "For the most part," he added and gestured towards Eli's black eye.

Things seemed to lighten up after explaining the situation to Matt, and once again, Eli felt a weird relief. It was strange; it felt like the more people they told—people he cared about at least—the less scary it became. Eli never thought that would be the case for himself. Telling people was terrifying, having people know was terrifying, but on the other hand, Eli felt like he didn't have to sneak around all the time. He'd come to realize that hiding such a big part of himself for his whole life was exhausting.

Once that was over with, it was Matt's turn to explain why he'd summoned Eli and Klitz. He seemed nervous. Eli couldn't really tell what he was talking about at first; Matt was stumbling over his words and sounded unsure about everything he said. It was one of the few times Eli had seen Matt uncertain about what he was trying to say. He was always so articulate.

"I had this idea— well, Danielle had this idea, since Kelly stole all my money, and I don't— well, I didn't—"

"Spit it out, man," Eli interrupted.

Matt took a deep breath. "A sex education film." That sentence alone didn't do a single thing at clearing anything up, but Matt began to explain what happened with Kelly, and how he stole all of the Samnang money, and how he was in such deep shit, and Eli wondered why he hadn't just led with that.

From there, Matt explained the actual premise of what a 'sex education film' would entail, and a grin slowly spread on Eli's face as ideas exploded in his head until finally, he couldn't contain his excitement any longer, already on board. He slammed his hand on Matt's desk. "I'm in."

Matt faltered. "You haven't even heard the whole plan yet—"

"Doesn't matter," Eli dismissed. "Fuck film school. This is gonna be huge, *this* is gonna be my calling card." Eli didn't know why he'd never considered directing porn in the first place. His main focus was on the ultimate goal of directing film in general. Maybe he was so worried about actually getting into college at all that he gave himself tunnel vision. He had been completely limiting himself. There wasn't a single thing in Eli's life that he was more passionate about than porn, and combining the two would be the dream job Eli didn't even know existed.

Eli and Matt looked over to Klitz.

"No."

"Klitzy..."

“No way.”

Matt stood up and walked toward him. “Klitz, you know I wouldn’t ask for this unless I really needed it.”

“Matt, believe me, I wanna help you, but I– No! We-we’ll get expelled and–“

“Klitz, shut up.” Eli cut him off. “Do me a favor, ‘kay, take a look at us. Okay, take a *good* look at us. Do you know what we are, the three of us?”

“...What?”

“We’re a fucking tripod,” Eli said, a smile edging onto his face.

“A tripod,” Klitz deadpanned.

“Yeah. And you know what that means? That means that if you kick out one of our legs, then we all fall.” Eli slapped Klitz’s thigh. “Come on, baby.”

Klitz looked between Eli and Matt, and let out a deep sigh. “Fuck.”

Eli grabbed Klitz’s face and kissed him. “I know it was you, Klitzzy.”

Klitz’s eyes flicked over Eli’s shoulder at Matt, and only then did Eli realize he’d just kissed Klitz in front of Matt. Eli’s face heated up with embarrassment and his stomach dropped. Yeah, they’d told Matt about their relationship, but he didn’t need proof. Eli wasn’t really ready for things to be totally public yet, either, if ever. And technically, Eli and Klitz were still “taking a break” too. Eli shouldn’t be kissing him.

Eli released Klitz and stepped back, clearing his throat loudly. “Sorry.”

Matt just shrugged. “Hey man, I don’t care.”

But Matt did care. In the way that it mattered.

There had always been such a strong bond between Eli and Klitz, he'd noticed. They were best friends, and obviously Matt was their friend too, but it seemed to be Eli and Klitz, plus Matt. They were a package deal. They hardly did anything without each other.

Hearing all the rumors about Eli getting into a fight, then the even worse rumors about Eli and Klitz... Well, anyways, Matt was confused. He felt like he would've been the first to know if Eli and Klitz were dating. He wasn't hurt that they kept it a secret from him—he understood why Eli wouldn't want anyone to know—he just felt guilty that he found out from a rumor.

Now that Matt knew about the two, he thought back to the past two weeks. He tried to think of any signs, anything he missed that would be obvious to him now. All he could think of was Klitz wearing Eli's clothes and the hickey. They'd kept it pretty secretive, which wasn't what Matt would have ever expected from the two of them, but it made sense. It was clear how insecure Eli was about his sexuality.

Seeing Eli shy about being openly affectionate with Klitz after so many years of him being angry and defensive made Matt realize that this really was a big thing for them. Matt was happy for them. Matt was happy that Eli was finally accepting himself.

## Chapter End Notes

I purposely made Sydney's rumor ambiguous because my original idea felt way too heavy to talk about in a single 3k word chapter lmao Emily can attest to that. I would love to hear your theories on what she did though...

# Chapter 17

## Chapter Summary

Kiss and make up.

## Chapter Notes

A trigger warning for homophobia seems redundant in this fic but I will give one anyway. TW for transphobia and just how Eli views/talks about the LGBTQ community. Knowing he's gay doesn't mean he magically stopped being homophobic. TW for crying during sex; once again, nothing bad, just emotional :) Biggest happy birthday to Em !!! ilysm <3333

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The flimsy sheet of lined paper that held all of Eli's notes crumpled under his clammy grip. He stood in front of the small group of kids that made up the AV club and became increasingly uncomfortable as more and more seconds passed without a response from any of them.

He gathered them all during lunch to pitch the idea of the sex ed film. Most of them Eli was friends with, but they were hardly any closer outside the club. It was the only reason they had to talk to each other, which posed the question: were they really friends he could trust?

There was a huge risk in asking them for help filming the sex ed tape, but it was a risk that needed to be taken. Matt had admitted yesterday that he had absolutely no idea how he was gonna pull off that kind of idea; they had no previous experience with filmmaking, editing, and arguably the most important, sex education. The latter wasn't something Eli could expect the AV club to help with, but they were the only chance at making this even possible. Eli, Matt, and Klitz weren't enough people to produce an entire film.

This wasn't just some rinky-dink school project that they could rush through and be happy getting a C+ on. It had to be professional—no difference between the movies made by the biggest names in the industry—or Hugo wouldn't buy it. And to do that, Eli needed a decent crew. Pretty much the entire operation relied on them agreeing to do it.

They all stared at him blankly. Did they think he was insane? They might; he basically asked them if they'd help him film porn on school grounds. Just like Klitz had said last night, they could very well be expelled. As close to graduation as they were, Eli wouldn't blame the seniors for being

hesitant to participate.

Eli waited a few moments longer, and at nobody's response, he became worried. Before, he figured he could gauge their reactions, but now he wasn't so sure. He was expecting excitement, maybe. Eagerness to produce a real film, or at the very least to meet a couple of pornstars. Eli would take any reaction by now, he just wished someone would say something.

"Are you actually gay?"

Okay, what the fuck.

Eli's eyes widened comically and he nearly gave himself whiplash from how quickly he turned his head to find the source of the question.

A boy he recognized, but wasn't very familiar with. A freshman. Eli only knew him from the club. Liam, Eli was pretty sure his name was.

Liam was promptly smacked on the back of the head, hard enough that it produced an audible dull thud, and he pitched forward in his chair.

"You don't just ask someone that, moron." Eli quickly hid a smile as one of his closer friends, Noah, a junior he'd known for three years, reprimanded the idiot freshman. Almost instantly though, the humor in it was overshadowed by embarrassment. Eli looked at the rest of the group and found ten pairs of curious eyes looking back at him.

Liam rubbed the back of his head and looked at Eli guiltily. "Sorry. I've just never seen a gay person in real life."

Eli fought against the panic forming in his chest that he knew would make his head spin and his throat tight if he didn't stop it. In situations like this, all of Eli's thoughts circled back to one thing that Eli hated himself for thinking: he wished he'd never kissed Klitz.

He was trying to tell himself that their relationship wasn't a mistake, and he didn't regret it, but he couldn't help but think about how if he'd never started it in the first place, he wouldn't have to be in situations like this. It was hard to believe that being gay wasn't a bad thing when it proved itself every single day of his life that it, in fact, was.

He wouldn't take it back, Eli repeated in his mind over and over, he wouldn't take it back, he wouldn't take it back; he had to force himself to remember the good about it or else he'd be swallowed by all of the bad. The last thing he wanted to do was keep hurting Klitz, which would inevitably be what would happen if he let himself think that preserving his precious ego was more important to him than Klitz.

Eli tried to think about it rationally; he couldn't blame the kid for wanting to know. He knew that if the situation were any different, if anyone else was in his place, he'd be wondering too.

"Yes you have, you just didn't know," Noah said.

Liam turned in his chair to look up at where Noah was standing over him. "No way, if I saw a gay person I'd definitely know."

Eli clenched his jaw and tried not to lose his temper—he still needed the kid's help after all. But what would this fifteen year old kid know about gay people? Eli couldn't tell if he was mad because of the generalization—being grouped in with *all* gay people, like the cross-dressers and transsexuals and such—or if it was just because this kid was plain fucking stupid. Even though the thought of calling himself gay made him queasy, he became weirdly defensive of his newfound "identity" of sorts. His first line of defense—denial—was gone, so if Eli had to be gay, he sure as hell wasn't gonna let some kid whose balls hadn't even dropped yet make him feel like shit about it.

"Gay people are like," Liam continued, ignorant of all the glares being thrown at him, "they look like David Bowie and like... Elton John. All girly and stuff."

Eli stared at Liam and bit his tongue; anything he said right now would, without a doubt, ruin any chance he had at getting the group to help him. He shifted his weight from foot to foot anxiously where he stood. He had been forced out of the closet against his will, and even though everyone already knew, that didn't mean he wanted to actually confirm it.

"Can we like... not talk about this?" Eli had no clue how else to phrase it. Standing in front of everyone, it already felt like there was a spotlight aimed at him. Being questioned about his sexuality made that spotlight feel like it was 500° and melting him alive.

A few people nodded and Eli breathed a soft sigh of relief.

“Okay, but are you though?” Someone asked from the back.

A chorus of groans arose from the group. “Dude, read the room,” Noah snapped.

“Jesus christ, I’m not gay,” Eli said, exasperated at this point and frustrated that the topic had shifted so far from what he really needed to be doing. He didn’t have time for this shit.

Still, Eli knew they didn’t mean any harm by asking him about it. It wasn’t like they were taunting him, they were just naive. They didn’t really understand. They were all his friends, more or less, and they were all nerds and outcasts who knew what it was like to get picked on. They were just curious, and Eli knew they weren’t the type to judge, but that didn’t mean he was about to get all buddy-buddy with them about his sex life with another guy.

Finally, Eli just gave up. “Are you in or not?”

The group looked around between themselves, a group of ten boys. There weren’t any girls; not because the club was exclusive or anything like that, it was just that girls just didn’t want to join. That was probably why he had never had a girlfriend, Eli thought. Maybe when his counselor forced him to pick an extracurricular, he should’ve joined a club that had a bunch of girls, like home ec. But even half the guys in home ec were gay. Eli couldn’t win.

Anyways, the significance in the entire club being guys was that they would definitely be eager to shoot a porno. Eli was sure they were all virgins, save maybe two of the seniors, which was what Eli was counting on. He knew for a fact that a month ago, he himself would have tripped over his own feet trying to meet a real life pornstar. He still would, obviously, just not for the same reasons anymore.

Eli was met with a resounding yes; if anyone was hesitant for fear of getting expelled, they must have decided it was worth it to meet real life pornstars. Eli had promised them that as a way to get them on board... He never promised them that they’d get to do anything more than meet them though, which Eli was pretty sure a majority of them only agreed to do it because they were under the impression that they had a shot. Maybe it was dishonest, tricking all those poor virgins into thinking they’d be having prom night sex with super hot women, but it got Eli what he needed, and that was all he cared about.

Objective number one, complete. Now he had the crew and equipment. It definitely wasn’t as many people as he would have preferred, but Eli had faith in all of them. They were all extremely



talented, tech-wise. They produced the morning video announcements; they knew how to use the equipment and edit and were the best candidates Eli could have asked for for this project.

He stuck around for the remainder of lunch to go over specifics of what they needed to do. They were very receptive to instruction, and a tiny jolt of excitement ran through Eli. This was a real production; this was his first time directing. It was implied that Eli would direct when Matt initially told them the idea, which is why he needed his help so desperately. Of course; Matt would be completely lost without Eli's artistic eye and expertise in both areas of porn and film. Eli was perfectly cut out for this.

After school, Klitz and Eli went straight over to Danielle's house by her suggestion so that Matt's parents wouldn't be able to hear any of their conversations pertaining to filming a porno. They all sat in the living room, Klitz and Matt on the same couch, and Danielle leaning over the back of the couch to wrap her arms around Matt from behind. Eli sat on the floor and leafed through a notebook, going over his ideas so far.

Yesterday, Matt had simply told them about the idea; they still had to actually plan the whole thing. In a very small amount of time too... Matt looked the most stressed Eli had ever seen him. His hand was permanently attached to his mouth at that point, picking at his lips that had no skin left to pick off. He was so pale that Eli was afraid he was gonna puke at any second.

The only thing that seemed to keep Matt from losing his mind completely was Danielle. She rubbed his shoulders soothingly and kissed the top of his head every so often. Eli was genuinely glad to see them together again—the catastrophic trip to Vegas had thankfully not been in vain.

As sick as Matt looked, Eli felt the exact opposite. He was vibrating with excitement. He'd done more planning during the rest of his classes after lunch, and was even commended for his diligent note taking by one of his teachers.

It seemed like he was the only one who had done any thinking about the film at all, because when they all sat in silence looking at Matt for direction on what he was planning, Matt couldn't say a word. No wonder he looked so stressed.

"I don't know about you guys, but I've been actually planning this." Eli flipped his notebook to the first page he'd started on. Plot. He'd written down everything he could think of that would need to be included in a sex education film. He tried to remember all the videos he'd been shown in class, but that mostly consisted of religious freaks preaching abstinence and telling you about all the nasty STD's you could get if you don't wear a condom. It was all such bullshit though; even threatening AIDS wasn't enough to get people to practice safe sex seeing how there were just as

many teen pregnancies as before.

There must have been so much that Eli didn't think to include, but he was pretty sure he covered the main bases. The main idea was sex; that was what Hugo was buying it for—a guide for basically just sex—so that was what Eli was focusing on. Eli was hoping to be able to stay in his area of expertise; he was severely lacking in his knowledge of the “relations, sexuality, puberty” stuff, so he hoped Danielle wouldn't say that was a requirement.

Sex. He knew sex. That narrowed it down to something doable. Trying to cover all the bases would be impossible.

“Thank god one of us knows what to do,” Matt mumbled behind his hand.

“I had some ideas actually,” Danielle said. Everyone looked at her expectantly, and she continued. “Well, I was gonna call April and Ferrari, the two girls I used to work with. Since we promised pornstars.”

Hearing that was a relief to Eli. He'd known about the prospect of getting pornstars, but he had no clue where they'd get them from. It made sense that Danielle would have pornstar friends. Check that off the list of objectives.

“Yes, do that,” Eli said and pointed at her emphatically. “They'll be the main characters so none of us have to actually be in the video.”

At that, Matt looked like Eli had personally lifted the entire weight of the world off his shoulders. That must have been what he was so worried about then. He had a reputation to uphold, striving to be the president someday and whatnot.

“You didn't think we were gonna be in the video, right?” Eli asked slowly.

“No!” Matt exclaimed, but a few seconds later conceded, “Well, I mean...”

“Dude, you can't be serious,” Eli cut him off with a laugh.

“I didn’t know how it was gonna go, asshole!”

“This was your idea in the first place!”

“Stop fighting with each other,” Klitz said with exasperation. “We don’t have time for this. Matt, you don’t have any ideas, that’s fine. Eli, let’s hear yours.”

Eli squinted at Matt but began to read off all the stuff he’d written in his notebook. He had to feel a little proud of himself when he finished the last page and everyone looked impressed. He really had done a lot of the basic structural work already. All they needed were the finer details and an actual screenplay that put all of Eli’s messy ideas into one place.

“Good job, Eli, you’re kinda saving our asses here,” Danielle said and smiled at him.

The praise, especially from a pornstar, made Eli blush. Obviously she wasn’t a pornstar anymore, but in his mind, it still counted. Eli looked at Klitz—he didn’t know why he looked at Klitz, but why did he ever?—and Klitz smiled at him and nodded in agreement. It filled Eli’s stomach with butterflies.

The four transitioned into planning the details. They started by calling April and Ferrari, and the two didn’t need convincing. They were ecstatic simply at the idea of flying to California just to see Danielle, and the rest was just white noise to them. They said that they would do anything that was asked of them. Eli was a little unsure about their blanket agreement, until he remembered that they were pornstars; they’d done way more on camera than what Eli was planning for them.

After calling the girls, they all buckled down into making a screenplay, Klitz translating Eli’s notes into something legible that could actually be read by anyone other than him or Eli, in order to be handed off to the AV club to type out the actual screenplay. Klitz had been rewriting Eli’s assignments and essays for his teachers to be able to read for years. He was used to it.

Matt was mainly focused on the legality of the operation. After lurking around while Eli, Danielle, and Klitz actually worked, Eli assigned him the task of finding out how to get into as little trouble as possible if they were caught. Safeguarding. If things were to go as planned, a majority of what Matt was working on would be completely useless, but he was more than happy to work on the thing that gave him the most reassurance.

Danielle sat next to Eli on the ground and they worked on the actual script together. Going into

this, Eli thought of himself as the first most knowledgeable person about porn, but realized he had to forfeit the title to Danielle. The longer they worked together, the more Eli found out he really didn't know. Danielle suggested things Eli didn't even think of. Eventually, Danielle began drawing out a storyboard, and told Eli some stories about her short career in the adult film industry, and Eli was enamored by everything she said.

Eli looked at her progress after a while. Her drawings were cute; not stickmen like Eli had seen for most storyboards done by his groups in his film and video class, but not overly complex either.

Matt moved on and made a list of props and equipment they needed. Once Klitz finished writing, he doodled in Eli's notebook. Eli couldn't get mad at him for not helping much, though. He didn't even want to do it in the first place.

They worked for a couple more hours until interrupted by the doorbell, at which they all jumped at. The boys all scrambled to hide the evidence as Danielle got up to answer the door. She cleared her throat loudly to signal that she was coming back into the room, and Eli heard the voice of an older man. Eli whipped out a textbook from his backpack and slammed it on the coffee table, open to a random page. Danielle entered the room again, but this time with Matt's dad.

"Hey fellas, how's it going?"

"Fine, Mr. Kidman," Klitz said politely.

Eli put on a fake innocent smile and nodded, forgetting he had to answer.

"Good, dad, thanks," Matt said. "Just... studying for finals."

Matt's dad nodded in approval. "That's great." He clapped his hands together, the way dads did when they didn't know what else to say. "Well, I hate to ruin this party, but mom says it's time for dinner."

"Oh, right," Matt said, and Eli was pretty sure he didn't have to fake that reaction—he must have genuinely forgotten. "I gotta go, guys."

"Yeah, that's fine," Klitz said, and closed the notebook on a page that was now filled with tiny animals and flowers and assorted items that Klitz liked to draw—one particular thing Eli saw a lot

on his papers were the little aliens from Space Invaders. “My parents probably want me home anyway.”

Eli looked over at Klitz and tried to hide the alarm he suddenly felt.

Eli didn't know how he managed to get any work done on the sex ed film idea when all he could think about was Klitz. He'd been thinking about Klitz pretty much 24/7 for the past few days and what he wanted to say to him. He knew for a while what he wanted with Klitz, but he'd been so afraid to admit it. He was still afraid, but now a new fear developed; one he'd run out of time. He was afraid he would wait too long and Klitz wouldn't love him anymore, that he'd leave Eli for someone more stable and with less problems. That he would leave Eli for a girl.

Eli needed to talk to him, and he was planning on doing so tonight, but what if Klitz didn't want to? What if he actually had to go home and Eli would lose his courage? Eli was pretty sure he was only brave enough to do it right now when he had another thing distracting him from all the thoughts that were telling him what could go wrong.

Everyone was forced to stop for the day when Matt had to leave. Eli took out all the papers he'd shoved into his backpack and rearranged them into something more orderly as the rest of them packed up as well.

Danielle showed them all out, and Matt must have told her about Eli and Klitz, because she asked Eli in a whisper as he passed her if he needed a ride home. Eli's stomach flipped over. He denied and hoped it didn't look suspicious.

Klitz drove Eli home, and just like so many more times before, he idled in Eli's driveway without turning off the car and looked at Eli with uncertainty.

Eli didn't know how to ask him to stay this time. He took a deep breath. He asked him like he would have just like old times.

“Wanna watch a movie?”

Just like old times, before any of this all happened, Eli and Klitz watched movies. It was a pastime neither of them seemed to get tired of—if Klitz did, he didn't show it. Sometimes they'd sit on the

couch together in the living room, but usually they were in Eli's room. Eli would put on a movie he either wanted to actually watch with Klitz, or a movie they'd both seen a million times for background noise when Klitz did his homework or if they just felt like talking that day. Eli often talked through movies anyway, whether it be to comment on the film itself, like how he would've done that scene instead if he was directing, or if the movie was just boring and failed to keep Eli's attention. Either way, Klitz listened to him talk.

Klitz followed Eli up the stairs to his room and Eli put on a movie they both liked and had seen enough times that they could each recite the words along with it. Eli hoped it wasn't too telling that he purposely chose a movie that he wouldn't have to pay attention to.

They sat on the floor at the foot of his bed and watched in silence, so different from what they usually did when they rewatched a movie. Neither were really watching though. Eli had his knees drawn up to his chest and he drummed his fingers on them nervously. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Klitz glancing at him every so often. Eli kept his eyes trained forward.

He stared at the screen, and colors and light flashed across the surface of his eyes, but he wasn't taking in any of the scene. He stared through the tv, to the wall behind it, and then to the next room behind that, and the next, until he was looking outside at the neighbor's house. He wasn't watching.

Klitz sat next to him. Close, but not touching. Keeping his distance. Far enough that Eli couldn't feel his shirt brushing against his arm like he usually did. Eli knew Klitz was just following what Eli had asked, and Klitz was taking it seriously. It was still so scary how much Klitz was doing for Eli to show him he was sorry, to show him how much he cared about their relationship. He picked Eli up for school that day, and greeted him with a 'hello' instead of a kiss. He didn't sit next to Eli at Danielle's house, and he didn't place a light touch at the small of Eli's back when he walked past.

When Eli made that decision, that was what he wanted, so that was what Klitz was doing. But not anymore. Eli wished he would sit a little closer. Close, but not touching. Too far.

Eli was shaking. The pit of anxiety that had made itself a permanent resident in Eli's stomach was doing a hell of a good job at convincing him not to speak. He wanted to talk to Klitz. He *needed* to talk to Klitz, that was the whole plan. He knew Klitz was just waiting on him; Klitz had proved that he'd wait on Eli for as long as it took. If Eli were to wait on himself for as long as it took, they'd never be together. Eli was scared. But the thought of not having Klitz was scarier.

"So... what's up?" Incredibly smooth. Eli could've patted himself on the back for that one.

“Nothing,” Klitz said. “You?”

“Nothing.”

A six word exchange that left Eli just as stuck as he had been before, and he wanted to bash his head into the wall. He really couldn't think of something better than “what's up”? Why was talking so fucking hard? Eli could go over what he wanted to say over and over in his head and it still came out wrong. He cycled through a confusing jumble of possible things he could say to Klitz to start a real conversation, neither more eloquent than the last, until finally he became frustrated and just wanted to get it over with.

“I like you,” he blurted out. Klitz turned his head and furrowed his eyebrows in a question, and Eli felt the tips of his ears burn with embarrassment.

“What do you mean?” Klitz asked cautiously.

Eli groaned in frustration. “I mean, like... I *like* like you.” God, he sounded like he was in third fucking grade. “I wanna—” Eli started, but he couldn't get his thoughts into words. He tried to think of anything he could say to Klitz that would tell him he liked him, but wouldn't sound too gay, but then he mentally scolded himself, because wasn't that the whole fucking point? “I have a crush on you,” he stated bluntly. He used the last of his courage to look Klitz in the eye.

A tiny smile formed on Klitz's face. “Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Eli muttered, and forced himself not to look away. He took a deep, shuddery breath before continuing. “I wanna kiss you so fucking bad, dude,” he admitted, and Klitz's smile grew. “I *like* you,” he repeated, and the more he said it, the less afraid of saying it he was. “I like kissing you, and I wanna go on dates with you, and I *do* like sucking your dick, and you were right, I don't like girls, and I'm sorry.” The words tumbled out of his mouth, and nothing Eli said he had thought to say before, but somehow all of it was right. All of a sudden, it was that easy.

Klitz's eyes grew wide at Eli's sudden slew of a confession. There was a hope that shined on Klitz's face that Eli had never seen before. A happiness that combated all of the happiness he'd felt his whole life.

Suddenly, Eli was glad he didn't make Klitz wait any longer. The look of love on Klitz's face made Eli realize how wrong he was every time he wished he hadn't kissed Klitz in the first place.

Eli wouldn't take it back. Despite all the pain and hurt he'd endured, he'd never take it back.

"Can it be a thing?"

"Yes," Klitz beamed.

"Can I kiss you?" Eli asked desperately, inching closer.

"Fuck yes," Klitz said and the two immediately leaned in and met in the middle with a kiss. Their first kiss as a thing.

Eli breathed out a deep sigh of relief through his nose. This moment he'd been dreading for days, the moment he would finally admit he was wrong, a moment he was terrified of, it was finally done. Eli was trembling. He pushed his lips against Klitz's, seeking comfort in him, wanting Klitz to tell him that it was okay, and Eli suddenly realized how much closer he needed to be to him.

Klitz must have sensed that desperation; he turned to face Eli fully and placed his hand on the side of Eli's neck. He gently ran his fingers through the hair at the nape of Eli's neck and Eli broke out into goosebumps. Klitz kissed him like he had been waiting to for years. Though it had only been a week, Eli missed him just as much.

Eli tilted his head, urging Klitz to kiss him more deeply. He scooted closer and gracelessly wrapped his arms around Klitz's neck, but misjudged how close he was, and toppled the two over, landing on Klitz's chest.

Klitz coughed and muttered a curse against Eli's lips.

"Sorry," Eli laughed. He pulled away and smiled down at Klitz, and though he'd seen it so many times before, the love in Klitz's eyes still never failed to shock him. Klitz put his hands on the sides of Eli's face and pulled him down into a much slower, gentler kiss than before. Eli closed his eyes and sighed and opened his mouth when he felt Klitz's tongue on his lips.

Kissing Klitz again was like coming home. It was safe.



Klitz took his time opening Eli up that night. He made sure Eli was completely ready before adding another finger. It was the perfect opportunity for Klitz to move his mouth up and down Eli's body, making his sides jump with feather light kisses and his chest red and purple with tiny, nearly invisible hickeys. It was so loving, so much different than Eli had ever thought sex could be like. So hyper-focused on porn, he never considered the emotional aspect of it. It made the corners of his eyes wet and left an ache in his chest that had never been there before.

Eli let out a deep, content sigh when Klitz pushed into him. Klitz moved slowly and leaned over Eli so that their chests were pressed together. Eli wrapped his legs around Klitz's waist, holding him close. They were connected from mouth to chest to groin, but to Eli it still didn't feel close enough. One of his hands carded through Klitz's hair and the other was interlaced with Klitz's, pinned to the pillow next to his head.

For some reason, holding Klitz's hand was what made Eli blush the hardest.

They hadn't touched each other since Saturday—a mutual agreement on boundaries—and Eli was hungry for it. He kissed Klitz until he was out of breath, and even then it didn't feel like enough. He wanted to make up for all he'd missed in the past week. He ran his fingers through Klitz's hair, then up and down his back and felt his muscles shift and flex under his skin as he moved in and out of him. He kissed Klitz slow and open-mouthed. And he savored it.

Klitz wasn't thrusting so much as slowly grinding into Eli, and Eli was loath to say it, but he couldn't push the word 'lovemaking' from his mind. The idea was cheesy, like any of the chick flicks Eli had seen where the love interests fight, break up, and make up, and it was this romantic, emotional, gooey sex scene that made you want to gag...

But it wasn't inaccurate. He might finally understand now.

They were apologizing without their words, now. The talking was done. They were comforting each other. Reconciling. They were each telling the other how much they cared about them in the most intimate way.

Eli hated that word. Intimate. It sounded too romantic, like something a marriage counselor would tell a couple to get them to love each other again. After all this time of suppressing his emotions and only focusing on the sex, Eli was having trouble considering the love aspect of their relationship.

Eli thought about how other friends would just share a hug, maybe let them cry on their shoulder, pat their back and tell them it would be okay. Eli thought about all the times Klitz had cried on his shoulder, and he Klitz. What did friends do to comfort each other? A deep thrust pulled a low, breathy moan out of Eli. Did friends do that? Eli had to remind himself that he and Klitz were not just friends. It was different for them, and he was finally starting to accept that.

When Klitz kissed him, Eli could feel the healing cut in his lip. It brought him back to Vegas; the jealousy, the fear, the crying and admitting he was gay. Crying and screaming at Klitz. Eli did that to him. Eli put that cut on his lip. Klitz had been so quick to forgive him, but Eli felt undeserving of his mercy. Klitz should've been mad at him too, and the fact that he wasn't made Eli feel all the worse. His eyes welled up and a tear ran down his cheek. He sucked in a tiny, hitching breath, and Klitz lifted his head from where he was pressing soft kisses into Eli's neck to look at him.

Eli looked at Klitz's mouth, and another tear flowed from the corner of his eye. Red and puffy and shiny from kissing, but adorned with a dark red scab. Both of Eli's doing, yet so highly contrasting. Eli brought his hand from Klitz's hair and placed his fingers on his lips, a barely-there touch. He looked back into Klitz's eyes and whispered, "I'm sorry."

Klitz kissed the tips of Eli's fingers where they gently rested on his lips. "It's okay."

Eli didn't believe him. It was hard to accept the fact that it really was okay; things were okay now. They were becoming okay. But now that the tears had started, Eli couldn't get them to stop as every memory of himself pushing Klitz away, hurting him and treating him so poorly flooded his mind.

"Really, Eli, it's okay. Hey? I'm alright. Okay?"

Not trusting his voice, Eli nodded. His throat clicked as he tried to swallow away the lump that had formed there.

Klitz leaned back down and kissed him softly. "Do you want me to stop?"

Eli shook his head. Klitz kissed him again, and Eli sucked his bottom lip into his mouth. He didn't bite or nip, unwilling to hurt again.

Klitz went slow, and Eli didn't want it to stop, but his lips were raw from kissing, and a puddle of precum was forming on his stomach where his dick was trapped between them. Eli grabbed Klitz's

hip and pulled him forward at the same time he attempted to roll his hips down to meet his thrusts.

Eli was embarrassed to ask for faster or harder, he couldn't get himself to say those words, but Klitz understood. He pulled out a little further, fucking him a little quicker, and Eli slipped his hand between them and began stroking himself. He let out quiet moans that he muffled into Klitz's mouth.

Klitz's hips stuttered, and his breathing came faster, and the heat in Eli's stomach spread further and further through his body. Klitz hit his prostate again and again, and Eli couldn't help when he moaned Klitz's name.

"*Fuck*," Klitz groaned softly, like he didn't mean for Eli to hear, and it was so filthy coming from him that the heat in Eli's stomach finally snapped. More tears streamed down his face as he came.

Klitz's grip on Eli's hand tightened when he came a few thrusts later. They pressed their foreheads together as they caught their breath. Klitz kissed Eli until he began to go soft.

"I love you," Klitz said. Eli didn't say it back, but Klitz knew. Klitz always knew. "I'll be right back." He kissed Eli's forehead, then pulled out and went to the bathroom to throw away the condom and get a towel.

Eli pushed the backs of his hands into his eyes and roughly wiped away any remaining tears, angry at himself for crying once again.

Klitz came back into the room and kneeled on the bed next to Eli as he used a warm washcloth to wipe the come off his stomach, and the lube from in between his legs. It made Eli blush because it was so intimate and it embarrassed him, and he hid his face in the crook of his elbow. But Klitz never gave Eli the impression that he was grossed out by him at any time.

Klitz tossed the washcloth into Eli's laundry basket and laid on his side next to Eli. He gently pushed Eli's arm away from his face and Eli was forced to face him so vulnerably; with red eyes and fragile trust, it was terrifying, but Eli let himself cry because he knew that with Klitz, he was safe.

Klitz brushed a stray tear off of Eli's cheek with his thumb. "Are you okay?"

Eli took in a heavy breath. “Yeah.” And for the first time, it felt true.

## Chapter End Notes

I’m incredibly happy with how this chapter turned out I cried so hard writing it bro I hope you all liked it

# Chapter 18

## Chapter Summary

The tripod meet April and Ferrari and plan the porno some more.

## Chapter Notes

I hated this chapter so much and I don't even know why so I hope you like it more than I do.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

That fateful Friday when Matt decided to ditch Eli and Klitz for the first time was the end of their tradition. At the time, none of them knew it. The three never could have predicted that kind of change in their group. For as long as they were friends, their individual worlds were almost one. There was hardly any deviance from what they knew; all throughout middle school and high school all they knew was the three of them. Nobody had kissed a girl yet, let alone had a girl show romantic interest in any of them. Up until that point, nothing was more important than the three of them. Not even a girl.

Oddly enough, they all seemed to be okay with it. Looking back, Eli had to laugh at himself for how scared he'd been about their friendship. All of a sudden there had been this drastic change that disrupted something that was so important to them for such a long time. However, as things went on and Eli watched Matt and Danielle's relationship develop—and subsequently his own with Klitz—Eli realized how little some things mattered in the grand scheme of things. His naive fears of growing up dissipated with the newfound knowledge that branching off into new experiences in life didn't have to mean losing his friends.

It was surprising how so much could change in so little time. It was kinda funny how this thing that had been such a big deal to them for such a long time became so trivial so quickly. Change was okay, Eli was learning. Change was good, even; the more time Eli spent out of the closet, the more he realized how miserable he had been, and would continue to be if he'd never let himself accept the most terrifying change of his life. They were growing out of old conventions—but that didn't come with lack of new ones. They were simply moving on.

They decided on an Italian restaurant to eat at that afternoon—Matt's idea. Had it been two weeks ago, that choice would've been the most *adventurous* thing Matt had done in who knows how long.

Eli and Klitz sat in Klitz's car while they waited. Earlier in the day, they'd watched Matt leave their last class halfway through with the excuse of working on the yearbook. Their teacher had no objections—after all, Matt was the class president, such an upstanding guy in everyone's eyes. In actuality, Matt had to leave early so he and Danielle could pick up April and Ferrari from the airport. The plan was to meet Eli and Klitz at the restaurant shortly after school.

They all must be running a little late.

Klitz had turned the car off but left the keys in the ignition so they could use the stereo. He took out a book and that prompted a silence that was only broken by one of the many CDs Eli burned for Klitz playing quietly from the speakers; something by Black Eyed Peas, Eli was pretty sure. He forgot what the song was called, but he hummed along to the tune and fiddled with the push lock on his door, producing a clicking sound as it locked and unlocked that he was surprised Klitz hadn't gotten annoyed at yet.

"Stop that," Klitz said without taking his eyes off the book in his lap.

Okay, never mind.

Eli rolled his eyes and picked at a frayed edge on the hem of his pants from where they dragged on the ground. A lot of his clothes were pretty baggy, but these were way too long. He was pretty sure they were Klitz's, an old pair of cargo pants that he never wore that Eli snagged out of his closet. Now that he thought about it, he was pretty sure a lot of his jackets were Klitz's too. That forced him to think about the implications of wearing Klitz's clothes. Was that a friend thing or a boyfriend thing? Wait, were they even boyfriends? Eli had asked Klitz if it could be a thing, and Klitz had said yes, but did that mean...

"So, are we like... boyfriend and girlfriend now?" Eli asked, then reevaluated what he'd said. "Boyfriend and boyfriend?"

Klitz looked at him. "Do you want to be?"

As much as Eli loved Klitz, one thing about him that was endlessly aggravating was how vague and ambiguous he often was. He had mastered the art of hardly ever saying the wrong thing. He never gave straight answers, most of the time turning the question around on the other person. Eli knew that Klitz did that with him to give both Eli and himself a way out of the conversation, and to avoid the possibility of upsetting Eli in sensitive situations—which there had been a lot of lately. It was thoughtful, sure, but right now all it did was make Eli second guess himself.

“Do you?” Eli countered.

“Yeah,” Klitz said casually.

“Cool then.”

Klitz turned back to his book and there was another lapse of silence. Eli watched Klitz read, watched his eyelashes flutter behind his glasses every time he blinked as his eyes scanned the pages. Okay, so they were dating. What did dating people do?

“Are we supposed to hold hands and shit?”

“Do you want to?” Klitz asked again.

“Jesus christ, Klitz, I’m gonna kill you.”

Klitz huffed a laugh through his nose and dog eared the page he was on, a habit Eli had gotten him into—before, he’d insist on a bookmark and glare at Eli every time he folded the pages in his books. “I don’t see why it has to be any different than before.”

Logically, that made sense, they were already acting like a couple before. Except they weren’t. Not really. They were acting like friends who had sex with each other. To Eli, before felt like him not caring about a real relationship. Before was him in complete denial, treating Klitz like shit because he was pathetic and scared. Eli still felt a little bit of before with him now—he still felt the urge to hate himself, still felt the urge to push Klitz away, still felt himself wishing in the back of his head that things hadn’t turned out like this. And Eli felt guilty for all of it. But the difference between before and now was that now Eli was trying to stop himself from feeling all those things. Now it was a real relationship that Eli wanted. He didn’t want to go back to how it was before.

“No,” Eli said.

Klitz looked over at him, slightly alarmed.

“I mean ‘no’ like it *is* different than before.” Eli pulled out a thread from where he was picking at his pants. He still found it hard to look at Klitz when he talked about this. “Cause I was dick before, y’know.”

Klitz contemplated that. “You weren’t a dick.”

“I called you a fag.”

“Well, I mean—“

“I punched you,” Eli added.

Klitz snorted. “That doesn’t count, I was being a dick too.” Eli watched Klitz’s tongue poke out to feel the healing cut in his lip, almost out of instinct, like he’d forgotten it was there until somebody brought it up. Eli didn’t like to look at that either, or feel it when he kissed him, because it was a very clear reminder of what he’d done. Eli figured it was the universe making him learn a lesson with very ironic consequences. Eli had to admit that Klitz was kinda right though. He was glad they were able to joke about it now at least.

After a few moments, Klitz held out his hand in the middle of the center console, palm up. Eli looked at Klitz’s hand, then at Klitz with his eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

Klitz teasingly rolled his eyes. “Hold my hand, you weirdo.”

Oh. Eli felt his face heat up, both at embarrassment for not getting the hint and simply at the thought of holding Klitz’s stupid hand. He laced his fingers with Klitz’s and forced down a giddy smile. “You’re so gay, dude,” Eli said with fake annoyance, looking away so Klitz wouldn’t see him blush.

“Yeah,” Klitz agreed softly. He tugged on Eli’s hand to get his attention. Eli looked at him. “Be my boyfriend?” Klitz asked.

Eli studied Klitz’s face and didn’t try to hide his spreading grin now. He noticed how similar Klitz looked to the moment he spoke to him first for the very first time. He smiled with shy uncertainty, and suddenly, Eli could see sixth grade Klitz so clearly in his head. He had the same little glasses, and hair shorter than it was now, but Eli was glad he grew it out. It looked good on him. He



was adorable.

Eli thought about how much, yet so little had changed between them since then. Ever since sixth grade, he hoped he'd never get tired of sitting next to Klitz, and talking to Klitz, and pulling Klitz's hair when he wanted to bug him the most, and six years later, he still loved all those things just as much as before.

Except never in his wildest dreams would he have ever thought that one day he'd be sitting next to Klitz with him asking Eli to be his boyfriend. It made his stomach flip over with excitement, a true feeling of butterflies that was so unfamiliar compared to all the nausea and anxiety he'd felt in the past that he almost didn't know how to recognize it. He liked this feeling a lot more than the other one. His head felt light and for just a second he forgot about everything he'd ever been afraid of.

How could Eli say no?

“Yeah.”

Of course.

Always.

Eventually, Eli and Klitz went inside after Eli got too bored and too hungry. They held hands for the walk through the parking lot, “Just to try it out,” Eli had said. He felt like he was in middle school again, holding hands with his boyfriend just to walk through a fucking parking lot. It felt just as nerve-wracking now as it did then—two kids who had no clue what the hell they were doing getting into their first relationship. It was kind of cute to do the little things like holding hands and kissing on the cheek since their initial relationship had started off so... strong.

As nice of a thirty seconds it was, Eli promptly pulled his hand away from Klitz's when they got to the door. Eli was already nervous when they'd gotten close enough to the building to be seen by anyone who might look out the window. He was pretty damn proud of himself for even making it to the door. Klitz didn't look hurt. He gave Eli a small, understanding smile. Unfortunately, to an already on-edge Eli, it looked patronizing. He didn't want to be babied. He rolled his eyes and shoved past Klitz into the restaurant.

Once they were seated, Eli apologized. He didn't mean to keep doing this shit. He really was trying. When Klitz said that it was okay with such sincerity in his voice, Eli was actually glad he didn't wish it wasn't. So often when Eli apologized to Klitz it was for some huge fuck-up. Those times, Klitz always said it was okay, and it bugged Eli because he wanted Klitz to be mad at him. He didn't deserve that kindness from him. Now, Eli didn't get that nagging feeling that something was still wrong. It really was okay. Klitz was helping him make it okay.

Or something gay like that.

Their water brought the table a basket of bread, and while waiting for Matt and the rest of them, Eli worked his way through the whole thing. The waiter brought another and Eli was set on eating that one too, but Klitz grabbed it from the middle of the table and set it on the placemat furthest from Eli.

"Dude!" Eli exclaimed.

"You're gonna make yourself sick," Klitz said.

Eli scoffed and rolled his eyes. "Asshole."

Luckily, it didn't take too long after that for Matt and Danielle to arrive, followed into the restaurant by two very enthusiastic girls. Eli recognized them from the porn convention. They were on the same panel as Danielle and their faces were printed on that huge backdrop along with hers. Eli hadn't really cared to get a good look, what with his sexuality crisis and all, but they were familiar enough. Eli didn't remember who was who though.

Eli stood up with Klitz as he waved the four over. Up close, the two girls looked a lot different than Eli remembered. He didn't exactly have a lot to go off of, but they just looked like normal people, not made up and dressed even remotely similar to how he'd seen them in Vegas. They were absolutely beautiful, no doubt, but in a different way. Not sexy or anything, just pretty, like normal people.

Danielle gave an apologetic smile in greeting. "Sorry we took so long, their flight was delayed."

"All good," Klitz said.

“Okay,” Danielle said with relief and smoothed down her shirt. “Okay, ummm, April and Ferrari,” she addressed the two girls first. “This is Eli,” she paused to point at him, “and Klitz,” then pointed at Klitz. “Klitz and Eli, this is April and Ferrari.”

“Hi,” April smiled softly, a vastly different energy than Eli had seen her walk into the restaurant with.

“Your name is ‘clits’?” Ferrari asked.

Klitz smiled awkwardly. “With a ‘K’.”

“It’s nice to meet you,” April said to the two of them.

Once their waiter had come back around to take everyone else’s drink orders, the two new girls began a conversation with Danielle, catching up. It wasn’t long since the last time they’d seen each other, but before that it really had been a long time. None of them minded as April and Ferrari took a while to talk to Danielle—Danielle wasn’t in Vegas long enough to truly get the chance to talk to either of them. Eli didn’t know their history, but by the looks of it, they must have worked together in the past to be so close now.

Surprisingly—to Eli at least—they weren’t talking about their line of work at all. It didn’t even come up in passing. Eli listened to a story April was telling about how she’d just found her cat after it being missing for a couple weeks. The story was heartwarming, and Eli caught himself smiling along with April as she explained with excitement. From what Eli heard, he realized that both girls had weirdly normal lives, but when Eli thought about it, it wasn’t weird at all. Obviously, pornstars had lives outside of their jobs, and Eli felt like a total piece of shit for not considering that before now.

Eventually, the girls shifted their attention toward the rest of the table once their appetizers were brought out. They all began to talk little by little, getting to know each other. It was mainly the kind of small talk that would normally be painfully awkward, but Danielle had a crazy weird talent at making that kind of conversation the opposite of awkward. She asked Eli if he’d gotten the AV club’s help to film, despite knowing that he had, just as a way to shift the conversation into common territory; something easy for them all to talk about.

Eli promptly forgot everything he’d ever thought about in the past 48 hours. He wasn’t exactly an expert on talking to new people in the first place. Eli looked between everyone warily, unsure of

what to say. He wouldn't necessarily say he was intimidated, but he definitely hadn't planned on being the first one to speak in this conversation.

"Uh, yeah, I got the AV club. And the cameras and shit," Eli said inelegantly. He wanted to cringe at how dumb he sounded. Instead, he looked at Klitz, which turned out to be no help because Klitz looked just as nervous as Eli felt. His hands were in his lap and he was ripping up a napkin piece by tiny piece.

Eli tried to imagine how people did this in the film industry. He was making a movie, right? What did movie making people do? They sat down and talked about the movie. Pre-production, Eli was pretty sure it was called. They sat down around a table—kinda like right now, what a fucking coincidence—and they pitched ideas and talked about the plan. So why the hell was that so hard?

"I mean, it was Danielle's idea, maybe she could explain." It was a total cop out, Eli knew it. His dignity was the least of his concerns right now though.

April laughed softly. "We already know the idea," she said kindly. "A sex ed film, right?"

Eli nodded and felt like such an idiot. There was no reason to be so nervous. "Yeah, sex ed. Just the sex part, I don't think Hugo gives a shit about the other stuff."

That got a laugh out of the girls and Eli felt a little more confident. This was easy, really. Eli felt Klitz's foot nudge his own and he looked over at him. Klitz raised his eyebrows slightly. It was such a simple look that to anyone else it wouldn't have meant anything special, an acknowledgment at most. But to Eli it was a look of reassurance. A smile without moving his mouth. Eli forced himself to breathe a little deeper.

Eli decided a good place to start was filling April and Ferrari in on everything they hadn't been present for yesterday. That seemed to be the right thing to do because April and Ferrari started making their own suggestions and giving feedback. April even took a notepad and a pen out of her tiny purse and started taking notes, and Eli was impressed by the dedication. Eli wouldn't consider himself uncreative, but he was grateful for everyone's new ideas; if it was just him working on this, it wouldn't have been nearly as good. Even Matt gave a suggestion that Eli liked so much he excitedly asked April to write it down for him. And just like that, Eli wasn't so stressed anymore.

The group eventually made their way out of the restaurant after way longer than any of them had anticipated. They'd talked more and more throughout their meal and had gotten increasingly off

topic. Now they walked through the parking lot to Matt's car to decide where to go next. Ferrari and April's arms were linked together and they leaned on each other, giggling and chatting back and forth. Eli was feeling a lot better now than he had at the start of dinner. If he was a little more confident, he'd grab Klitz's hand again. He figured he'd stressed himself out enough for the day, though. He settled with walking a little closer than normal and bumping him with his shoulder.

They'd all agreed that they'd definitely need props. Eli knew what they needed in theory, but he had no clue where to get that kind of stuff. His first thought was a thrift store, which automatically sounded gross, but there didn't seem to be anywhere else to go. Until April suggested a sex shop.

"Yeah, oh my gosh, that'd be perfect," Ferrari agreed.

That sounded way cooler than a thrift store.

"Dude, yeah," Eli said, fully on board. Visiting a sex shop had never crossed his mind. Sure, he'd seen more porn than any person should ever see in their entire life, but that was different than practical application. He didn't exactly have a reason to go on his own, but he was definitely gonna take advantage of the opportunity now.

Eli's biggest concern was proven correct—there was no sex shop in South Pasadena. That had made for a stressful five seconds until Danielle reminded them of the fact that she used to live in LA, and that there were definitely quite a few there. Klitz and Eli followed Matt's car and they met back up at the store.

Eli's expectations were reached. Surpassed, even. It was beautiful. A store full of sex. A store *dedicated* to sex. He felt a similar feeling to when he first entered that back room in the video store all that time ago; nervous, but giddy with excitement. This time, he was more familiar with the concept, but it was a new experience all the same.

They were greeted by a friendly woman who was rearranging items on a shelf nearby. In an uncanny way, she kinda looked like Daisy. Not exactly the same style, but similar in the way that they were both kinda weird. This woman had bright green hair and multiple facial piercings. Eli was pretty sure a nose ring and a stud in her eyebrow were the extent of Daisy's piercings. He'd always really liked her eyebrow piercing. One time she told him he'd look cool with one too, and he brushed it off—piercings on guys are gay—but sometimes he secretly thought about how much he actually wanted one.

Eli would bet Daisy might like to work someplace like this since she was just as much of a porn fanatic as Eli. Eli began to think about how maybe next time he saw her he could bring it up, but then remembered how things had gone last time he'd seen her.

There were so many things that Eli had fucked up lately, but he was pretty sure that was one of the worst. She'd only been trying to help him—she hadn't hesitated to close her entire store to drive Eli home and Eli had repaid her by screaming at her and kicking her out. It was such a heartbreaking memory considering the fact that he was now accepting what she was only trying to help him with in the first place. He doubted he'd be at this point without her. He seriously owed her an apology.

Eli looked away from the woman. He'd talk to Daisy. Soon.

They all ventured further into the store. Danielle, April, and Ferrari all looked completely unfazed. Matt however, looked paler than when he'd first told Eli and Klitz about the sex ed film idea. His arms were drawn up close to his sides and he picked at his nails. Eli felt bad for him. He couldn't imagine being that awkward about the idea of sex. Eli looked at Klitz and saw that he wasn't any better off; his hands were deep in his pockets and he looked at the floor, then the ceiling, pretty much anywhere he wouldn't have to look at any merchandise.

Eli passed a shelf of neon dildos and decided he'd fuck with Klitz a little bit. "Hey, Klitz," he said and held up the silicone penis.

When Klitz saw what Eli was holding he blushed. "Dude, put that down."

"Why?"

"Just quit fucking around," Klitz said.

"Scared of a dick?" Eli mocked. "It's not like you haven't—" Eli began but stopped mid sentence and his smile dropped as he realized just exactly what the fuck he was about to say.

Klitz raised his eyebrows at him in disbelief, daring him to go on.

Now it was Eli's turn to blush. He looked around to see if anyone had seen the interaction. Luckily it seemed like nobody was in earshot. "Shut up," he grumbled. He tossed the toy back onto the shelf and shoved past Klitz to catch up with the rest of their group.

Klitz walked close behind him. “Aw, what’s wrong, Eli?” he teased. “Scared of a dick?”

Eli turned on his heel to look up at Klitz. “Kill yourself.” Klitz laughed and Eli wanted to strangle him. His own joke turned on him.

They met back up with the rest of the group. They were in a less graphic area of the store. It displayed more furniture type things than actual products. The three girls were looking at a selection of cushions and pillows, the type that you’d put underneath someone’s lower back to prop up their hips. None of the selections were particularly attractive; they just looked functional. The whole point of this film was for it to be sexy.

“I don’t think any of this is gonna work,” Ferrari said to Danielle. Eli briefly panicked; this was their only option—they couldn’t afford for none of this to work. Unfortunately, Eli had to agree. Once the initial excitement of actually being in this kind of store wore off he realized there wasn’t anything in here that they would really be able to use.

“Wait, what’s not gonna work?” Eli cut in after having only overheard their conversation. They all turned around to face him, looking less panicked than Eli felt like they should.

“There’s just nothing good here,” April said, lowering her voice as if meaning to not offend the worker a few aisles away.

“Well, what are we supposed to do then?”

April looked at Ferrari. “We might be able to go to set and get some things.”

“Wh- sorry, set?” Eli cut in.

“I know Hugo’s LA studio has some props,” April said. “I doubt anyone would be upset if we went over and borrowed some things.”

Eli’s jaw dropped open. They were gonna go to a real porn studio? Somebody fucking pinch him, he must be dreaming.

The studio was just as Eli imagined. His dad had taken him to a Warner Bros. Studio Tour for his fifteenth birthday. He got to see film sets for pretty much all of his favorite movies. The porn studio looked just the same. A large, unassuming warehouse building, but inside it opened up into dozens of scenes. “Bedrooms” in porn were never actual bedrooms, which a lot of people didn’t know. They were small rooms built out of wood with just three walls and no ceiling. Faux rooms crafted specifically for the scene they needed. Eli thought about all the people who must have painted the walls and built and designed the room, right down to the very throw pillows or color of the curtains.

He’d read about color theory in film and how they used specific colors in a scene to subliminally make the audience feel a certain way. For example, in regards to porn, red was used most often, commonly shown in makeup and clothing. Since red is so eye-catching and often associated with love; think red roses on Valentine’s Day. Red and variations of the color sparked the most arousal. Really, there were studies done on it.

Eli had never been more excited about something in his life. He wished he’d brought his video camera.

“Where is everyone?” Eli asked. The only people he saw were janitors cleaning the sets. It wasn’t like Eli was disappointed to not see any scenes taking place, but he really was curious about the lack of anybody at all.

“It’s just like any other nine to five job,” Ferrari said and smiled at him, knowing exactly why he was asking. “Obviously, actors don’t work for that long, but crew and stuff do. Editors and producers and the stagecraft people. Everyone probably already went home.”

They eventually made their way to a large section of the building that housed the widest array of props Eli could have ever imagined. Shelves and shelves of items, lining the walls, in the middle of the room, all individually organized into every category imaginable. Eli was in absolute awe.

The girls seemed to know what they needed. Eli was grateful for that. He was the mastermind of the operation, but he didn’t have a lot of the creative ideas all planned out. Based on what they talked about at dinner, he knew the logistics of what they needed, but he let the girls take over for the rest of it. They knew best.

At her command, Eli followed Ferrari further into the room. She stopped at a shelf of what looked like blankets. She sorted through a few, then pulled out a leopard print one and a magenta pink one.



She piled them into Eli's arms. Some freak part in Eli's mind was momentarily terrified at the implication of porn blankets. He almost recoiled when some of the fabric brushed his face when Ferrari dumped the fabric into his arms, but it didn't smell like sweat and sex and other bodily fluids like Eli had expected. It was soft and smelled like fabric softener. Eli wanted to smack himself for thinking this would be anything less than professional. In his defense, all he had to go off of was the actual porn he watched. He never saw the behind the scenes.

He saw Matt carrying a frighteningly tall stack of identical pillows. They were far different than what they'd seen at the sex shop—they were cute and fluffy and Eli was thankful that the sex shop wasn't their only option. They would probably be fucked.

They made their way out of that room to one a small walk from it. It was a dressing room, also featuring a wide variety of costumes and outfits and lingerie. The two girls sorted through a few of the racks and came up with similar outfits that looked 'teacher-ish' for lack of a better term.

"I've actually worn this one before," April said and held it up for them all to see. "It's tear-away, see," she said and showed them the buttons that lined the costume all the way down the front.

"Fucking awesome," Eli said genuinely. This was easily one of the coolest things he'd ever experienced in his life.

They drove back to the hotel Ferrari and April were staying at after grabbing a few other supplies. The rest of the plan was to write out the whole screenplay by hand. That was a tedious task that Eli definitely wasn't looking forward to, but they only needed one. He would be dropping it off to one of the AV kids to type out and make copies in the morning.

Matt also refined the film wavers, and Eli was glad that that cured his tight-assedness. Eli let Danielle take the lead writing the script. She worked well with the other two girls anyway. Eli made a new, more organized list of supplies and order of events, and offered a few ideas in the script when Danielle asked.

Klitz sat cross legged in the armchair that was in the corner of the hotel room. He'd brought his backpack in to work on homework. Eli watched him chew on the end of his pen as he looked down at a notebook open in his lap. It must be physics, Eli figured. He knew he'd been stressing about that final exam in particular. Even though he was a genius and would ace every exam either way. Eli found it endearing.

Klitz must have felt Eli looking at him. He looked up and met his eye for a few seconds before cocking his head and mouthing, *what?*

Eli just shrugged. Klitz squinted at him. Eli scrunched up his nose and stuck his tongue out at him in retaliation. Klitz gave a faint smile and looked back at his notebook. Eli looked back at his own work.

Boyfriend.

Boy friend. Boyyyyyfrienddddddd. *Boyfriend.*

Eli kinda liked that word. Boyfriend. Klitz was his *boyfriend*. They weren't just friends anymore, they were *boyfriends*. The word filled him with some kind of childish giddiness. They were boyfriends now. They were dating, and Eli could kiss Klitz without needing a reason. He could tell Klitz he loved him. It would be really, really gay, but so fucking what.

Eli wanted to tell Klitz he loved him. He couldn't remember the last time he'd said it to him. He was pretty sure it'd been years, probably before eighth grade at least. He deserved to hear it.

After a couple hours they'd abandoned working altogether. Ferrari had called room service for a drink and asked if anyone wanted anything. April asked for ice cream. At that, everyone was ordering ice cream, and somehow their work session had turned into an ice cream party. They watched reruns of *The Bachelorette*. There was a brief ten minute period where all six watched, enthralled, and the only sound was spoons clinking against glass dishes.

Ferrari was the first to speak again. "Would you ever go on the *Bachelorette*?" It didn't seem like she was asking anyone in particular. April answered first, which started a domino effect and everyone else went around answering. That somehow devolved into a fierce game of *Would You Rather*. They laughed and talked for way later than they should have considering the long day they had ahead of them tomorrow. Nobody minded, though. Their ignored work was basically done anyway.

## Chapter End Notes

I edited this once and I refuse to read it again so I'm sorry if it sucks because I gave up and rushed through it



# Chapter 19

## Chapter Summary

Prom!!!

## Chapter Notes

I'm glad this chapter was easier to write than the last. We're in the home stretch of this story! I have a plan for when I'd like to be finished which will be around mid December, give or take. That is very soon 0\_0 Which means updates will (hopefully) be coming faster. Anyways, hope you like :]

Eli stood in front of his bathroom mirror struggling with his bow tie. His hands were shaking slightly, both from frustration of not being able to tie this stupid fucking tie and the fact that they were shooting the sex ed film in less than an hour. He'd tried to give himself more than enough time to get ready yet he was still managing to run late.

The doorbell rang and Eli cursed. He pulled the tie out from under his collar and resisted the urge to crumple it up out of anger. He thought he would've remembered how to do it after Klitz showed him countless times in the past, but apparently not. He shoved it in his pocket and went to his room to grab his video camera and the binder that contained quite literally the entire operation. One of the AV members had dropped it off on his porch barely two hours after he'd given it to them to type out and make copies. They worked so quickly that Eli felt the urge to doubt if they'd even done all of it. After going through all of it and comparing it to his original copy he found that it was all done properly—that boded well for the efficiency of everything else.

Eli leafed through it one more time despite having looked through it multiple times before and knew everything was there; scripts, film waivers, release forms, everything necessary to make the film possible. Eli quickly opened his camera to make sure it was fully charged as well—despite already checking a hundred times before—then rushed downstairs. He'd already taken too long since Klitz rang the doorbell, but it was almost always unlocked and Klitz knew he was allowed to come inside if he wanted. If Klitz wanted to stand on the porch for way too long, that was on him.

He opened the front door and met Klitz standing on his porch with his hands in his pockets, ever patient.

“You know you can come in, right? You don't have to wait out here,” Eli said while shifting the

things around in his hands to fish his keys out of his pocket to lock the door. His camera was precariously balanced on top of the binder, dangerously close to falling. They had other cameras, but it wasn't like Eli wanted to break his own. He turned to Klitz and shoved everything into his arms. "Hold this." Eli took his keys out and locked the door before turning back to Klitz.

Klitz stood there holding all of Eli's shit. "Hi," he said.

Eli looked Klitz up and down. His hair was done all nicely and he was wearing a suit Eli had never seen before. His moms must've bought it for him recently or something. It looked good. Eli couldn't help but smile. "Hi, Klitzzy."

Eli watched Klitz check him out too. His brow furrowed. "Where's your tie?"

Leave it to Klitz to notice that right away. "I can't tie it."

"I've shown you like a thousand times," Klitz said in disbelief.

"Yeah, okay, whatever," Eli waved him off. "Will you just help me please?"

Klitz handed Eli his stuff back. "Fine, but we should go, my parents wanna take pictures."

They drove back to Klitz's house, and Eli saw that Klitz was definitely not lying when he said his parents wanted to take pictures; the two ladies were waiting on the front lawn already snapping pictures as they pulled into the driveway. One of them was holding a disposable camera and one had a digital camera, and Eli suddenly remembered that he'd bought a disposable camera for this exact occasion but forgot it at home. Damn it.

They got out and Eli handed Klitz his bow tie that had ended up getting crumpled in his pocket anyway. Klitz took it and gave Eli a look of disdain as he smoothed it out on his thigh like a dollar bill on the edge of a vending machine.

"Don't look at me like that."

“Like what?” Klitz asked with faux obliviousness. Eli shot Klitz a glare which he dodged by purposely avoiding his eye and pretending to smooth out wrinkles in the material that weren’t even there. “Pop your collar up.”

Eli popped his collar and let Klitz wrap the tie around his neck. “I hate you.”

“Mhm,” Klitz hummed and started to make the intricate folds in the fabric that Eli knew he once again would not remember.

Eli knew Klitz’s parents were standing barely ten feet from them and his face got hot at the thought of someone seeing him and Klitz together. He flinched when he heard the click of a camera and had to resist the urge to pull away from Klitz. They were too close; Eli could see each individual eyelash behind Klitz’s glasses. His eyes dropped to his lips. Klitz’s fingers brushed his neck and gave him phantom goosebumps. Another click and Eli’s eyes dropped further and landed on Klitz’s tie. As if the camera could pick up him looking at Klitz’s lips from that distance, but it still made him nervous. People knowing they were dating, people seeing them together, and now, at last, physical proof of their relationship. Eli still wasn’t used to it.

It had gotten too quiet, too intimate. Eli felt the need to say something. “How do you know how to tie a tie?” Eli realized Klitz had tied his ties for him for as long as he could remember but he’d never asked how Klitz knew.

Klitz smiled. “My dad taught me.” Eli looked at him curiously. “Yeah, he taught me a bunch of manly stuff since he doesn’t live here anymore. He said I need a father’s guidance or something like that.”

Eli glanced at Klitz’s mom, sure she wouldn’t be a fan of that concept. She smiled and rolled her eyes. “Klitz’s father is full of shit,” she said, shaking her head. “But at least he knows how to tie a tie.”

Once Klitz was done, Eli rolled his collar down again and Klitz fixed where he hadn’t covered the tie fully.

“Thanks,” Eli said softly.

Klitz smiled at him.

Finally, it was time to take real pictures. Klitz and Eli stood side by side, awkwardly holding their hands clasped behind their backs. Eli really didn't know how to take pictures. He tried to imagine how couples took prom photos, but the only thing that popped into his mind was that weird profile shot with the guy's hands on the girl's waist. That was probably the last thing he wanted to do.

After a few shots of uncomfortable standing, Klitz's mom went over to them and started to pose them together. She maneuvered their bodies like they were puppets; how to stand, where to put their hands, how to angle, what to do with their faces. It became a lot more natural with her help. After a crazy amount of pictures with each of her adjustments, she ran inside and brought out two boxes. She handed one to each of them. They both looked at the boxes, confused.

"You're supposed to give them to each other," Klitz's mom explained.

They traded boxes and Klitz's step mom snapped more pictures. They each opened their box.

"Oh, they're boutonnières," Klitz said simply.

"What the hell is that?" Eli asked and inspected the flower inside the box.

"It's a flower."

"No shit, dude."

Klitz took his out of the box carefully and turned it over. "It's like the boy version of a corsage." At Eli's blank stare Klitz was forced to explain further. "You know the flower that girls wear on their wrists for prom?"

Right, those things. "Oh, cool."

Both of Klitz's parents helped to pin the flowers to their suit jackets, a short reprieve from the constant pictures—this moment would certainly be well documented. Klitz's mom helped Eli with his, and took the opportunity to ask, "How are you, Eli?"

Eli hadn't seen Klitz's parents since before their fight, and he knew Klitz had told them about what

happened. He didn't know how extensively Klitz had updated his parents on what was going on between them, but they were obviously still curious.

"I'm good," Eli answered honestly. Klitz's mom looked into his eyes and he really didn't have anything to hide. She gave him the softest smile. Of course she was worried about him, Eli thought. She was more of a mother to him than his own. His parents had called and told him they wouldn't be able to make it home for prom and Eli was surprised they even remembered, let alone knew the date. Maybe Klitz's moms taking a ton of pictures wasn't too bad.

Klitz's step mom picked up her camera again. She looked through the viewfinder and the boys were right back to being just as stiff as before. "Come on, loosen up!" Eli was already anxious about taking pictures in the first place so he knew he must look insanely awkward.

"Kiss or something," she teased.

Eli's eyes went wide.

"Jesus christ, mom," Klitz hissed with embarrassment.

"Well do something, don't just stand there."

Klitz put his arm around Eli's shoulders. "Happy?" he asked, his voice heavy with sarcasm.

"No," Klitz's step mom said with a smile that indicated the opposite and snapped a picture.

Eli could physically feel Klitz's full body eye roll. After a few seconds, he leaned down and kissed Eli on the temple. The click of a camera as soon as Klitz's lips touched his head. Eli's face lit up instantly and he shied away from Klitz. "Dude!" He frowned in an attempt to force away a nervous, embarrassed smile. He looked at Klitz's parents but found nothing but love in their expressions; they weren't judging him, they didn't think he was gross. They were gay too for christ's sake. Eli slowly let himself smile.

Klitz did it again, on his cheek, and this time Eli laughed. "Okay, that's enough," Eli joked and pushed Klitz away gently. "We gotta go, prom starts in like thirty minutes and Matt's parents probably wanna take pictures too."



The boys agreed to one last picture with Klitz's parents. Klitz's step mom turned the camera around and prayed that they were all in shot. The ladies waved them off as they drove away.

At Matt's house, pictures went way faster. Klitz's parents were just over eager with a photography and scrapbooking hobby. A few AV members were already waiting at Matt's house when Eli and Klitz showed up. Eli had told them that they needed as much footage as possible since it was better to have too much than not enough, but they took that a little too seriously. Whatever. At least they actually showed up, something Eli had been worried about ever since recruiting them.

The limo that Matt's parents had insisted on showed and the group were shortly on their way to the dance.

Walking inside, everyone's eyes were on them. Heads turned as they passed. Girls smacked their boyfriends for staring too long. Chaperones glared at the two girls who were clearly not from this high school.

Teachers around the room whispered to each other, undoubtedly about the group of six that had managed to turn every head in the cafeteria. Eli didn't think any of them were really outstanding; April and Ferrari were definitely beautiful, but so were some of the actual high school girls in the room. He just hoped they didn't look too suspicious before they could actually get anything done.

Right away, a teacher approached them and asked about the cameras. Matt promised that it was for the video yearbook, and who was he to question Matthew Kidman, the class president? Eli was pretty sure a video yearbook didn't even exist at their school—he just hoped the teacher didn't know that too.

Not without every adult's suspicion, the group entered the dance. Eli saw Troy, Hunter, Eric, and the rest of their group already occupying a table. They watched Eli's group, but it wasn't just a passing glance. They showed a worrying interest in the six.

Eli didn't take his eyes off of them as he walked to the drinks table with everyone else.

Eli stood next to Matt at the table, filling a cup with fruit punch just for something to do. "So, uh,

what should we do, should we start setting up?" he asked.

"Yeah, look, we just gotta keep this low key, okay?" Matt said and glanced over his shoulder.

"Okay," Eli nodded. "What are you gonna do?"

Matt looked over his shoulder once again, and Eli followed his gaze. "I'm gonna get our actors."

Eli looked at Matt with concern; there was no way any of those guys were capable of acting in a film. "Dude, make sure they can act."

"Yeah, alright, just get out of here."

Eli and the rest of the group split off from Matt and Danielle, barely convincing the teachers standing at the entrance from the cafeteria to the rest of the school to let them by. They went to their first filming location, Eli, Matt, and Klitz's shared science class. Human anatomy and physiology sounded like the perfect class to film a sex ed movie in.

Klitz had been tasked with getting keys to classrooms and he had not disappointed. When Eli initially asked, he halfway expected Klitz to refuse. He had no idea how Klitz managed to get some teacher's keys, but he wasn't about to ask.

The crew quickly worked to set up all the equipment. They rearranged desks to center the camera in front of a chalkboard. This shot was going to be the opening scene; it had to be perfect. Eli made sure that none of the teacher's personal items were still on his desk in frame—he had to move a few family photos into a drawer. He made a note to be sure to put them back.

The girls changed out of their dresses with a total lack of shyness. Eli had offered to set up a makeshift dressing room, but they declined, a choice that the AV club members took quite a delight in. Eli had caught every single one of them staring at the two girls at some point in the time that they'd been either partially or fully nude. Eli couldn't blame them—naked women were bound to be distracting. Plus, they were under the impression that they'd have a chance with either of the girls—clearly checking out what was on the menu—but whether or not April or Ferrari would give them one was out of Eli's hands.

Eli ultimately ignored them, but it became a problem once Ferrari was topless and standing right

next to Eli as they went over the script together. The girls obviously didn't have the time or resources to memorize it before now, so Eli would have to be feeding it to them line by line. Still, Ferrari was making an attempt to memorize the opening scene. Eli was mentally going over directions but could feel staring from all the boys after they'd run out of things to do. He knew they weren't looking at him, but it was still distracting as hell.

Behind him, the classroom door opened. Klitz had been perfectly happy to take the role of guarding the door, so Eli was sure it wasn't someone they didn't want seeing this. He looked over his shoulder—Matt standing at the door with Troy, Hunter, and Eric.

Eli wanted to roll his eyes. He didn't have the luxury to be picky about this, but that didn't mean he wasn't gonna have a problem with it. There was no way Matt could have made sure they were qualified to act in a film, but Eli supposed there was no way Matt could have done that with anyone else. Two of the boys walked into the room: Hunter and Troy. Eric was heartbreakingly blocked by Klitz and left behind. Eli didn't know the reason for that, but he didn't need a huge cast.

Troy and Hunter stared too. Eli tried to focus back on the script with Ferrari, but obviously he couldn't avoid talking to them forever. He had about five minutes before they were set to start filming and he still had to make sure they signed their release forms and tell them what they're actually doing since they're totally in the dark, so really he had about five seconds.

Also, he wasn't even sure what kind of terms they were on. The last time they interacted they were beating the shit out of each other... Eli didn't know how they were all just supposed to work together as if that didn't happen. They hadn't bothered him since that day, not even in class where they had such easy opportunities to. Eli figured that, ultimately, he was the one in charge; if something went wrong or if they refused to play nice, Eli could just get different people to take their places.

"So, uh..." Eli turned to face the new additions to the cast. Hunter had spoken. "What are we supposed to be doing?"

"Sign the release form before we do anything," Eli said flatly.

"Do you have a pen?"

Well that was easier cooperation than Eli had expected. "Yeah," he said and pulled the pen off the top of his clipboard. He went in to hand it to one of them, but stopped himself. Instead, he tossed it onto the table and left to do a final check that everything was ready to go.

He felt more than a little awkward working with these guys who had tormented him for years, but he didn't have a choice. He didn't have time to hold a grudge and complain to Matt and ask him to find someone else; he was going to have to put his personal problems away for right now.

Eli came back after a quick walk around the classroom to the two guys still in the exact same place as when he'd left, but this time looking through the scripts that had been included in the folders Matt gave them. That was surprising but a relieving sign that they weren't going to be completely impossible to work with.

When they noticed Eli walking up to them, they held out their signed release forms. Troy had a massively uncomfortable look on his face and avoided looking into Eli's eyes as he handed him the paper. His eyes briefly flashed to Eli's and Eli caught a fleeting glimpse of a red spot on the surface of one of his eyes. He hadn't seen that before. Eli momentarily felt a twinge of guilt—he definitely didn't realize he'd choked Troy that badly—but it went away almost immediately as Eli remembered the fact that it still hurt to breathe. They'd both done some pretty bad damage, apparently. Eli sighed and just hoped it wouldn't be visible on camera.

"Alright," Eli said, raising his voice over the light chatter that had started in the wake of having nothing left to do. "Let's do this."

Filming started out rough, to say the least.

Eli had to lower his expectations for the actors; two of them were high school students whose only experience with acting was when they bullied the theater kids. None of them knew their lines, which Eli had also accounted for, and tried to keep that in mind when shooting and reshooting one single scene over and over became the most frustrating thing Eli had dealt with in a very long time.

Amateur filmmaking was a lot harder than he'd expected.

He also quickly realized he had to lower his expectations for himself, too; this was his first directing job after all. He felt weird giving directions at first, even though that was literally his job title. He'd done it before with the AV club, but those guys were his friends. Telling random people what to do was a lot different.

Eventually though, they fell into a good rhythm of feeding lines, hitting record, feeding lines,

filming the part, and repeat. Eli tried to get as much usable content as possible while also keeping shots short so editing wouldn't get clogged up with unnecessary footage. It got much easier once everyone had gotten more comfortable.

April and Ferrari were incredibly charismatic, both on camera and off. Working with them made the process much more bearable, and even fun, something the crew and the other actors could attest to. Had Eli had to work with anyone else, he doubted this film would be possible at all.

Ahead of schedule, they finished all the scenes they needed in the classroom and started to break down the equipment to transfer to the library. The library was the riskiest location they could've picked considering it wasn't a far walk from the cafeteria and Klitz could no longer keep watch as Eli realized he needed his help.

Setting up in the library was more efficient than setting up in the classroom since they'd done it once before, but it still took longer since these scenes were more complex. Worse than that was that in the transition from the classroom to the library, Eric had somehow joined in, along with a few other guys Eli recognized as some of Troy's friends. They were all chatting up April and Ferrari, everyone was distracted, and though they'd finished the classroom scenes early, they still needed as much time as they could get for post production.

"How did all these guys get in here?" Eli absently said to Klitz as he fiddled with the settings on his camera. It wasn't a question he really needed an answer to; they weren't hugely creating any issues, but it was a little irritating anyway.

Klitz was spreading a blanket over three tables pushed together. He was one of the only ones left actually working to set up at this point. "I don't know. I think Troy's girlfriend came looking for him or something and made him go back to the dance for a sec while we were moving everything here."

Huh. Eli didn't think Troy had a girlfriend.

"Or his prom date, or whatever," Klitz said after Eli had voiced that thought.

"Should we make them sign an NDA?" Eli joked.

Klitz smiled. "We don't have any," he said with faked regret. "It's not like people aren't gonna see it eventually though, right?"

“I just don’t want them to snitch on us,” Eli responded and looked up from where he was messing with his camera. There wasn’t anything he was really doing besides anxiously switching the settings back and forth while he waited to start filming again. It wasn’t like he trusted Troy or Hunter, but at least they’d actually communicated what they were doing. These other guys didn’t know the stakes, there was no telling if they’d go and tell their friends. Eli supposed that if they did, it wouldn’t be too big of a deal, as long as no teachers found out until after they were done filming.

Eli was a little relieved when Troy’s friends didn’t leave when they started up filming again. He knew he would’ve been worried for the rest of the night about what they were doing and who they were telling. They sat at the front of the room near the door, watching quietly, which Eli found surprising. Who would have thought Troy’s friends could be respectful?

They had a planned break after finishing a majority of the library scenes to get the footage they had so far into post production. They planned this around the final scene: the condom scene. It was supposed to be a single shot scene, and the mic and lighting didn’t have to be adjusted for it. That would give the crew the opportunity to start editing while Eli got the last scene since their help wouldn’t be needed for it. The break let them get a head start on it and also give the girls a break since they’d been acting and changing outfits almost nonstop.

Eli sat down next to Ferrari where she was sitting further in the library. It was quieter over here. Eli could barely hear anyone’s conversations. “What are you doing way over here?” he asked.

Ferrari took a sip from a tiny water bottle. “You can’t tell me you’re not tired of those guys,” she said with a small, tired smile.

Eli breathed a laugh through his nose. “You have no idea.”

Ferrari looked at him curiously. “What do you mean?”

He wasn’t really sure if he wanted to get into that right now. But what the hell? It couldn’t hurt to tell her. “We’re kinda not on great terms.” That was a massive oversimplification of the situation, but Eli wasn’t sure how to get into it without telling her the entire backstory. He tried to figure out how to phrase it without making himself look like a total loser. “They’ve messed with me for a really long time,” he landed on. That was still way too vague.

“Like bullying?” Ferrari asked simply.

Bullying made it sound like Eli was in middle school and they were giving him wedgies and stealing his lunch money. “Yeah, I guess so.” Eli laughed without much humor and shook his head. “Mostly about Klitz,” he added quietly.

“What about Klitz?”

Eli leaned forward and rested his elbows on his knees. He wrung his hands together. Was he really gonna tell this story to this random woman he’d known for only a day? It wasn’t too late to back out and make something up about what he could’ve meant by that, but before he could think of what to say, Ferrari spoke first.

“Oh,” she said, understandingly.

Did she really get it? How could she? Eli didn’t even imply much by what he’d said.

“I totally get it,” Ferrari said, reading his mind. “Okay, so like,” she started, and adjusted how she was sitting in her chair like she was about to tell Eli the juiciest gossip he’d ever heard. “I’m a porn actress, right? But I didn’t actually wanna do that, you know? Cause what 18 year old girl’s dream job is having sex on camera?”

Eli nodded along as Ferrari told him the story of how she’d been pulled into the porn industry as soon as she’d turned 18, which gave Eli yet another reason to hate Kelly. She’d stopped working with Kelly after a couple years when Hugo Posh had offered her a better contract, and transferring made her hate her career a little less, but she still wasn’t happy with it.

“When Kelly first signed me, he said he’d let me do lesbian porn,” Ferrari explained. Eli’s eyebrows shot up, but looking back to earlier in the evening—in the limo, more specifically—he couldn’t exactly say he was surprised. “But once I’d signed my contract, he had me doing exclusively M/F stuff, and I couldn’t even say no because in the fine print or whatever, it said I had to do whatever the producer thought would make the most money.”

Eli’s jaw dropped open. He felt so sorry for her. Even though she was being paid for it, he was sure being a lesbian and being forced to have sex with a man was torture. Eli thought about how he’d first reacted when he’d found Danielle’s tape, saying if she didn’t want people to see she shouldn’t have done it. Danielle was barely older than him—he couldn’t imagine doing porn himself. He

never really thought about what porn was like for the actual actors.

“So Kelly bullied me about that kinda thing in a way, too,” Ferrari finished.

“I’m sorry,” was all Eli could think to say.

“It’s alright,” Ferrari said with a soft smile. “I think working with Hugo isn’t too bad. He said I can do girl on girl stuff but I’m kinda scared since all I’ve ever done is movies with guys.”

“You should,” Eli said, though he knew it was probably easier said than done.

“Maybe,” Ferrari shrugged. “Well, that’s enough about me,” she said, clearly wanting to shift the attention away from her. “What about you and Klitz? Are you two a thing?”

“Yeah,” Eli said and smiled at what had become his and Klitz’s inside joke at this point. It was definitely a *thing*.

It was silent between the two for a moment.

“You should go dance with him,” Ferrari said.

Eli looked at her questioningly. “What?”

“It’s prom. You’ll never have another prom,” she said. “You’ve been here the whole time, not doing any prom-y stuff. You should dance with him real quick.”

The thought of slow dancing with Klitz made Eli’s heart flip in his chest, but the fear of people seeing them together made him uncertain.

“I don’t know...” Eli looked around the room. There weren’t many people left—just Troy and Hunter and a few of their friends, April sitting cross legged on the tables that had been pushed together and looking through her script, and Klitz sorting through a stack of papers. Things would probably be okay if he left for a little bit.



“I can hold down the fort for a sec.”

Eli smiled at her. “Okay,” he nodded. “Thanks.”

Eli got up and went to where Klitz had sat down, also sipping from his own water bottle. “Come on,” Eli said.

Klitz squinted at him. “Where?”

“Just come on,” Eli said again and glanced at the group of boys standing near the door. He made sure none of them were looking before holding out his hand. Klitz looked over at them too.

“What are we doing?” Klitz asked, but took Eli’s hand and stood up anyway.

“We’re gonna dance,” Eli said, lowering his voice.

“Right here?”

“No, dumbass,” Eli said and pulled him along to the door. He held Klitz’s hand low and behind his back, blocking their clasped hands with his body from the view of Troy’s group. They didn’t give the two a passing glance as they snuck out of the library together. Eli dragged Klitz to the cafeteria in a speed walk—this break wouldn’t last forever.

They stopped in a hallway near the dance, close enough that they could still hear the music, but far enough that they wouldn’t risk being seen. A slow song had just begun, and Eli looked up at Klitz, suddenly a little nervous.

“Do you know how to dance?”

“Uhhhh,” Klitz said, like he was trying to remember. “No.”

“Okay,” Eli said with a nod. “Alright, cool. Me neither.”

“We should probably...” Klitz said and awkwardly wrapped one arm around Eli’s waist, almost in an embrace. Eli didn’t really know where he was supposed to put his arm, but figured, once again, he was taking the girl position. He told himself that was okay, there was nothing wrong with that. Maybe it wasn’t too bad; being in the girl position meant that he could rest his arm on Klitz’s shoulder and play with his hair.

Their hands were clasped together in a real ballroom dance position, but that was quickly abandoned for lacing their fingers together and holding hands lower like normal once they realized how uncomfortable ballroom dancing positions were.

The music was faint and they swayed slowly to the beat. This was kinda nice. Ferrari was right; Eli now realized he would’ve regretted not dancing with Klitz at their one and only prom. Eli looked into Klitz’s eyes and Klitz looked back at him like he always did, and just like always, it made Eli’s chest ache. Eli gently ran his fingers through Klitz’s hair, no doubt taking the perfect inward curl out of the edges of it.

“You look nice,” Klitz said.

Eli’s eyes widened slightly. He wasn’t sure if Klitz had ever complimented him like that—on his looks. It made him blush. “Nice?”

Klitz looked a little unsure. They were both aware of the fact that Klitz rarely doled out compliments, to anyone really.

“I mean like handsome I guess,” Klitz shrugged.

Eli smiled. “Thanks, Klitz.” He teasingly pulled very lightly on a strand of Klitz’s hair. “I think you look very pretty.

“Thank you, Eli,” Klitz said, returning the smile. It was dark, but Eli could see a faint blush painted across Klitz’s cheeks. Eli doubted Klitz would believe him, but that didn’t mean Eli wouldn’t try. Klitz kissed Eli’s forehead and just like earlier when they were taking pictures, Eli’s face got hot.

“Dude,” he complained without any real annoyance and hid his face in Klitz’s shoulder. That was the kind of gay shit that made him so afraid of being gay, and it still never failed to make him blush with embarrassment. He was trying to get over it though; he kissed Klitz’s neck in retaliation.

They danced. They shifted their weight from one foot to the other, swaying from side to side. Eli knew the song, he knew it was gonna end soon, and he realized he didn’t want to leave this without telling Klitz. It sat on the tip of his tongue, like it always did, and all those times he was too afraid to say it. But dancing with Klitz made Eli realize he wanted nothing more than to tell Klitz he loved him.

He pulled away from where he had his forehead rested on Klitz’s shoulder and looked around to make sure nobody could see them. He used the hand he had on the back of Klitz’s head to pull him down into a kiss, which Klitz immediately returned. Klitz kissed him sweetly, giving Eli the best butterflies imaginable. Eli sighed against his mouth.

The song ended and they pulled away. Eli looked around again, instinctually. Nobody around. Nobody saw. A new song started, something more upbeat, and Klitz’s arm loosened around Eli’s waist. He started to pull away to go back to the library, and Eli realized he had to do something quick. He suddenly pulled Klitz back down to meet him, and at the same time stood on his toes and met Klitz’s mouth harder than he had meant. Their teeth clacked together and Eli laughed. He definitely hadn’t meant to kiss him that hard, but he wouldn’t have been able to tell Klitz if he had to look at him.

Eli retreated slightly, just enough to kiss the words, “I love you,” into Klitz’s lips. Klitz pulled away to look into Eli’s eyes, shocked, and god, it scared Eli but the look on Klitz’s face made it worth it.

“I love you, too,” Klitz beamed at him. He kissed Eli one more time, much softer than Eli had, before they separated for good this time, halfway through a new song. They went back to the library, hand in hand.

The last scene they needed—the final scene, the most important scene in the film, the condom scene—and it was shaping up to be a disaster right away.

Eric’s enthusiasm to be in the film had come in handy when it came time to film this scene. Eli had him to sign the waiver, then handed him the robe and instructed him to undress. Eric had looked at Eli like he’d personally requested a striptease, and nervously took the robe from him. He looked even more appalled when Eli suggested he jack off for a little while to get it up, as if Eli was doing this for his own pleasure. He shouldn’t flatter himself; Eric’s dick was probably the last one Eli

wanted to see. Eli rolled his eyes and pointed Eric toward the room they'd been using as a dressing room, specifically for actors to have privacy in this exact situation.

When he was finished changing, Eric sat in front of the camera looking more than a little mortified. April came in with a condom and greeted him politely, a greeting Eric was barely able to return, stuttering from nerves.

Eli prayed his nervousness wouldn't be super obvious on camera and said action, April said her line, and that was Eric's cue to disrobe.

He was not hard.

Eric looked down at himself, his mouth open in shock. "I swear it was just—" He looked around at all of them—Eli, then April, then Matt, then his friends standing near the door. Eli realized in hindsight that maybe he should've offered to clear the room; stagefright was likely just making this harder for Eric... not literally, unfortunately.

"It's just, Eli is—" Eric tried to explain, and wrapped the robe around himself again.

Eli's eyebrows shot up and he stopped recording immediately. Of course Eric would have a problem with Eli right now.

"You guys can't actually be cool with this, right?" Eric asked his friends, looking over Eli's shoulder. Eli looked back too, and saw the group of guys shrug uncomfortably. None of them said anything. Eli didn't know if that was a good sign or not, but at least they weren't agreeing.

"Okay, you know what, it's fine," Eli said. "Can you not do it at all, or what?" Eric was bright red and looked between Eli and his friends. He thought Eric might cry at that point. Eli pinched the bridge of his nose in irritation. "Okay, get out of here, go get dressed."

With Eric out, they had nobody to film the condom scene anymore. Eli looked over at Troy and Hunter and the three other guys that had made their way into the library. All their eyes simultaneously widened, and they shook their heads, knowing exactly what Eli was thinking.

"Everyone take five."

A solution was found, but not without way too much arguing. Eli suggested Klitz do it...

More like demanded Klitz do it, something Klitz definitely didn't appreciate.

"Woah, woah, Mr. I Just Wanna Bang Hot Chicks, here's your first chance."

Matt broke up their argument by offering to do it, but came back out of the dressing room, robe in hand, clearly not doing it. At that point, Klitz finally agreed.

This time, Eli gave Klitz the option to have the room cleared so it was just him, Eli, and April, but Klitz turned down the offer. Everyone would end up seeing it anyway, and he wanted to get the nerves of it over with.

When Klitz came back from the dressing room he was half hard, but didn't have a problem getting the rest of the way there with an extremely attractive woman in lingerie sitting next to him. Eli said action, they repeated the scene from before, but this time April was actually able to put the condom on Klitz's dick. He flexed his hands, staring straight ahead at the ceiling where he was laying down, and Eli watched his chest rise and fall as he took calculated breaths.

Troy and Hunter and their friends were hanging around and chatting quietly in the back, but when they saw Klitz's dick they went silent.

Eli looked over at them and they looked at him in a weird shock. Eli was a little freaked out at the collective look they gave him. What could they possibly be thinking about to be looking at him like that? Maybe they were impressed; maybe taking a nine inch dick was impressive or something. Eli flushed and looked away. He didn't want anyone thinking about him taking any kind of dick, especially the guys that had beat him up for it.

His eyes flashed to Eric—he looked absolutely humiliated—then to David momentarily. David was the only one not looking at Eli. He was blushing furiously and looking at the ground, the most uncomfortable Eli had ever seen him, and now Eli definitely knew.

Yep. Gay.

They finished the scene. That's a wrap.

Everyone got redressed and worked together to break down equipment and clean up the scene and leave everything the way they'd found it. Even Troy's friends helped push tables and chairs back to where they belonged, and Eli was surprised once again.

They took the rest of the footage to the AV room where every member was working to edit the film. Every computer was occupied and each of them worked on different parts all at once, getting everything done just as efficiently as Eli had hoped they would. They'd made insane progress since they'd started a little over an hour ago and were nearly done.

Everyone hung around the AV room while they finished up. Troy, Hunter, Eric, and the rest of their friends stuck around for a little bit before reporting that they were going back to the dance.

Before they left, Hunter spoke to Eli. "Uh, there's gonna be a party after the dance." Eli stared at him blankly. "You're invited," Hunter clarified. "And everyone else," he gestured to the rest of the room. "If you want."

"Oh." That was the last thing Eli had expected from this experience. "Okay, cool. Thanks."

Hunter pursed his lips and nodded at him. Eli glanced at Troy. He looked slightly uncomfortable but nodded as well, and they all left.

So they were cool then?

The entire AV club voiced their desire to go to that party. Eli was a little unsure at first, but figured it could be fun. Aside from the one Danielle had taken them to a couple weeks ago, Eli had never been to a high school party, and he was pretty sure none of the AV club had either.

The AV club finished editing right as the dance ended, and handed off the tape to Eli. Eli looked at the tape in his hand. All their hard work in this little black box, Matt's entire future in his hands. He couldn't let anything happen to this or Matt would be so fucked.

They left the dance, Eli and Ferrari walking together with their arms linked. The limo was courteously stocked with champagne, and they all celebrated a job well done. Eli saw April give Klitz a tiny peck on the lips, but it didn't make him jealous like something like that might have had it been anyone else. April had called Klitz cute earlier, a compliment that Klitz brushed off, not believing her. She'd really insisted on it though, and she was right. Eli was glad she was able to make him believe it, even just for a moment.

The limo dropped them off at Matt's house, and from there, Klitz drove everyone but Matt and Danielle back to Eli's house to drop off the tape and their other equipment, and in a rush, Eli just set it on the dining room table.

Klitz drove them to the party, and Eli halfway expected it to be a trap of some kind. Hunter seemed weirdly sincere when he invited Eli though, and even though there was no way Eli would ever trust Hunter or Troy or any of those assholes, he was pretty sure there wasn't any foul play going on.

At the party, they were enthusiastically welcomed inside... Well, April and Ferrari were. They were quickly dragged into the crowd of people by a group of boys. They'd certainly grabbed nearly everyone's attention. Eli and Klitz weren't given a second thought, but Eli was cool with that. He'd had enough attention from his classmates recently to last a lifetime and then some.

Eli and Klitz followed where the two girls had been dragged off to, but lost sight of them in the sea of drunken partygoers. There was a rich mix of weed and the sickly sweet smell of beer hanging in the air, and the boys saw why once they passed the living room where at least fifteen people were squeezed together on two couches and an ottoman, passing around a pipe and a lighter.

Eli looked up at Klitz and jabbed him with his elbow suggestively. "Wanna smoke, Klitz?" Eli had to raise his voice over the music, and then over the other people who were already yelling over the music too.

"Not with them," Klitz said with a laugh.

Eli didn't blame him. It would be a miracle if any of those kids left this party without mono.

They found the kitchen where a few people mulled around the island, pouring their own drinks from a large assortment of bottles, or refilling their cups with a mysterious red liquid from the tap of a jug, the type Eli had seen at football games that players filled tiny paper cups with water from.

Eli wasn't exactly sure how to mix drinks, but he'd seen enough in movies to have a general idea of what was right and what was wrong. He grabbed two solo cups and poured equal parts vodka and ginger ale into each and hoped that was right. He handed a cup to Klitz. They both drank at the same time, then both made the exact same face.

Eli coughed. "Dude." That was definitely not right.

"Holy shit, Eli," Klitz said, holding back a laugh.

Eli took back Klitz's cup and added more soda to both of their drinks. It still burned the back of his throat, but he was able to avoid making a face this time, so he figured that was good enough.

The two wandered around the party for a while, sipping from their drinks. Loud music bumped and shook the house and made Eli's head ring. It kinda reminded him of Vegas. Pretty soon, they were back in the kitchen refilling their cups. Eli wasn't really sure what people even did at parties. He and Klitz ended up standing in the living room with a pretty big group of other people. Beavis and Butthead was on the tv and all the kids who were smoking stared at the screen like zombies. Eli was pretty sure he was getting secondhand high just from standing in the living room with them, the air so thick with smoke that it burned his eyes.

He and Klitz leaned against the wall together, talking way closer than they really should have been for such a crowded room. In the back of Eli's mind, he wanted to worry, but he'd had a little too much to drink a little too fast, and Klitz looked a little too good for him to want to take a step back.

His brain didn't catch up with him until Klitz was kissing him, right out in the open where anyone could see. Eli giggled against Klitz's mouth until he realized what he was doing and gasped and pulled away. Eli's head spun a little as he looked around the room to see if anyone had seen them.

Eli's stomach dropped when he saw two girls sitting on the couch across from them staring right at him and Klitz. Eli made unrelenting eye contact with them, but wasn't sure if they were even comprehending what was going on around them.

Slowly, a smile spread on one of their faces. "Hey, that was hot," she said, clearly stoned out of her mind. "You should do that again," she called over the music. The girl next to her burst out laughing. Eli realized she was joking, but he still blushed. The fear he might have experienced from that kind of interaction was subdued by the alcohol running through his veins, and he started to laugh along with the two girls.



He turned to look at Klitz and found a goofy grin on his face too. He stared into his eyes for a few seconds before Klitz's eyes found their way to Eli's mouth, like they often did, and Eli felt a jolt of heat in his stomach.

Klitz grabbed Eli's hand and led him out of the living room, towards the stairs, and Eli heard the girl whoop from behind him. Eli quickly caught on to Klitz's intentions, and they searched for an unoccupied bathroom. It was a little trial and error in such a large house with way too many doors that neither of them knew led to what. They accidentally walked in on couples in various states of undress, making out, and regrettably, two people having sex. Why they wouldn't lock the door was beyond Eli, but he figured if he was drunk enough he probably wouldn't care, or even remember, either.

Finally, the two found a bathroom—they wouldn't be caught dead fooling around in some random person's bedroom. Klitz shut and locked the door, and turned to Eli, kissing him with a grin on his face. Eli kissed him back, all tongue and teeth. He could taste the liquor on Klitz's tongue.

Klitz backed Eli up against the counter and pressed his body hard against Eli's, no space between them at all. Eli could feel Klitz's heart pounding where their chests were pressed together. He was radiating heat. The counter dug into Eli's lower back, but he forgot about that pain when Klitz nudged his knee in between Eli's thighs. Eli desperately grinded down onto it. If he wasn't drunk he'd probably be embarrassed about how he was practically riding Klitz's thigh.

When Eli's hips got twitchy, Klitz removed his leg and his mouth from Eli's. Eli looked at Klitz and could practically see him thinking.

"What's up, Klitzzy?" Eli asked hoarsely.

Klitz didn't respond. He licked his lips, leaving them even shinier than before. He ran his thumbs under the straps of Eli's suspenders and pushed them off his shoulders. Eli's breath caught in his throat as Klitz dropped to his knees in front of him.

Eli's suspenders sagged at his sides, giving Klitz the ability to pull Eli's pants down. Klitz silently focused his attention on Eli's belt, then his zipper, then the waistband of his boxers. He played with the elastic almost nervously but paused before pulling them down.

"I don't know how," Klitz said with a hint of embarrassment.

“Neither did I,” Eli giggled.

“Yeah, but I don’t watch porn.”

“Okay, well, do you want me to like... tell you what to do?”

Klitz bit his lip in thought. “Yeah.”

“Okay.”

After establishing that, Klitz looked more confident and pulled Eli’s boxers down. He wrapped a hand around Eli’s dick and stroked him slowly. Klitz had never been very shy about sex so it was surprising to see him unsure of himself now. He paused his hand and licked the head hesitantly. Eli sucked in a breath. Klitz ventured down to the base and ran his tongue back up, doing that a few more times before finally looking up at Eli and wrapping his lips around the head.

Eli was so in awe of the sight of Klitz’s mouth on him that he forgot he was supposed to be guiding him. “Um,” Eli swallowed thickly. “Relax your jaw.” He was trying to remember how he sucked Klitz’s dick but he honestly didn’t know. He kinda just... did it. Klitz bobbed his head slightly. “Watch your teeth,” Eli quickly added.

Klitz used his hand with his mouth and went slowly. Eli had always wondered what it would feel like, just like every virgin man on the planet. He finally understood why everyone talked about how great it was. This was the best feeling in the fucking world. Klitz’s mouth was hot and wet and so fucking tight when Klitz sucked.

“Use your tongue,” Eli remembered. Immediately, Klitz flattened his tongue against Eli’s cock, dragging it up on the next pass. “Oh fuck,” Eli shuddered and his leg spasmed at the sensation. Klitz took note of the reaction and did it again, making the muscles in Eli’s stomach jump.

Eli moaned and gripped the counter on either side of him. He squeezed his eyes shut and tilted his head back when watching his cock slide in and out of Klitz’s mouth became too much. Klitz seemed to be getting the hang of it and began to use his tongue a little more, tracing the underside of the head. Eli’s mouth hung open like he couldn’t get enough air.

Klitz bobbed his head a little quicker and Eli couldn’t hold back his hitching breaths. He looked

back down at Klitz and watched his hair bob with his movements and thought about how nice it would be to run his fingers through it.

Eli laced one hand into Klitz's hair and Klitz tensed up. "No, it's okay," Eli assured. "You're doing so good, Klitzzy," he said lovingly.

Klitz went back to bobbing his head and started to try taking Eli deeper and deeper.

"Relax your throat kinda," Eli said as he realized what Klitz was doing. He tried to recall how he managed when he did it to Klitz. "And if you take, like, deep breaths that'll open your throat more." Klitz went a little further and Eli felt the need to clarify, "But you don't gotta do that, cause this is fucking awesome—"

Eli was cut off by the feeling of his dick hitting the back of Klitz's throat and his hand tightened in Klitz's hair. Klitz gagged and pulled back, lightly scraping his bottom teeth on Eli's dick. Eli hissed through his teeth and Klitz quickly apologized.

"Fuck, sorry," Klitz said. Eli watched him blink away tears.

Eli brushed Klitz's hair off his forehead. "All good, dude."

Klitz jacked Eli off with his spit as he gave his jaw a break and Eli watched him stretch it from side to side. "How do you do this so well?" Klitz asked.

"I dunno," Eli shrugged. "I watch a lot of porn, I guess."

Klitz stopped and pushed his hair back from around his face. He didn't put his mouth back on Eli right away. He licked more and experimented tonguing different parts of the head. He poked his tongue into the slit and smiled at the way Eli's dick twitched in front of his face. "I like when you do that," he said.

He jacked Eli off a little faster and took him back into his mouth. He sucked harder and teased the head more. He tucked his hair behind his ear on one side, something Eli rarely saw him do. It was a strangely feminine action, but seeing Klitz do it made it super hot for some reason.

Eli's breathing came quicker and he couldn't control how his hips rolled forward to meet Klitz's mouth every time Klitz bobbed his head. The heat in Eli's stomach spread more and more before he tugged on Klitz's hair and gasped out, "I'm gonna come," hopefully giving Klitz proper warning. Klitz pulled off and jacked Eli off the rest of the way and Eli came within seconds.

Eli was proud to say he lasted for as long as he did, considering he was drunk and that was his first blowjob ever. Klitz grabbed some tissues and wiped off his hand and face where some of Eli's come had landed. He tried to stand up but only got to a kneel.

"Your knees hurt?" Eli asked.

"Yes," Klitz pouted. He got up and stood over Eli. "Was that okay?"

"Dude, that was perfect," Eli said and pulled Klitz down into a kiss. Eli could taste himself but it was weirdly kinda hot rather than gross like he'd expected. Klitz had done it before, but Eli just thought he was a freak or something. Eli felt something very hard poking his hip and he grabbed Klitz over his dress pants. Klitz's hips bucked into Eli's hand and Eli had no clue how Klitz was so composed right now.

Eli undid Klitz's belt and quickly pulled him out of his boxers.

"I'm so close, dude, just--"

Okay, maybe he wasn't as composed as Eli thought. Eli made a fist with his hand and Klitz automatically started moving his hips to fuck Eli's hand. He leaned over Eli and braced his hands on the counter, boxing him in. His face was buried in Eli's neck and Eli could feel his hot breath puffing out against his skin. That turned into him kissing and licking his neck, trying to nudge Eli's collar out of the way but eventually giving up and kissing behind his ear and underneath his jaw, any exposed skin he could reach.

Klitz was desperate; his thrusts into Eli's hand were small and there was no rhythm behind them. He wrapped a hand around Eli's, tightening his fist. He let out breathy whines and it didn't take long before he was coming too.

They snuck out of the bathroom, hoping nobody had noticed their absence, though they doubted

anyone even cared that they were at the party in the first place.

The party went on way past midnight, and nearly everyone remaining was either asleep on any available surface, or sitting in silence, smoking, also looking like they were on the verge of passing out. The music was still playing loud as ever even though everyone was tired. A couple girls were dancing still, and Eli had no clue how they were even still vertical.

April and Ferrari eventually found Klitz and Eli sitting together in the living room, just as exhausted and drunk as everyone else. Eli wondered how bad it would really be if they just stayed the night here, too. Unfortunately, the girls dragged them up and back to Klitz's car. Eli's head pounded as he walked out of the house, his ears ringing at the sudden silence outside.

Luckily for all of them, Ferrari had assigned herself as the designated driver, having predicted this exact situation at the beginning of the night. Klitz clumsily handed her his keys and he and Eli got into the back together. They were instantly on each other, way too handsy and trying to whisper to each other thinking they were sneaky.

"Cut it out back there," Ferrari said.

Klitz snorted and buried his face in the crook of Eli's neck. It was so fucking adorable Eli thought his drunk heart was going to explode. God, he loved Klitz so much. He told Klitz when they were dancing together, finally, and now all he wanted to do was keep saying it. Eli kissed Klitz, and alcohol was so strong in his breath that Eli was actually taken aback for a moment. Maybe they did drink a little too much.

Eli whispered into Klitz's mouth that he loved him, as quietly as he could, scared of the girls in the front hearing—the radio was low and the only sound was the hum of the engine—but he doubted he was very subtle about it. Eli pressed simultaneous pecks against Klitz's lips and hoped that he understood, hoped that Klitz got it and knew how much Eli loved him, because Eli was pretty sure once he was sober, he wouldn't be able to say it again.

Back at Eli's house, Eli fumbled with his keys in the lock until Ferrari took over. Eli didn't know if the girls were going back to their hotel or what, so he absently offered the guest room as he walked upstairs, which was more of a challenge than he'd expected.

Eli didn't bother changing before he fell into bed, and as soon as his head hit the pillow, everything went black.

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